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Aug' 6 8 1941

CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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Aug 12 1917

WE hear many stories of the friendliness of the soldiers of opposing armies, of their comradery during a lull in battle. Such recitals strengthen our faith in human nature; they prove that a man is first of all a man before he is British or French or Russian—or even a German. His impulses are human; he prefers to save life rather than to destroy it. In the aggregate such principles would do away with war; but while one nation offends, others must defend and the individual must pay the penalty. It is in the alembic of war that the spirit of Rupert Hughes, hero of James Church Alvord's story, "Strange Oaths," is tested and found pure.

A different phase of the war appeals to the cheerful eyes of Mona Cleaver's V. A. D. She sees the grim tragedy of it all pityingly but romantically, for her vision is brightened by love for her own particular hero and her "Letters" are good reading.

"The Winged Ant" is a carefree mortal. She is confessedly a student of life and as such launches herself into all sorts of delightful escapades. Her creator, Helen E. Williams, has looked down deep into the heart of youth—and looked with an uncritical eye. That is why her "Confessions" are so pleasantly naive.

Wilbur J. Read, journalist, has given us a vivid picture of Cape Town in an article which he contributes to the June number. He knows the natives from a fourteen years' residence in South Africa, and he impresses his readers with a sense of the big future of that country.

There is romance, fine as gossamer, in the dainty legend, "The Flowing of the Deosongwa," by a new contributor, Mrs. Agnes Ross White.

The second instalment of "A Freight of Currency" finds Windlass and the Captain intent on their errand of benevolence and incidentally introduces a villain who would foil them.

Ahteck, Son of the Otter, is growing more cheerful as to his ultimate destiny, and he is secretly stifling his love for pretty Mititesh when he discovers that the girl returns his love. Then all of his old misgivings return.

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1916

Duke's Son: Cook's Son Illustrated by W. B. Timlin	Barbara Behan	9
Jumping the Theatrical Hurdles Illustrated by Arnold Worth		12
An Understudy for Hannah Illustrated by Horace Scovel Shinn	Annie Hamilton Donnell	15
Boy Scouts Illustrated from Photographs	H. G. Hammond	18
A Freight of Currency Illustrated by W. B. Timlin	J. D. Duthie	21
The Spirit of a People Illustrated from Photographs	Hugh J. Hughes	24
A Primitive Professor Illustrated by Dan Sayre Groesbeck	Richard Washburn Child	26
The Son of the Otter Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant	George Van Schaick	29
Deed or Motive Illustrated by Bruce Cameron	M. Eugenie Perry	34
A Challenge. Verse	Bertha F. Gordon	35
From Portage to Automobile Road Illustrated from Photographs	E. A. Hughes	36

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It was the first time that the polite little girl had been on a visit alone, and papa had carefully instructed her as to how she should behave.

"Now," he said, "if they ask you to dine with them, you must say: 'No, thank you, I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as papa had anticipated.

"Come, Marjorie," her little friend's father had said; "you must stay and have a bite with us."

"No, thank you," said the sma.ll miss with dignity; "I have already bitten."

—

At a country inn a number of farmers were discussing the potato pests. "They ate my whole crop of potatoes in a single week," said one.

"They ate my whole crop in two days and then sat round on the trees and waited for me to plant more," said another.

"Well," put in a commercial traveler for a seed merchant, "that may be, but I'll tell you what I saw in our warehouse once. I saw four or five beetles examining the books a week before planting time to see who had bought seed."

—

"My darling," she murmured, "you were so grand, so noble, when you proposed to me that day in the taxi! Shall I ever forget how touchingly you spoke of your future, of the sacrifices you would make for me? It must have cost you something to speak those words."

"It did, Mabel," replied the young man, a shadow creeping over his face. "It cost me about two weeks' salary for the hire of that taxi."

The teacher was hearing the class in Nature. Trying to impress upon the children's minds the horror of cruelty to animals she told the following story:

"Once a farmer went out to milk a cow and a little calf switched the man in the eye with its tail. The man took out his knife and cut off the calf's tail. Now, children, what verse in the Bible should that man have remembered ?"

Of course she had reference to "Blessed are the merciful," but Phlilip had another answer:

"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

~

The following advertisements have actually appeared in newspapers:

Wanted—For summer, a cottage for a small family with a good drainage.

Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons.

Annual sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated. Come here !

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Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter.

Lost—Near Highgate, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle.

~

A man was walking along the street, and saw a house on fire. He rushed across the street and rang the bell. After some time a lady, who proved to be slightly deaf, appeared at the door.

"Madam, your house is on fire."

"What did you say ?"

The man began dancing up and down. He pointed above. "I said your house is a fire ! Flames bursting out ! No time to lose !"

"What did you say ?"

"House afire ! Quik, !"

The lady smiled. "Is that all ?" she said sweetly.

"Well," replied the man, hopelessly, "that's all I can think of just now."

~

Below is given a copy of an inscription that adorned a board fence in Kent:

"Notis—If any man's or woman's cows get into these here oats, his or her tail will be cut off as the case may be."

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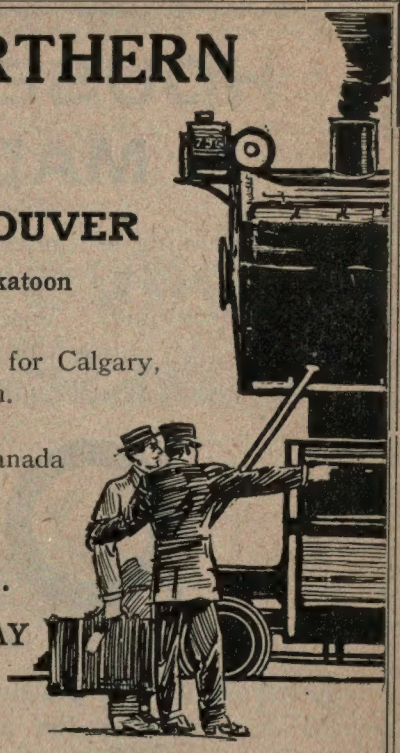

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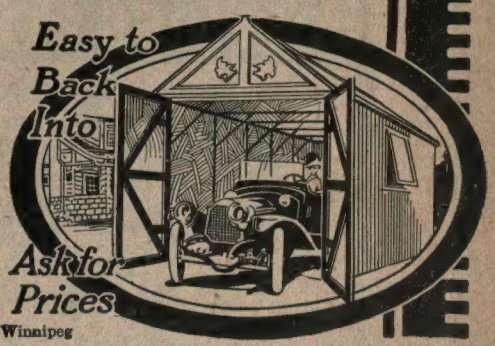

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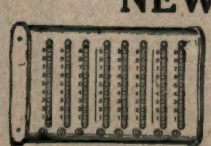

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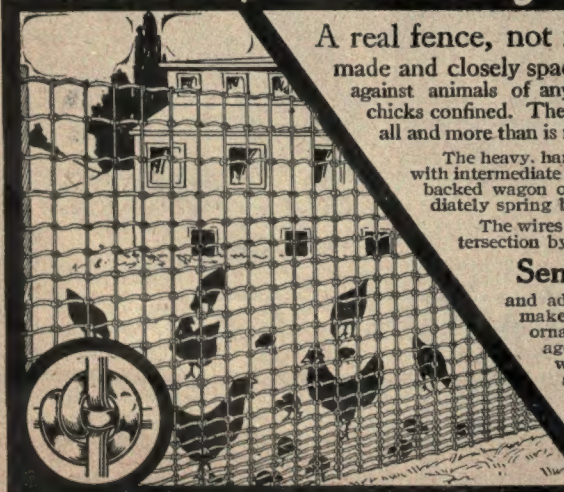

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Ethel, aged nine, paying a visit to Aunt Nell, told of a birthday party she had attended the day before. "And Mabel, who gave the party, said to me: 'Oh, Ethel, you've got on the same dress you wore to my party the last time. I suppose your mother couldn't afford to buy you a new dress this year.' "

Aunt Nell laid her hand caressingly on Ethel's blond curls and gently asked: "Of course, dear, you didn't remain at the party after that? If a little girl had made such a remark to me when I was your age I should have gone right home."

"Well, Aunt Nell," Ethel replied, "times have changed. I slapped her face and stayed."

~

A gallant Tommy, having received from England an anonymous gift of socks, entered them at once, for he was about to undertake a heavy march. He was soon prey to the most excruciating agony, and when, a mere cripple, he drew off his footgear at the end of a terrible day, he discovered inside the toe of the sock what had once been a piece of stiff writing paper, now reduced to pulp, and on it appeared in bold, feminine hand the almost illegible benediction: "God bless the wearer of this pair of socks!"

~

Yells from the nursery brought the mother, who found the baby gleefully pulling small Billy's curls.

"Never mind, darling," she comforted. "Baby doesn't know how it hurts."

Half an hour later wild shrieks from the baby made her run again to the nursery.

"Why, Billy," she cried, "what is the matter with baby?"

"Nothing, muzzer," said Billy, calmly; "only now he knows."

~

A county statesman began a toast at a wedding with the remark:

"I have seen girls so timid and shrinking that they were afraid to go bathing for fear that they might drown, afraid to go rowing for fear the boat might upset, afraid to go driving for fear the horse would run off, and afraid to help with the housework for fear of injuring themselves internally—but I never yet saw a girl who was afraid to get married."

Melancholy Aunt Clara from the country had the habit of listening to the big clock on the town hall in the village where she was visiting and exclaiming every time it struck:

"Eternity draws one hour nearer."

Clarence was very much impressep with that solemn reflection. One day the big clock got out of order. While repairing it the workmen made it strike every few minutes. Clarence heard it with bulging eyes.

"Oh, Aunt Clara," he said, excitedly, "eternity has got a move on to-day."

~

Jack—So you are engaged to Miss Gotrox, I understand ?

Tom—I am.

Jack—Well, I hardly know whether to congratulate you or not. She is very exacting, I hear, and if you marry her you will have to give up drinking and smoking.

Tom—Oh, well, it might be worse. If I don't marry her, I'll probably have to give up eating.

~

The head of a certain well known family was recently approached by his son, just nearing his majority.

"Father," said he, "I want to have a talk with you concerning my future. I have decided to become an artist. Have you any objections ?"

The old man scratched his head, reflectively, and replied: "Well, no my son—provided, of course, you don't draw on me."

~

"Now, Silas," said the speaker, "I want you to be present when I deliver this speech.

"Yassuh."

"I want you to start the laughter and applause. Every time I take a drink of water, you applaud, and every time I wipe my forehead with my handkerchief, you laugh."

"You better switch dem signals, boss. It's a heap mo' liable to make me laugh to see you standin' up dar deliberately takin' a drink o' water."

~

"Where I stayed last summer a green hired man tried to kiss me. He said he had never kissed a girl in his life, and——:"

"What did you tell him ?"

"I told him that I was no agricultural experiment station."

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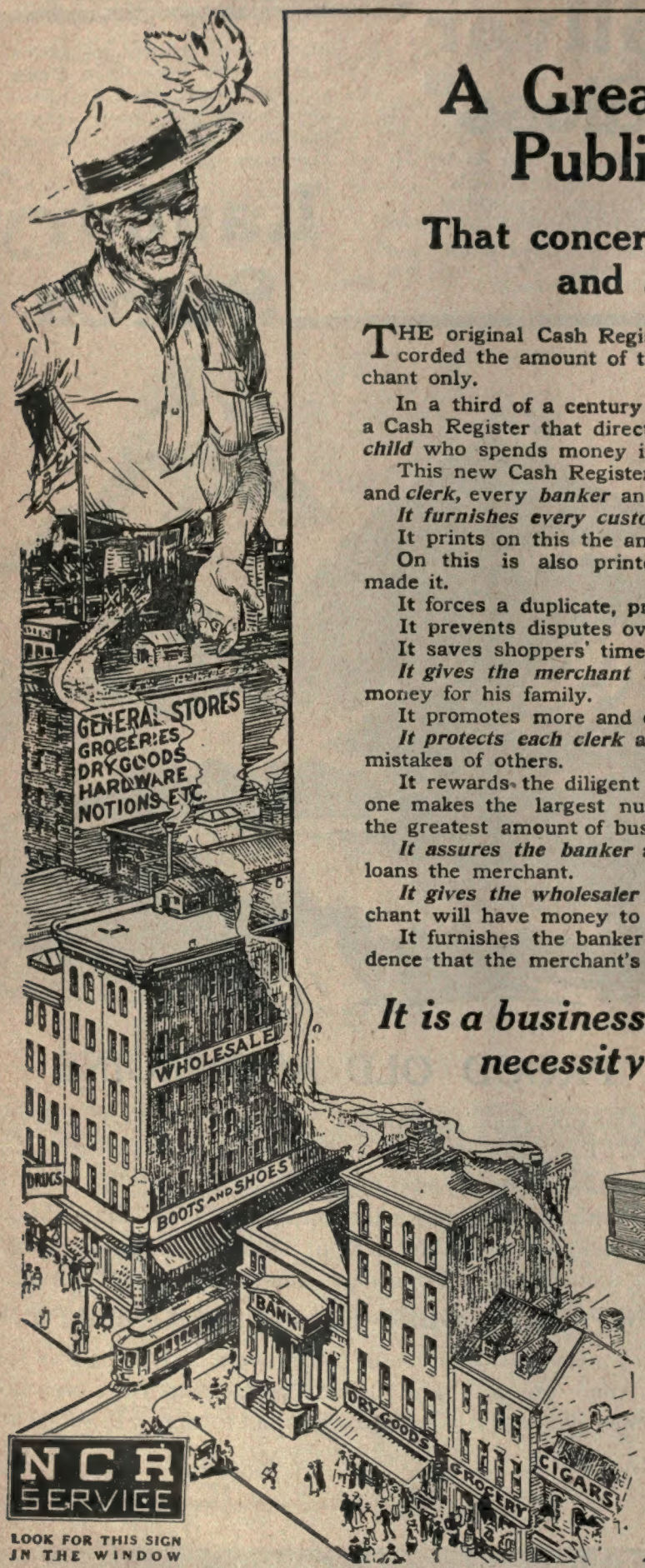

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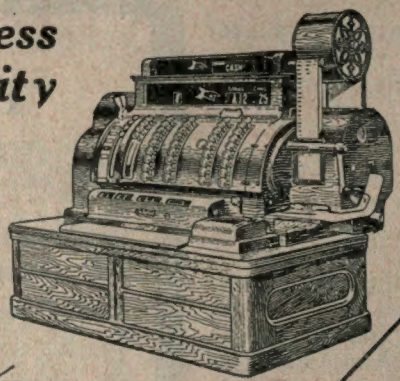

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VOL. XX.
NO. 1

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
MAY

Duke's Son: Cook's Son

By Barbara Behan

Illustrated by W. B. Timlin

TWO men stepped hurriedly out of the War Office, and hailed a passing hansom to take them to the Euston Street Station.

They were an incongruous couple, even in these significant times, and the passers-by turned and looked after them with more than a momentary interest.

Gerald Baring, V. C., in the full regimentals of the Coldstream Guards, was imposing always; but with the bent, shrunken and white headed figure in its long, flowing cassock, at his side, the two men made an unconscious, though none the less effective tableau for the London crowd.

It was evident by their manner and the expression on their faces that the men were bound on the same errand, yet they spent twenty minutes of that heavy, grey, foggy day, seated side by side in the long, narrow railway carriage, without once addressing each other.

It was the Dean who spoke first.

"I have known Julian ever since he was put into my arms to be christened. That was fifty-five years ago, and yet, I have not the slightest idea how he is going to take this," he crackled a piece of paper in his pocket as he spoke.

"It is said that he is a very singular man," returned Baring, "one of the comments made upon him when he entered Parliament was, that just about the time you were positive he was going to do one thing, he would be sure to do the opposite, entirely."

"That is very like him," mused the other, "and that is why I am concerned about this matter. Baring," he turned and faced his fellow passenger abruptly, "do you realize what it means to us—to England—as to how Julian takes it? Do you realize—does *anyone* realize, the immense power this man has over the English mind at the present moment,—this particularly crucial moment? And should he experience one minute of revulsion, how everything could be undone in that minute that has taken a year of hard, strenuous work to bring about!"

His companion looked thoughtful.

"Yes, I *had* thought of it," he admitted, "but I did not see the seriousness of the situation until now. This—this—matter," he nodded in the direction of the Dean's pocket, "happens to come at the psychological moment, so to speak, when Sir Julian has the populace where, by the turning of a hair, the sentiment may come toppling about our ears like a house of cards. That is what you mean, eh?"

The older man nodded.

Baring coughed, looked at his companion furtively, then out of the window, and then back at his companion again.

The old Dean smiled to himself as though he knew what was passing in the other man's mind and was ready to meet it.

"Can't we—could it—?" stammered Baring.

"Don't say it, Gerald," the older man said kindly, "no, it cannot be done. He has the right to know—and, at once. Every man has."

He patted the younger man's arm softly and tried to catch a glimpse of his face in the carriage window towards which it was turned.

"But Sir Julian is fanatical on the subject. He has given every minute of his time to this work. He has turned himself over to it, body and soul, and works with the ferocity of a demon, in this cause. There *can* be no reason for alarm," insisted Baring, as though conscious of something in his mind that required a steady and persistent denial.

"Yes, and all the more reason for my fear. There is something hectic,—abnormal—unusual, about the way Julian is throwing himself into

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this work that makes me fearful—uncertain about him. I feel that it is something more than patriotism. I stand in the position where I do not know what he is going to do next," and then, with a sudden realization of his calling, "but it lies in the hands of God, and here we are!"

As they descended, they saw that a train had just pulled into the Woolwich Dockyard Station, filled with laughing young soldiers, on their way from the training camp to London where they were to join the army at the front.

The carriages were locked, but they leaned their strong bodies out of the doors and windows—their boyish faces aglow with enthusiasm, as they shouted greetings all along the line.

Their good humored remarks and sallies brought an irrepressible smile even to the lips of the stoical guard, which that individual wiped off carefully, however, into his moustache. And to the eager crowd of men, women and children on the other side of the fence, they represented some one of every emotion felt by the human family since the world began. It mattered not that these men were no kin to them. They were the living representatives of their own, and the recent mourning displayed by the attire of most of the women would indicate that a *representative* would be about the most they would get out of this war! So they came down to see the soldiers off!

In the carriage next the engine, a band was playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," while on the end of the train, another one was tootling merrily away at "Tipperary" until, in their efforts to keep up with the demands of the soldier boys, they ended in one hideous medley of discords and horrors.

Baring and his companion passed down the platform, nodding and returning the many greetings from the soldiers.

"God help them! God help them!" whispered the Dean to himself, while his fingers convulsively twitched among the folds of the document in his pocket.

"Fayther, and won't yer be comin' over the while and givin' us a blissin'," called a blue eyed Irish boy, as he caught sight of the familiar cassock, and thought of his three hours' old confession and its admonitions.

"My son! My Son!" and the old clergyman moved swiftly over to the carriage, and the men uncovered.

A dead silence fell over the crowd as the old man lifted his hands in a mute prayer "for these—Thy children," and then, the gay laughter broke forth once more, and the train pulled out.

Another train slowed up. Before it had stopped, hundreds of people had swarmed out of the carriage and were crowding over the little platform until it was one black mass of struggling, swaying humanity.

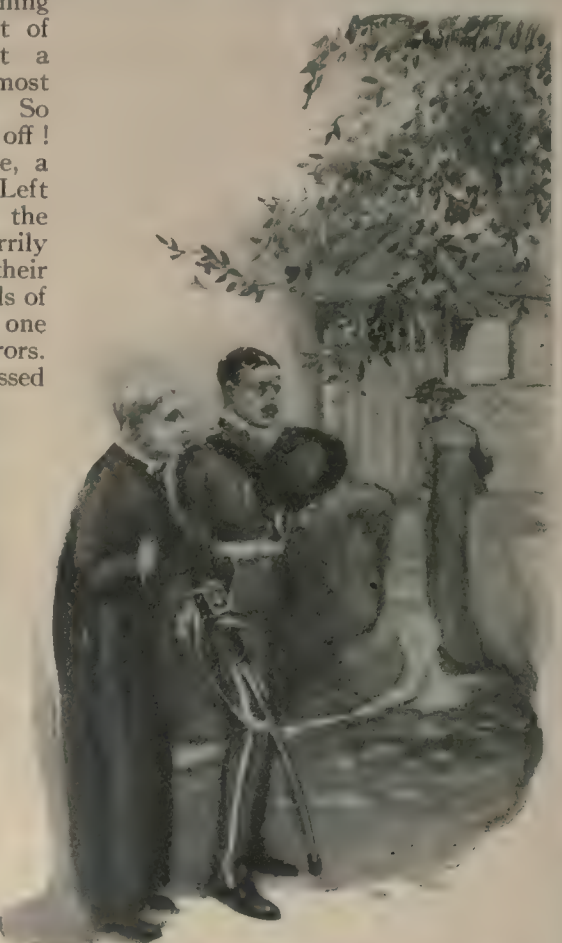
"What's the row?" enquired a commercial traveller, as he looked around for a porter to take his bag, and found none.

A ruddy faced cabby, looking for a fare, grasped the bag, pushed the man gently into the four wheeler standing by the curb, before he answered the question.

"Haint no row, sir. Just one of them Member of Parlyment men 'oldin' a meetin' outside the Prince Albert. 'E's worth 'earin', 'e is. These folks" waving a fat hand towards the crowd now headed in one direction, "'as come a long ways to 'ear 'im."

He leaned over confidentially as a tall, thin woman carrying a heavy portmanteau in one hand and grasping tightly an umbrella in the other, strode determinedly down the street, declining all offers of assistance.

"That lady there, sir. She's come all the way from Sheffield to 'ear 'im. She's one of them suffragettes, but I tell yer wot—it don't make no difference now, sir. Want to 'ear 'im?"



They stood among the roes bushes, in that quiet, fragrant English garden, with their heads uncovered, and watched her until she had passed into the house and was out of sight

He put the question eagerly, as a vision of himself, wiping his lips and descending the back stairs of the "Prince Albert" came to him.

The Dean, who, with his companion, had been standing near, walked over to the cabby before his fare had a chance to answer.

"What is the name of the gentleman holding the meeting, do you know? Is he speaking for enlistment?"

"Yes, sir, that's 'im. 'E says as 'ow if the men don't enlist, it is goin' to mean conscription. Sure, and the country 'as gone to the dogs if they 'ave to do that."

"What is his name?" demanded Baring, rather impatiently.

"Dacres, sir. Sir Julian Dacres. 'E lives 'ereabouts."

Baring looked at the clergyman who, dropping a coin in the cabman's palm, started off in the direction the crowd was taking.

It was not far, and in the distance, they could see the immense crowds gathered below the tall, lean figure of a man wearing pince nez, who was standing on an improvised platform made of wooden boxes, and talking very earnestly.

He had chosen the noon hour for his speech as the time when the arsenals, the dockyards and the warehouses, let out the men for dinner, and the nature of his audience showed that he had chosen wisely. He had also shown good judgment in selecting the "Prince Albert" for his meeting place. It was in the central part of the town and was the place where all the workingmen came for their bread and cheese and beer.

Three barmaids, standing on the steps, rosy cheeked and with high, frizzed fringes, mutely testified to the fact that the public house was empty, and this unconscious tribute was noticed by the Dean and his companion as they drew near, and they commented upon it. Then they gave their attention to the man on the platform.

He was not speaking rhetorically; but he addressed the people before him, quietly and sincerely, as though he were putting up a serious question, personally, to each individual member of his audience. And the effect was noticeable on the crowd! At first, they were noisy and rather jeering, as a throng of English workingmen are apt to be, at a man taking a public stand, but the wonderful magnetism of the speaker communicated itself very quickly to his hearers, and the noise slowly died down, and they were interested and attentive.

"I am not going to fling our beloved Nelson's speech at you. It is old—it is trite. You are probably tired of hear-

"Father, I don't want to go. I am not afraid. I am not a coward. You know that. I don't want to go to this war. I don't want to kill anyone

ing it—tired of having it flaunted before you on every occasion when you are asked to make a sacrifice, but let me call to your mind what Tennyson, no less beloved, said, on one occasion,

"Not once or twice in our Fair Island's story,
The path of Duty was the way to Glory,"

and remember, when you are asked to make this sacrifice, as I am going to ask you to make it, remember that it was asked of your forefathers, generations back, who made it possible for you to be here, now."

A weazened little old man pushed his way through the crowd and shook his finger at the speaker, tauntingly.

"Hev yer got any children of yer own?" he shouted, "where are yer own sons?"

"Shame! Shame!" cried one of England's most prominent suffragettes —the tall woman with the portmanteau.

The speaker turned white, and an odd look passed over his face, but he bent down until he could almost touch his tormentor.

"My only child—my nineteen year old—is somewhere in France" he said briefly.

The two fathers gazed into each other's eyes; then the older man took a deep breath, as one who had gazed into something and found it fair.

"Yer'll get my three boys, Mister," he said straightening up, "if I 'ave to whip 'em all the way to the recruitin' office."

"It is your part of the price of an inviolate England," the speaker answered, and then went on with his speech.

The Dean staggered back and with one hand clutching a long white paper, he pushed his way out of the crowd.

"Your part of the price of an inviolate England! Oh, Julian, Julian, how will you pay your part?" he half whispered, as he leaned heavily on Baring's arm.

"We cannot tell him yet. We must wait until he has finished his speech," said the Dean, "and then we will go to him. The afternoon papers have it by this time and he must not see it, yet. We must not leave him alone until he knows."

"What do you fear most?" asked Baring in a low voice, while his eyes sought the impassioned figure on the platform.

"Many things," answered his companion laconically, "an absolute collapse, for one thing, and for another—", his voice trailed off into an ominous silence.

"You don't mean—?" demanded Baring hoarsely.

The old man nodded.

"The boy was everything to Julian. For years, there were no children and Julian suffered then, horribly, at the thought that the name would die out with him—as it will, now. Then, when this boy did come, the father was beside himself with delight. He was silent, quiet and undemonstrative, always; but underneath that grim suppression, was all the intensity and passion of an Italian. Julian worshipped his son. *I know that*!"

"Oh, this must not be," broke out Baring excitedly, "under no circumstances must such a thing happen. Think of the diasastrous effect it would have throughout the Empire. Think of the blanket it would throw upon enlistment!"

Continued on page 49.

Jumping the Theatrical Hurdles

Being the adventures and misadventures of a four act Canadian play as recounted by the author

Illustrated by
Arnold Worth

I MAKE no apology for having written a play. It is a national failing.

To begin at the beginning, which is always a safe way to start a story, the play was written in North Bay. Circumstances over which I had lost control (I had missed my train) compelled me to remain there over Sunday.

I don't know why I should have decided to write a play unless the Bacteria Dramatica was getting in its first deadly work,—but I called for paper, ink and pen, after the manner of a literary King Cole, and started in.

All day Saturday and Sunday I wrote. The negro porter was impressed. I allowed him to read part of it. He was still impressed. I gave him a quarter. He wanted to read some more of it but I refused. On looking back, I don't consider that twenty-five cents was exorbitant.

After some deliberation I named the play "The Feminist." Briefly the plot was as follows:—

There were five principal characters.

Dorothy Heatherington (The Feminist) inherits a Newspaper and because she is tired of society life takes charge of the paper, falls in love with a mayoralty candidate named Forest, and to show her love for him defeats him at the polls,—and then marries him.

Forest,—— see above.

Dick Hardy, the drunken editor who turns out to be a hero. (All inebriates emerge heroically on the stage.) He helps Dorothy to annihilate Forest but feels terribly upset because he once deserted,—

Lucy Meadows,—a dear little thing with rotten lines (we refer to the dialogue) who is restored by Dorothy to Hardy once again.

Mr. E. Spencer Heatherington, Dorothy's uncle was the villain, and he was a very villain in good-sooth! The language he used was so violent that my pen spluttered when I wrote it.

There were eight or nine minor characters including such original stage creations as a comic Irish servant etc., etc.

If I remember rightly, the play set out to prove that a woman with her intuitive power could be a tremendous force in Man's world. At any rate it was very complimentary to women, not that I believed half of it, but I figured that seventy-five per cent. of the theatrical audiences were feminine.

It was a real play. I even wrote instructions, like a literary tailor, on how to dress the stage. It was all complete. It could have gone into rehearsal without a change,—I thought.

I brought the thing home.

I took it to a public stenographer and dictated it. She was impressed. I was the first author she had ever met with a bank account. I explained that writing was merely my preoccupation,—not my occupation.

We enjoyed that play. Anything she didn't understand I explained to her. By the bye, it wouldn't be a bad idea for the author to sit at one side of the stage at a professional production and give a running commentary on the play. Of course in these days when life is held so cheap it might be a bit precarious.

But the question was,—how to get it produced.

To write a play requires some ability, but to sell a play requires genius.

How was I to get the wretched thing produced?

Like an answer from the gods Adele Blood appeared on the horizon and offered a thousand dollars cash for a Canadian Play!

Adele was playing a season of stock at Shea's Theatre and was consumed with a deep and burning desire to discover a Canadian Playwright. Compared to her passion for discovery that of Christopher Columbus was but a whim. Good advertising? Nothing of the sort. Miss Blood was the only and original genuine uplifter of the *Drawma*.

I decided to let Adele have the play. To be true the part wouldn't suit her, but that was not a serious obstacle. American Actors never act the Author's characters,—they merely act themselves. The only and original Adele could do anything from Little Eva to Lady Macbeth and the net result was always the same,—Adele.

Miss Blood therefore received "The Feminist".

Three weeks later I met her at a social function.

"Did you read my play?" I asked.

"I did" said the dear thing "It is very clevah. Some day you ought to land."

I sought a corner to think it out. "Some day I ought to land." What did she consider me,—a derelict on the sea of drama, or was I to land in the sense that Jack Johnson landed on Jim Jeffrie's jaw?

I was puzzled. Nevertheless I was encouraged. It does not take much to encourage an amateur playwright.

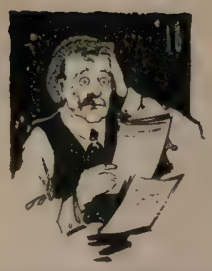
"The Feminist" did not win the prize. The thousand dollars of honest-to-goodness gold was awarded to a Mr. Osborne for his three act masterpiece entitled "The Madonna of the Louvre."

Some enterprising soul discovered that Mr. Osborne was a member of Miss Blood's company.

Her defence was, that Mr. Osborne was a Canadian, that he had been born in Kingston, Ontario, but had had the good sense to leave there while yet a youth. He had entered the play under a nom de plume. His winning the contest was merely a coincidence.

The public felt that the long arm of coincidence had been over-worked. In fact they felt that the long arm of of coincidence had suffered a compound fracture.

The Toronto dramatic critics sharpened their wits and prepared for the premiere.



"It doesn't matter how bad your play is as long as you have a good title."

I suggested "The Unsolved Sex."

"Gord," said Mr. G— horrified.

"What do you think of 'Milady Modernist'?"

"Awful."

"The Daughter of the House?"

"Hellup!"

"Woman and Superwoman?"

But Mr. G— had fled.

And what a premiere it was. Blood and thunder, curses, re-e-e-venge, and meoldrama that was so mellow that it,—but enough!

After it was over,—presuming, on my acquaintanceship with the dear lady,—I wrote her a letter.

"Dear Miss Blood,

"Please return my play. I quite realize its inferiority to Mr. Osborne's masterpiece. 'My God' only appears in my play twice."

On thinking it over, I consider that that letter bordered on the sarcastic. The play came back and for three or four weeks I retired into private life.

But Destiny was at work. A friend of mine gave me an introduction to a Mr. H——, a New York theatrical manager who happened to be in Toronto at the time. Mr. H—— was exceedingly courteous. He would be very glad to read my play but as he always gave at least three hours to a manuscript he would have to take it to New York.

"The Feminist" took its first trip to the Metropolis.

In three weeks I received a letter from Mr. H——

"Your play" he wrote, "is very interesting and considerably above the average. Its faults are faults of construction. Your election scene in the third act has been done so often before,—in fact I rehearsed a play last year with exactly the same situation. Your dialogue is excellent and your characters splendidly drawn,—especially the girl (Dorothy) and the newspaper man (Hardy). I am keeping it here, if you will allow me, to refer it to Miss B—— (a prominent actress and producer). I shall write you very soon again."

Again I felt encouraged and I think this time with some reason. I had penetrated, even so slightly, that magic sphere "theatrical New York."

He wrote later that he was showing it to a Mr. L—— a famous author who had three plays running on the boards at the time.

I wrote to Mr. H—— informing him that I did not wish my play to be shown to another author. Every playwright had his own way of treating a subject. Naturally he would not like my style or else he would write that way. He would probably steal my idea and leave me with the dialogue.

"The Feminist" returned from New York.

A little later a letter came from Mr. H—— stating that Mr. L—— had read the play and while he considered that it displayed much promise that in its present form it would not do. He did not think that Mr. L—— stole anything. If I cared to rewrite the play and submit it again to him he would be glad to reconsider it. In the meantime he had the honor to be my very truly.

I did not reply. I put "The Feminist" in a trunk and forgot about it.

On looking back, I cannot repress a genuine feeling of gratitude to Mr. H——. He could have made me look rather foolish if he had wished.

In the interim, some friend of mine who had a copy of the play, sent it to Margaret Anglin.

After reading it, Miss Anglin decided to try a revival of Shakespeare.

Her manager wrote me a very nice letter. He stated that Miss Anglin liked the play, but it did not suit her requirements. She hoped that it would be produced very soon and wished me success.

He did not suggest any changes in it. I don't think he could have read it.

I decided to produce "The Feminist" with amateurs, and as a preliminary step took it out of the trunk. A prominent Toronto Dramatic society had already produced three one act plays of mine and it was this organization which was to produce this new effort of my pen. The general director of this society was a young man of discernment. He had never refused a play of mine. The mere fact that I happened to be the general director does not alter the fact that he was a man of discernment.

We held one rehearsal, there being eight amateur Thespians present.

That night I wrote eight letters, informing the cast that "The Feminist" had changed her mind. She was going back to the trunk. I had no idea that a group of innocent young people could commit such atrocities to an unoffending manuscript.

For several months "The Feminist" remained in obscurity. It would probably be there yet if Miss Percy Haswell had not come back to Toronto for another season of stock.

I met her assistant stage manager and told him about the play. He read it. He said he liked it, but would suggest some changes for instance, the last act was all wrong.

He gave the play to Miss Haswell. She read it and sent for me. It was while she was playing "Stop Thief" and she had a very light part. With a bosom friend who endures my writings and steals my cigars, I was ushered into Miss Haswell's dressing room.

If I may digress for a moment I would like to pay a sincere tribute to Miss Percy Haswell as a woman. During the weeks following I saw her frequently and under many trying conditions, but her natural patience and sweet courteousness never left her. She treated her company as ladies and gentlemen and was as loyal to Toronto and Canada as any member of her audience. Her sympathy with

That night Mr G— beckoned to me mysteriously and took me to the front of the theatre. "Behold!" said he. The bill-boards smote me in the eye

the Canadian troops was genuine and unaffected. There have been few finer characters on the stage than Miss Percy Haswell.

She decided to produce the play but,—wanted some changes.

The first act was too short and all the curtains were given to the leading man. To the uninitiated undramatic reader,—to give a curtain to an actor is to brand him as the leading actor.

Also she thought the play would be better with an unhappy ending.

I received my first dramatic thrill. One of my dreams has always been to write a play with an unhappy ending. I felt that such a privilege was only accorded established playwrights.

My companion and I sought the air and eventually drifted into the late lamented King's Cafe, that place of merriment where one indulged in a "boozeless jag". Imagine a Cabaret with nothing stronger to drink than Cocoa !

Oblivious to the dancers and the melancholy merry-makers we discussed the play.

"I've got it" I said, pounding the table vehemently with a salt cellar.

He leaned over the table.

"This is it" I went on, "Dorothy has kept Forest from the mayoralty by the opposition of her newspaper. Therefore, although he is in love with her, he goes away and leaves her forever."

"Why ?"

"A man can get over a broken heart," I replied sententiously "But a wounded vanity is invariably fatal."

"Then he dies ?"

I sighed. It is always difficult to explain the obvious. "As far as the play is concerned he is a dead one," I admitted.

He sipped a sup of sparkling Postum. "Go on" he said.

"Well," I resumed, reckless of the midnight hour, refilling my glass of milk, "Dorothy has restored Hardy to Lucy and has just said good-bye to Forest for ever. She glances at the window,—the stage darkens, church chimes strike in the distance,—she thinks for a moment how much she has accomplished for a woman,—how she has brought purity into civic politics,—how she has reformed Hardy,—then she steps forward,—her hands touch the table,—very slowly she says these words,—'And the price of it all is. . . . LONELINESS.' Then she falls into a chair,—her head sinks into her arms and a slight sob is heard,—then the curtain. What do you think of it ?"

"Have you got another cigarette ?" was the unimpassioned reply.

The following evening we submitted the new version to Miss Haswell. She had exercised her prerogative as a woman and had changed her mind. She did not think we would dare to produce a new play with an unhappy ending.

We sought our typewriter once more, —recalled Forest from the abyssmal depths and left him falling into Dorothy's arms.

I then met Mr. G——, Miss Haswell's manager, to discuss arrangements. Mr. G—— though a Kentuckian, looked as if he might have stepped from a Dickensian novel. He had a shrewd simplicity in his manner that was at once assuring and impressive.

"Miss Haswell says you have a good play" said Mr. G——.

I was glad she thought so. Had he read it ?

"Me read it ?" Mr. G—— was astonished "What would I read it for ?"

I admitted that the idea was absurd.

"Say," Mr. G—— became confidential in his manner, "Where under the solar system did you get that title ?"

"I think "The Feminist" is an excellent title."

"I think it's the worst title I ever heard in my life," said Mr. G—— "What does it mean ?"

I endeavored to unfold to him the meaning of Feminism. It was my first attempt to explain the inexplicable.

"Say," he said, when I had finished, "I once took a play out called 'Logan's Luck.' We starved. I changed its name to 'Human Hordes' and we made a fortune out of it."

I was appropriately astonished. I murmured something about giving a dog a bad name, etc.

"Say." Mr. G——entwined his finger in my button hole, "We put on a play called 'The Zebra' and we couldn't get enough people in the theatre to break the echo. We renamed it the 'Glad Eye', and made half a million out of it."

I wonder where theatrical profits go ? Perhaps they are paid in stage money.

"It doesn't matter how bad your play is" said Mr. G—— encouragingly, "As long as you've got a good title."

I suggested "The Unsolved Sex."

"Gord !" said Mr. G——, horrified.

"What do you think of 'Milady Modernist' ?"

"Awful !"

If I cared to rewrite the play and submit it again to him he would be glad to reconsider it. I put The Feminist in the trunk and forgot about it

Continued on page 52.

An Understudy for Hannah

The story of a sister whose service was paid in the gold of love, a money not legal tender

By Annie Hamilton Donnell

Illustrations by Horace Scovel Shinn

"In the old days the Weatherbees had many maids; let us not disgrace them by having not even one. Send for Hannah to-morrow"

"IF WE could get along without Hannah," hinted Maria. Her little old eyes searched Isabella's beautiful face with ill-concealed anxiety. It was not necessary to conceal her facial expression from Isabella, and it was well, since she had to conceal so many other things.

"Without Hannah! Maria, are you going daft? Was there ever a time when the Weatherbees got along without a maid! Would you have the neighbors think the family is deteriorating?" The stately little speech fell with perfect naturalness from the stately lips. Isabella Weatherbee's shoulders never stooped, but at times like this, when the honor of the family seemed in peril, they straightened yet a little straighter.

"They are new neighbors — they would not need to know." Maria found difficulty in rounding her phrases. Her shoulders, always stooped, rounded yet a little more as if under a new burden. If Bella only knew how it would help for her to agree to do without a maid! Here, in this new home, was the chance Maria had longed for. She herself had appreciated the impossibility of living maidless at home. But here—here no one realized the greatness of the family, no one would hold up shocked hands, say unpleasant things. And the money——

"Bella," trembled Maria, "we really could do very well. Just us two"——

"We two," gently corrected old Isabella. Then, still gently, "It is out of the question, Maria. In the old days the Weatherbees had many maids; let us not disgrace them by having not even one. Send for Hannah to-morrow."

"Hannah will not come," Maria said, but she did not say why. The state of the family treasury was one of the things she rigorously concealed from Isabella. The fine, beautiful old face had never lost its patient placidity; Isabella had never known trouble except the great trouble and that, Maria asserted, was enough. She must be shielded at any sacrifice from all other afflictions. A steadily lessening family income was an affliction; Isabella must never know that it was lessening. In sweating tumult of soul Maria added and subtracted and divided, lay long nights awake, planned, devised.

The new home was part of her planning. To Isabella's unseeing eyes it was quite as luxurious as the old, even a little more luxurious. But Maria saw it in its bare truth. The narrower staircase, the lower ceilings, fewer rooms, Maria saw and widened, raised, and multiplied, for Isabella. She had done and would do harder things than these for Isabella.

"To-morrow you must look up a new maid, then. I can get on a few hours alone." Isabella's thoughts dwelt still on old and new Hannahs. And the next day Maria went. But in the night-interval between she had sat at her window all night, devising. The thing she devised with tight lips and furrowed brow was born of the travail of necessity. She nursed it in her breast at the window.

The two old sisters had been young sisters once, but they had always been alone. Isabella had always been beautiful and fine and patient and blind; Maria had always been plain and tender. Isabella had always been taken care of, Maria had always taken care of her. Isabella's selfishness was scarcely a fault, considering her pampered, petted life; Maria's devotion was splendid. No Weatherbee had ever been more delicate and dainty than Isabella; and Maria, at her looking-glass, assured herself that none had ever been more ugly than herself. She did not realize that work had accomplished much of her plainness—Maria realized few things like that. She was the one plain Weatherbee in the family line, she humbly confessed, and bent her energies to keeping it from Isabella. It would grieve Isabella.

"Your nose does not feel just right, Maria, it is too straight, I am afraid," the gentle old voice would sometimes say, while the lovely, slender old fingers wandered on a "seeing" tour over Maria's anxious face. "All the Weatherbee noses have been Roman. Your eyes are Weatherbee eyes, Maria? You are sure"——

"Yes," gently lied Maria.

"And your complexion is the Weatherbee pink and white, you say; I wish your cheeks felt a little smoother—Maria, why won't you let me see your fingers?" Like most blind people old Isabella spoke always of "seeing" things.

"Oh, I can't; it makes me fidgety, Bella!" Maria's good, blunt fingers slid hurriedly under her apron. They were not Weatherbee fingers; she had always been ashamed of them. "Look at your own instead; that will be just

as good. And you're never fidgety."

"No," smiled old Isabella, though her voice was a little severe, "that is not a Weatherbee trait, to be nervous."

It was significant that Isabel la cho the prettier word and laid gentle stress upon it for Maria's edification. Maria's words, like her fingers—like her roughened, sallow skin, her poor plebeian nose—were contrary to traditions of the family. No one knew it better than Maria; Isabella did not know it at all. She knew that her own old face was delicate as a flower little withered by winter blasts, that her shoulders were splendidly straight, that her fine old hands were slender and perfect, her figure one even a Weatherbee might be proud of. All these things Isabella had seen through Maria's adoring, admiring eyes so often that they had become sources of gentle consolation to her in her blindness, and she loved to dwell on them in solitary moments. She was not vain, but gently proud. That Maria, though perhaps in a lesser degree, possessed all these attractions, she did not for a moment doubt. For Maria, too, was a Weatherbee.

The question of procuring a successor for the old servant, Hannah, was not allowed to lie dormant. Isabella persisted in her decisive way that some one must be found at once. "For the speech of neighbors," she argued gently, was the family reputation to suffer here in the new home? Were people to suppose they could not afford a servant, that they *did their own work?* When had Weatherbees done their own work?

"You must find some one the first thing to-morrow, Maria; it must not be put off another day, not another day," Isabella said with the assurance of being obeyed. And it was that night that Maria devised the strange way out of her strait and the next morning that she went away to procure the new Hannah. She was gone two hours or more. When she came back she went to Isabella at once to report.

"She's come," she said, in a breathless sort of way. It came hard to Maria to lie.

"Why!" the lovely old face turned in surprise. "Why, I was sure I only heard your footsteps. I always know when there are two"——

"I mean she will come to-night," hurried poor Maria, frightened at her mistake, "in time to get tea—I told her to be sure and come in time to get tea. She can make scones, Bella, and coffee rolls. I made sure of that." Maria had planned to say this on her way; Bella was fond of scones and coffee rolls, but insisted that they should be made by the maid. She had never been willing that Maria should make them.

"I'm glad of that. What does she look like, Maria? Like Hannah? I shall want you to ask her to come in sometimes and let me look"——

"It would scare her, Bella; you mustn't! The poor thing's scared enough now. She's—she's never worked out before. She's—obliged to now on account of losing her money. And, Bella"——

Old Isabella's flower-sweet face put on listening like a garment. The gentle patience in it hurt Maria as it always did.

"She's—deaf, Bella. Stone deaf. I promised her we'd leave her to herself and not try to talk to her; she says it embarrasses her. All she wants is to know what's to be done—I'm to write that out on paper. She's coming on trial and if you—if we—like her she'll stay right along. I hope we'll like her, Bella."

"Dear, yes, I hope so! Poor creature—you don't seem very enthusiastic yourself, Maria."

Maria turned at the door.

"I? Oh, yes, I—I like her. She's old and not very good looking, but she has good blood in her—she belongs to an old family. She told me—I thought you would be glad to know that, Bella."

Isabella Weatherbee laughed out softly. Maria amused her sometimes. As if it mattered what family a servant came of! Maria had queer notions; she was singularly ignorant of some of the things that did matter so much. Some lax family ancestor, straggled out of the line that strict Weatherbees toed, must be responsible for Maria's notions.

In the new home, life for the two old sisters assumed presently its quiet monotony and peace. It varied little to blind Isabella from life in the old home. She knitted mornings by her window, napped through the long, hot noons, knitted afternoons on the front porch in her soft white dress. Maria sat with her on the porch usually, and described the passers-by and the houses and clouds and trees. In her own quaint way she saw everything for Isabella; she never tired. But mornings Maria left her sister very much alone, only going in occasionally to see if she needed anything. This was really the only variation between life in the old home and in the new; Maria had rarely, in the old home, left her sister at all. Old Isabella puzzled over the change and nursed a gentle resentment silently. It was not a Weatherbee trait to complain.

In the hot kitchen the new Hannah worked steadily. She was old, as Maria had said, and the heat and the toil crooked her back and lined a little more her good, plain face. She moved rather painfully as though it hurt her. Maria knew it was rheumatism. It was not a large household to work for, but there were many little wearying things to do, aside from the common round of sweeping and cooking, washing and ironing. The dainty lady upstairs, knitting by her window, required many services that the new Hannah must render. She ate but delicately of delicate dishes that were a little hard to prepare; her soft laces and lawns were not kept immaculate without labor.

The weather turned hot, terribly hot in kitchens. The new Hannah sat down often and mopped her heated face. The little droning tune she hummed over her work dragged and trailed unconsciously into a little droning groan. Hot weather seemed to aggravate the rheumatism.

"Are you sure she is going to answer our requirements?" old Isabella questioned, mild doubt in her tone. "It seems to me she must be slow."

"She *is* slow," admitted Maria.

"And not always sure—did you taste the custard at lunch, Maria? Do you think she could have whipped the eggs the required time?"

"I did not taste it." Maria ate little at lunches. The warm weather seemed to be telling on her.

"Well—well, of course, we must give her time. She is old, you say, and deaf—poor creature, I should be the last one to find fault with her if she is afflicted; but, Maria, perhaps you could suggest that she does not put quite so much starch in my caps"——

"I will see to it." Then: "She's doing the best she can, Bella!" bursts out Maria suddenly. "It's awful doing up things this weather. I—I was in the kitchen this morning myself. We'll have to be patient, Bella."

The new neighbors began dropping in afternoons, to sit on the porch with their work. The "work" of the youngest neighbor leaped and gurgled and laughed in her arms. Old Isabella put out her slender fingers and touched the little face, the warm little neck, the soft hair. "It's a beautiful baby," old Isabella smiled, with conviction.

"Oh, she's great!" the youngest neighbor agreed laughingly, "but she takes all my time—I can't get in a minute even to do up her little dresses! And that makes me think, speaking of doing up things, of your maid, Miss Weatherbee. She's a great comfort to me."

"Yes?" Old Isabella's fingers were straying again to the leaping little child.

"In the way of entertainment, you know. I'm so glad you have her! Her great, flopping sunbonnet is a picture! And *have* you noticed"—the young speaker swung about toward Maria—"how she always wears it, rain or shine? I looked out of my

window the other day and she was getting in the clothes with that sunbonnet on, and it was raining hard! It was a novel kind of an umbrella! I tried to speak to her over the fence one day—I just dote on queer characters!—but she would not look my way at all."

"She is deaf," Maria said stiffly. Her plain old face had reddened unaccountably. She began to talk about the baby. How many teeth had it? Could it stand alone—say any little words?

Other neighbors commented on the new Hannah. The flapping pink sunbonnet had attracted all eyes. No one had ever seen the new Hannah pink-sunbonnetless. It was rumored that she wore it to the door to answer bells, though this was not substantiated. In a good-natured, laughing, neighborly way the new Hannah became a person of note.

One morning old Isabella, finding her own room uncomfortably warm, groped her way down the stairs and out to her chair on the front porch. It was so unusual a thing for her to go so far unaided that she was conscious of a feeling of mild exultation and pride as she sank down into the cushioned rocker. She felt younger and even a little reckless. Maria had always insisted on leading her about. But here she was quite safe and unbroken; if she could do this, why not other things? What other thing was there that she could do alone and Marialess? She felt impelled to do that other thing. The thrill of daring ran over her old body and set her old nerves aquiver. The good fates keep Maria away now!

"What shall I do?" softly laughed old Isabella, athrill to do it. Her beautiful face grew pinker with gentle excitement. Suddenly, she was aware of a sweet, warm scent. She sniffed it again and again with her fine old Weatherbee nose. It was the smell of roses! Roses were in bloom somewhere near. She remembered then that Maria had said there was a rosebush down by the gate. She would go down to the rosebush by the gate—that was the "other thing" that she would do alone! The good fates give her time!

Very slowly she went, but her straight, splendid body did not swerve or bend. She would only allow one hand to reach out a very little as she went. The sweet, warm smell came to meet her. It seemed very near indeed, when suddenly heavy footsteps plunged through the grass toward her and hands seized her arm almost roughly. The fates had betrayed her.

"Who is it?—Maria, is it you? What did you come for when I wanted to go alone!" But Maria did not answer—it could not be Maria. Still the heavy footsteps and the disturbed breathing——

"Who is it?" old Isabella repeated impatiently. She was full of childish disappointment and her usual quiet dignity for the moment deserted her. She had an unholy impulse to shake off the hands from her arm. If it was not Maria it must be the new Hannah. Of course it was the new Hannah, and she did not answer because she could not hear.

Something just brushed her shoulder and the steadying hands turned her gently aside. She did not see, of course, that a terribly jagged, broken-off branch of the tree had threatened to stab her as she groped her way alone toward it. And not seeing it, the resentment which would have given instant place to gratitude died hard in her breast. She reared her beautiful head stiffly.

"I was only going to the rosebush," she said, forgetting the futility of speech to deaf ears. "I wanted to see the rosebush."

The warm, sweet smell again. She drew in deep, delighted whiffs of it. There was healing in it; her resentment vanished.

"Wait! I want to stop right here—I must see it!"

Strange how the steadying hands, as

Continued on page 59.

She would only allow one hand to reach out a very little as she went. She was aware of the sweet, warm scent of roses growing somewhere near

The uniform so familiar to the eye in every corner of Canada seems to transform the wearer, to give not only a new joy in life, but a new spirit, a new outlook

The BOY SCOUTS

The Men of To-morrow

By H. G. Hammond

YOU have no doubt met, swinging down the city street, or country road, the boy in the khaki shirt, stetson hat, bare knees, loosely knotted scarf, haversack slung upon his back, staff in hand, and à thought has come to you "Yes, a Boy Scout," and yet how few understand the activities and training connected with the Boy Scouts Association. As Carlyle observed long ago—"When an oak is felled the whole forest resounds, but a thousand acorns are sown unnoticed by the passing breeze."

The uniform so familiar now to the eye in every corner of Canada seems to transform the wearer, to give not only a new joy in life, but a new spirit, a new outlook. Those who have studied the movement and its activities will be surprised to read all the things that a boy learns in the course of his training, things eminently useful to know, eminently educative to the faculties, things that no boy by way of mere task could ever be induced to learn, things that fit him for making his way in the world when he shall have become a man, and which put before him the responsibilities of citizenship and our duty towards God, King and Country.

The basic principles of Boy Scout training are contained in the Scout Promise and the Scout Law. The boy upon being accepted as a member of the Boy Scouts Association is invested with proper ceremony as the knights of old. Standing within the circle of his comrades with right hand uplifted, thumb upon the little finger, leaving the three fingers upright, denoting the three clauses of the Scout Promise, he promises upon his honor to be Loyal to God and the King. To do a good turn daily. And to obey the Scout Laws.

There is no signing of pledges, he is simply placed upon his honor as were the knights of old. He is bound to play the game and play it fair.

Some of the old ideas did not give a boy a chance to show that he could be trusted.

People have said "why is a Boy Scout somewhat different from the average boy?" The answer is that he has been trusted and placed upon his honor and not edged about with don'ts, buts, and shan'ts.

It is a well known fact that a Boy Scout does try and does succeed in carrying out his Scout Law.

A Scout's sense of honor is cultivated. This training, in turn, develops truthfulness, and is the reason why the average citizen will tell you that a Scout's word can be taken.

A Boy Scout is loyal to the King, to his officers, his parents, to his Country and his employers.

A Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others.

A Scout is a friend to all, and the brother to every other Scout, no matter to what social class the other belongs. In other words, there is no social distinction within the ranks of the Boy Scouts Association.

Every boy is given a chance to make good in the world.

A Scout is courteous.

A Scout is a friend to animals.

A Scout obeys orders.

A Scout smiles and whistles under all circumstances.

Before a Scout can pass certain tests he must have a small bank account, and it is surprising to note how many of the lads are proud and keen to see their little bank account growing, in other words it is simply a start that the average boy requires.

A Scout is pure in thought, word and deed; as a gentleman once stated "I can always attend a base ball game where Scouts are playing, with the knowledge that I can take along my children knowing that it will be conducted in a proper and gentlemanly manner."

Then again you may have noticed upon the arms of the lads, small round khaki discs, known as badges. They may bear a red cross in the centre, a tool representing carpentry, perhaps, a bugle, or a swimmer, or a life belt. These badges denote the different subjects or activities in which a boy can qualify.

How proudly the boy wears the carpenter's badge, with a knowledge that during his spare hours in the cellar or the attic at home he has worked and worked, and made perhaps a chair that mother is proud of and of which he is proud.

The effort to qualify for the badges is very aptly put by a father of a boy in the Scouts, who was learning to blow a bugle in the attic. He was visited one evening by his next door neighbor who complained a little about the noise. The father of the bugle boy simply said "There is one thing I am perfectly sure of, when the sound is heard from the bugle, Jack is at the other end blowing," and the neighbor who was lodging the complaint was from then on a friend of the Association. He saw the point.

It is not the intention that the earning or qualifying for badges shall completely fit a boy for any trade or calling in life, but simply to open up channels of thought, a first aid to useful knowledge, and many a father has been able through watching his boy working for his badge, to decide, in a large measure, the future career of his lad.

There are fifty-one of the Proficiency badges in connection with the movement, which some people consider too many. A number of these are of such a simple nature that the most backward boy has a chance to earn one, which means that a bright spot has been brought into his life and that he is starting to think along right lines.

A Scout is supposed to do a good turn daily and many stories could be told of the good turns that have been done by boys through this encouragement.

One comes to my mind of a lad in a small town away in the north country. The Sunday School on Sunday afternoon had been addressed in regard to the activities of the Boy Scouts, and the "good turn" idea had been placed before them. The next morning a boy who had been brought to this country, and who was looked down upon by the rest of the lads of the village, was found in the backyard of a widow sawin wood for her, and from that time on a supply of wood was always found at the door of this aged woman.

The policy of the Association is largely one of decentralization, each community having a committee of gentlemen known as the local Association, who guide the activities of the movement in that centre, and who are responsible to the Provincial Office for the movement in their community.

The activities will fit in with any boys' organization, and have been taken up by Sunday Schools and day schools with success. The Association is open to boys of any denomination or creed, the aim being to bring about a spirit of good comradeship among all boys.

Since the outbreak of war the Boy Scouts have taken an active part in all that relates to the help of the Empire in her hour of need. Hundreds of Scout officers and senior Scouts are in the trenches or training to go.

The following is simply a section of a letter received from the front showing the spirit of the boys, also a sample report from one of the Districts.

Portion of Letter Received from the Front.

"As you will see by your letter being returned to you marked 'Died of Wounds' one of the old boys has passed away. He and his mate, who also died, were on duty in one of our telephone stations in the front trenches when a large German shell exploded on the corner of their dugout, completely demolishing it, and burying the two men. When dug out they were both quite conscious, and as game a pair as I have seen. Both of them had their two legs badly broken, but each insisted that the other be looked after first. They were rushed to hospital but died two days later. Our section felt the loss very keenly, as, except for one man wounded at Ypres last April, these are our only casualities. But we are very proud of their pluck.

"The doctors, and in fact everyone who saw them before they died have nothing but praise for their gameness."

The question frequently is asked, "What of all this scout training? How does this really benefit our boys?" Such a broad question always is difficult to answer except in a general way. I think the average reader will agree that the boy who lives up to Scout laws is sure to be a better boy for having done so. But "how better?" is a question that still remains.

I think that one of the most convincing answers to the "How better?" question is found in Ian Hay's wonderful new war book "The First Hundred Thousand." In this book which by the way has just been published by William Briggs, of Toronto, the author follows one of the British battalions through the recruiting and training periods and then goes with them into the trenches in Flanders. Mr. Hay gives us some wonderful word pictures of the kind of men who are wresting inch by inch the ground gained in the early days of the war by the Huns. I quote from one of these character sketches—and with Mr. Hay's words answer the "How better" question asked of the boy scouts.

In one chapter Mr. Hay describes a practice battle between the Reds and the Blues of the battalion just before they crossed over into France. The opposing forces were assigned to different positions. One division was given the task of capturing the other division. The scouts for the advancing section were called together and given their instructions.

"A and B Companies represent the enemy. They are beyond that crest finishing the trenches. They intend to hold these against our attack. Our only chance is to take them by surprise. As they will probably have thrown out a line of outposts, you scouts will now scatter and endeavor to get through that line or at least obtain knowledge of its composition."

"The scouts silently scattered, and each man set out to pierce his allotted section of the enemies' position. Private Dunshie, who had hoped for a

road, or at least a cart tract, to follow, found himself, by the worst of luck, assigned to a portion of the thick belt of wood which stretched between the two roads. Nature had not intended him for a pioneer. He was essentially a city man. However he toiled on, rending the undergrowth, putting up game, falling over tree roots, and generally acting as advertising agent for the approaching attack.

"By way of contrast, two hundred yards to his right, picking his way with cat like care and rare enjoyment, was Private M'Snape. He was the true scout breed. In the dim and distant days before the call of the blood had swept him into K (1), he had been a Boy Scout of no mean repute." (I do not doubt that Private M'Snape as a Boy Scout had won the right to wear the badges which denote a Scout of the first class). "He was clean in person and courteous in manner. He could be trusted to deliver a message promptly. He could light a fire in a high wind with two matches and provide himself with a meal of sorts where another would have starved. He could distinguish an oak from an elm and was sufficiently familiar with the movements of the heavenly bodies to be able to find his way across country by night. He was truthful, and amenable to discipline. In short he was the embodiment of a system which in times of peace had served as a text for innumerable well-meaning but muddle-headed politicians of a certain type who made a specialty of keeping the nation upon the alert against the insidious encroachments of——Heaven Help Us !——Militarism !

"To-night all M'Snape's soul was set on getting through the enemy's outpost line, and discovering a way of ingress for the host behind him. He had no map, but he had the Plough and a fitful moon to guide him, and he held a clear notion of the disposition of the trenches in his retentive brain. On his left he could hear the distressing sounds of Dunshie's dolorous progress; but these were growing fainter. The reason was that Dunshie, like most persons who follow the line of least resistance, was walking in a circle. In fact, a few minutes later his circuitous path brought him out upon the long straight road which ran up over the hill towards the trenches.

"With a sigh of relief Dunshie stepped out upon the good hard macadam, and proceeded with the merest show of stealth up the gentle gradient. But he was not yet at ease. The overarching trees formed a tunnel in which his footsteps reverberated uncomfortably. The moon had retired behind a cloud. Dunshie, gregarious and urban, quaked anew. Reflecting longingly upon his bright and cosy billet, with the "subsistence" which was doubtless being prepared against his return, he saw no occasion to reconsider his opinion that in the country no decent body should ever be called up to go out after dark unaccompanied. At that moment Dunshie would have bartered his soul for the sight of an electric tram.

"The darkness grew more intense. Something stirred in the wood beside him, and his skin tingled. An owl hooted suddenly, and he jumped. Next, the gross darkness was illuminated by a pale and ghostly radiance, coming up from behind; and something brushed past him—something which squeaked and panted. His hair rose upon his scalp. A friendly "Good-night !" uttered in a strong Hampshire accent into his left ear, accentuated rather than soothed his terrors. He sat down suddenly upon a bank by the roadside, and feebly mopped his moist brow.

"The bicycle, having passed him, wobbled on up the hill, shedding a fitful ray upon alternate sides of the road. Suddenly—raucous and stunning, but oh, how sweet !—rang out the voice of Dunshie's lifelong friend, Private Mucklewame.

"'Halt ! Wha goes there ?' "

The cyclist made no reply, but kept his devious course. Private Mucklewame, who liked to do things decently and in order, stepped heavily out of the hedge into the middle of the road, and repeated his question in a reproving voice. There was no answer.

"This was most irregular. According to the test of the spirited little dialogue in which Mucklewame had been recently rehearsed by his piquet commander, the man on the bicycle ought to have said "Friend !" This cue received, Mucklewame was prepared to continue. Without it he was gravelled. He tried once more.

"'Halt ! Wha goes——'

"'On His Majesty's Service, my lad !' responded a hearty voice; and the postman supplementing this information with a friendly good-night, wobbled up the hill and disappeared from sight.

"The punctilious Mucklewame was still glaring severely after this unseemly 'Gagger,' when he became aware of footsteps upon the road. A pedestrian was plodding up the hill in the wake of the postman. He would stand no nonsense this time.

"'Halt !' he continued. 'Wha goes there ?'

"'Hey, Jock,' inquired a husky voice, 'is that you ?'

"This was another most irregular answer. Declining to be drawn into impromptu irrelevancies, Mucklewame stuck to his text.

"'Advance yin,' he continued, 'and give the countersign, if any !'

"Private Dunshie drew nearer.

"'Jock,' he inquired wistfully, 'hae ye gotten a fag ?'

"'Aye,' replied Mucklewame, friendship getting the better of conscience.

"'Wull ye give a body yin ?'

"'Aye. But ye canna smoke on ootpost duty,' explained Mucklewame sternly. 'Forbye, the officer has no been roond yet,' he added.

"'Onyway,' urged Dunshie eagerly, 'let me be your prisoner ! Let me bide with the other boys in here ahint the dyke !'

"The hospitable Mucklewame agreed and Scout Dunshie overjoyed at the prospect of human companionship promptly climbed over the low wall and attached himself in the role of languishing captive, to Number Two Sentry-Group of Number Three Piquet.

"Meanwhile M'Snape had reached the forward edge of the wood, and was cautiously reconnoitring the open ground in front of him. There must be a sentry-group somewhere here, he calculated—say midway between the roads. He must walk warily.

"Easier said than done. At this very moment a twig snapped beneath his foot with a noise like a pistol-shot, and a covey of partridges, lying out upon the stubble beside him, made an indignant evacuation of their bedroom. The mishap seemed fatal: M'Snape stood like a stone.

"Having decided that there was no sentry-group between the two roads, M'Snape turned his back upon the wood and proceeded cautiously forward. He was not quite satisfied in his mind about things.

"Next moment the solution of the puzzle was in his very hand—in the form of a stout cord stretching from right to left. He was just in time to avoid tripping over it. It was suspended about six inches above the ground.

"You cannot follow a clue in two directions at once; so after a little consideration M'Snape turned and crawled along to his right, being careful to avoid touching the cord. Presently a black mass loomed before him, acting apparently as terminus to the cord. Lying flat on his stomach, in order to get as much as possible of this obstacle between his eyes and the sky, M'Snape was presently able to descry, plainly silhouetted against the starry landscape, the profile of one Bain, a scout of A Company, leaning comfortably against a small bush, and presumably holding the end of the cord in his hand.

"M'Snape wriggled sillently away, and paused to reflect. Then he began to creep forward once more.

"Having covered fifty yards, he turned to his right again, and presently found himself exactly between Bain

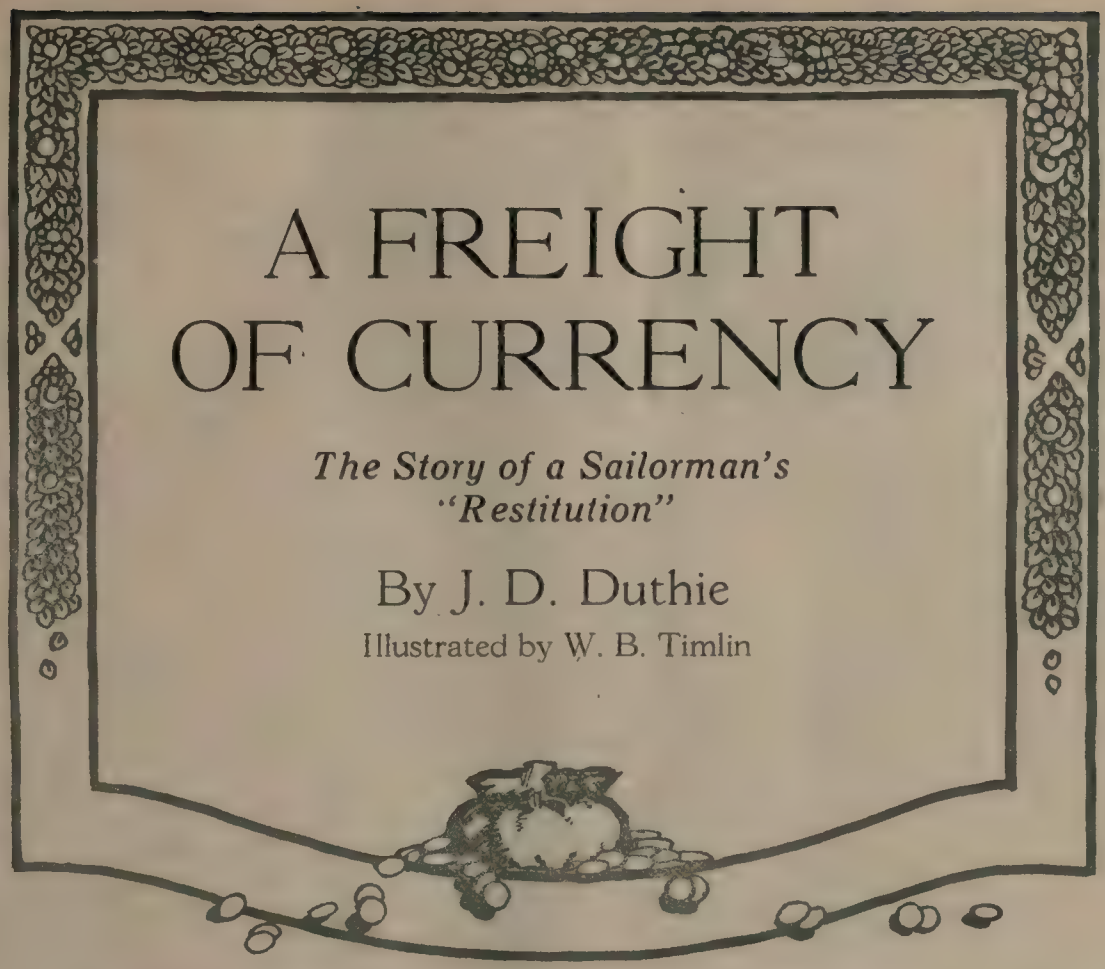
Continued on page 43.

A FREIGHT OF CURRENCY

The Story of a Sailorman's "Restitution"

By J. D. Duthie

Illustrated by W. B. Timlin



OLD Captain Joshua Windlass had received his last call. He knew it by certain ghostly premonitions which are as real factors in the life of the average sailor man as are the stars that guide him on the trackless deep.

He had made up his mind, and when a man has made up his mind to "let go," generally speaking he is as good as dead.

With old Cap' Windlass, however, it was different. In prospect of his approaching dissolution, he was spending the moments that remained to him in mentally arranging as to the disposal of his goods and chattels, dictating (also mentally) his instructions with that regard to detail which had marked his conduct of the business of ship chandler for well nigh a quarter of a century.

The business of his life, whatever else it meant, had left a residue of all kinds of real estate, from house property to "Surrender Values," and from spent bullets to second-hand coronets.

What it had amounted to, no living creature save himself could guess at, but a carefully compiled inventory in his own handwriting certainly existed and accounted for everything down to the last collar-stud.

The Captain's wealth in real and illusive property was known to be considerable; some placing it at a fabulous figure, and already at least one bird of prey hovered around within striking distance, ready to swoop down the moment the last flickering gleam of life died out.

The ghoul in this case was one of those predatory creatures that seem to come from nowhere at the sight or smell of the merest morsel of flesh still remaining on the fast whitening bones.

What was expected to be the death chamber was the small back parlor of a wheezy, old, wooden structure wedged into a pile of dilapidations close to Cherry Garden's Pier, Rotherhithe. The window commanded a wide sweep of the Thames fairway with its multitude of craft of all kinds, from the bobbing little skiff of the river-pilot to the gigantic liner, and nearby were the East India Docks, whence, for the greater part, old Windlass had drawn the revenue which was now exercising the last moments of his life.

It was late in the afternoon of a black November day. The little apartment, crowded to excess with rickety furniture and the amazing paraphernalia of a chandler's shop, possessed not a single ray of comfort saving the spectral flame of an evil-smelling oil lamp. The odor from its neglected wick blended at times with a whiff of the slime and garbage from the river, and the sulphur-laden dampness of a genuine London fog that oozed in at every crevice.

The dying man was the sole occupant of the room, not one article or adornment of which, in many years had felt the tenderness of a woman's hand. He lay on a couch, buried under a confused pile of bed-clothing, top-coats and rugs, tossing impatiently and starting up from time to time to look at the clock and listen for some expected footstep.

At last it came, followed by a shrimp of a lad, wringing wet with the unwholesome night-dew, his face glowing with the proud feeling of youth in its triumph over difficulty.

"I found him, Unc' Josh !" the boy began excitedly, and proceeded as his breath permitted. "I saw the tug down Blackwell Reach. O Lor' it was thick ! I knew it was the *Sparrow Hawk* by her ugly nose, and there, sure enough, was the *Mermaid* in tow. I pulled in to her and there was Sam right for'ard. Wanted me to get on deck right away, but I told him—couldn't leave you. Said you wanted to see him quick. They are warping her in now and he is coming along soon as they make her fast."

"Good boy, Sonny !" and the old man almost sprang from his deathbed with the satisfaction the lad had brought him.

"Now you go an' get tea ready, Sonny: got any sassiges ?"

"Ra-ther ! Got all the truck, an' I brought you a tin o' lobster, Unc' Josh, thinkin' as 'ow you'd fancy it."

"Young rascal," muttered the old man to himself, with a suppressed chuckle; "he knows they pizen me, but he likes a bit hisself, and old Sam would eat nothing else if they'd let him."

"Say, Unc' Josh; have ye seen Dick hanging around sence I went out ?" the boy inquired in a startled tone as he re-entered the room with the tea utensils.

"No, Sonny; why do you ask ?"

"Well I'd swear it was 'im I passed in the yard just now. It was a man his size, but he didn't have a beard like Dick used to have. I watched him when he couldn't see me, and he looked all round and up to the window as if he were tryin' to see how he could get up to it."

The old man trembled with real alarm, and his face blanched to a deathly palor as he nervously turned his eyes towards the window. There were wide margins around the shrunken blind through which any one from the outside could obtain at least a partial view of what was going on within, and he instructed the boy to get a newspaper and "plug up the last peep-hole."

The little fellow did as he was told, and in anticipation of the coming of "Unc' Sam," did his best to transform that dingy, malodorous junk shop into a comfortable little cabin. A bright fire with the sausages and onions sizzling to the music of the kettle on the hole quickly overcame the depression of the dark and clammy atmosphere, and a second lamp was lit to make a "real illumination" in honor of the expected guest.

Hardly had these homely preparations been completed when the well-know heavy footstep was heard on the creaking stairs, and the next moment, the captain of the brigantine *Mermaid* swept into the room like a tempest of sunlight shattering the gloom of a prison cell.

"Well ! Well !! Well !!! I thought we were coming home to a burial, but here's a show and a smell like an I-talian wedding !" and the two worthies almost embraced each other, while the boy's heart danced in a transport of delight.

It was a great re-union, and they kept it up till the night had far advanced and the lad was peremptorily ordered aloft to his hammock. He usually slept in a bunk within call of his grandfather, but to-night it was to become the couch of the visitor.

When the boy had gone and might reasonably be supposed to be fast asleep, Windlass solemnly informed his friend that he had something of serious import to say to him and which could no longer be postponed.

"Sam: I've had a vision, and my hour has come at last. There ain't no doubt about it, I've paid out the last o' my cable an' I may bring up at any moment. I've hung together a long time now, but my old timbers have been in too many cross seas to stand it much longer. I'm about to break up as sure as eggs is eggs."

Evidently the skipper of the *Mermaid* knew his man, or the staging of a deathbed scene presented so little of the nature of novelty to his observation, he did not so much as raise his eyes in response to this awful announcement from his old ship-mate. A long silence followed and then it was Sam who spoke.

"Seems to me, Josh, you're going to take a mighty long time to cross that "bar" you keep talking about. Why, you were tryin' to make it last time I came home, and the time afore that !"

"Ah ! Sam, but I'm goin' into port this time, sure enough. Anyhow, I've made up my mind to get off my chest what I ought to have coughed up long ago. Listen, mate:

"I've seen a vision since the last time we smoked a pipe together, an' I know as sure as you're settin' there that I've dotted the last 'i' in my log book." (In a sepulchral whisper) "I've seen Mary ! It's twenty-one year ago last Sunday since she died, and on Sunday night as I lay here, she came in at that there door an' smiled on me as she useter when I tried to argie with her 'bout cookin' things. She never spoke a word."

"Them kind o' visions don't speak, they say," interpolated Sam

"She never spoke, but I could see it in her face, as plain as print could make it: 'Come home, Josh,' an' then she glided acrost to where the boy lay sound asleep, patted him on the brow, an' then slipped out at the door again, which was locked an' bolted all the time, mind ye."

"Wasn't that the night ye eat the two tin o' lobster afore bed-time, Josh ?"

"Perhaps it were; but the lobster nor nothing in the sea or tins or out of them had to do with *that* vision. An' ye can't shake it out o' me that she wants me; an' I've got to go to 'er. Our lass Elsie in Canada is the very picter o' her. Poor Elsie ! I've made her lot a mighty hard one, but I'm going to soften it for her now, poor little lass, an' I want ye to help me, Sam."

"O I know I've been a cross-grained, pig-headed old ass, an' if I went to hell for the way I've served that girl, I'd have no right to complain. You know I wanted her to marry Dick but she saw more than I did with her woman's instinc'. An, now look at it ! She's done a bit o' hard sleddin' since she crossed the Atlantic with George Allen, but wouldn't it have been hell if she had got moored to Dick ?"

"It was Dick who ruined George. Well he took all his money from him, but thank God he left him his character though I didn't see it at the time,

"There's only one bank that's safe, Sam, and that's the Bank af England. But, blow me, they give you such measly interest"

obstinate old fool that I was. Could you conceive a bigger blackguard than that great lubber of a fellow ? He has hounded me ever since Elsie married, an' God knows what's in his mind now. His three years' stretch at Portland was up last week, an' do you know, Sonny believes he saw him skulking about the backyard to-night, ogglin' that same window an' seein' how he could get up to it."

"Sam, that man will be the death o' me, even if he never touches a hair of my head. The mere thought of him and the horrible sensation of knowing he is at large are too much for my nerves to stand much longer. I tell you, I'm breakin' up fast."

"Stand by there, old friend; don't you get on-easy. The devil is a main smart chap, but there's always a shipmate somewhere a bit smarter than he is. What's yer game ?"

Windlass raised himself slowly on his couch till he painfully reached the vertical. With a haunted look towards the window, he seized his friend by the wrist and charged him by all the sacred ties of friendship to stick, absolutely to the letter of the trust he was about to impose on him.

"Did I ever fool ye, Josh ?" the honest skipper protested in a tone in which there was more than a suspicion of pique.

"No, Sam; you've been a loyal shipmate, an' I ain't doubtin' ye one bit, my hearty. You know how I've scraped an' pinched: an' what has it all amounted to ? I've got a pile o' money and a house full o' junk; but seriously now, do you know a more miserable den on God's earth than this place is, or a more discontented reptile than I have been ?"

Sam's answer to this query indicated that he was in perfect accord with the Captain's appreciation of himself. At all events he was in no humor to argue the point even if his quiver had been full of arguments to the contrary.

"Well, Sam, I've bin woke up to the fact that all them years I've swindled Elsie out o' the best o' her life's happiness; made a drudge o' her when she was with me, an' then denied her the only thing she ever asked of me—the right to marry the boy she loved.

"O yes ! I've woke up o' nights, many an', many's the time, thinkin' about her strugglin' in a bit o' a shack away out on the Canadian prairie; an' at them times if it 'adn't been for the sight o' Sonny there, his innescent little face the very image o' his dead mother's, I'd a gone mad. But that call o' the wife's last Sunday night capped it, an' God an' Sam Slimber helpin' me, I'm goin' to make restitooshin. Gi' me a hand to get up, Sam."

Having assisted him to a huge, moth-eaten chintz-covered arm chair, Sam

"O yes ! I've woke up o' nights, many and many's the time, thinkin' about her strugglin' in a bit of a shack away out on the Canadian prairie

was commanded to inspect what appeared to be an old brandy keg, converted into a sort of coal bin.

It was, in fact, what it appeared to be, but there was a "power o' deception" in its real purpose. Having jettisoned three or four handfuls of the coal, Sam came to a false bottom that bisected the keg into nearly equal parts. There was a small iron ring in the centre of this false bottom or trap-door which Sam was requested to seize hold of and raise gently. As he did so, the false bottom revealed a large cannister of sheet iron which perfectly fitted the circumference of the keg.

It represented a dead weight of about twenty pounds, and Sam's first business was to place it on a stool by the side of its owner so that he could conveniently handle its contents from where he sat.

"You recollect when the 'Liberator' bust, don't you Sam ? Well a whole lot o' people I knew went down in that wreck, an' I was as near as a toucher in it, too. But I got the wink in time an' took my stuff out the day before the doors were closed, an' I've been my own banker ever since. There's nothing like havin' the gold an' the notes under your own thumb. Ye know they're *there*, but if they are in some rotten bank or buildin' club like the 'Liberator' that goes to pieces—where are ye ?

"There's only one bank that's safe, Sam, an' that's the Bank o' England. But, blow me ! they give you such measley interest, you can do better with your chink in a cat's meat barra. So you'll find this 'ere box contains exactly seven thousand, eight hundred pound in Bank o' England notes, an' two hundred and twenty gold sovereigns. Then there's forty-five gold Napoleons an' a bit o' diamond jewellery that it would be hard to value now.

"My wife's father swapped them Napoleons an' the bit o' jewellery for ready cash with one o' them Orleans crowd when they were driven out o' France an' came over here. They settled near Twickenham Ferry where my wife's father did a little bit o' a jewellery trade, an' that's how he got

Continued on page 57.

Great gardens about the villages in which grow the white man's food—potatoes, cabbage, turnips, carrots and the like

The Spirit of a People

By Hugh J. Hughes

Illustrated from Photographs

THE recipe for traveling is very simple: Take along all your past experience, and in the light of it interpret what you see.

In such fashion Mrs. Hughes and I spent a month with our Neighbor of the North, visiting her cities, her prairies, her mountains, her rivers, and, best of all, her people. We carried with us memories of the wheat fields, visions of the panoramic life of the great Middle West, stories that are family heirlooms of the migration from beyond the sea. And at last, when we least expected it, came the opportunity to go back, step by step, along the highway of years, and once more watch the swarming of the peoples, the blazing of the trail, the making of a new land.

In the chapters that have preceded, I have tried to give you the connected thread of the story that runs gleaming from the shuttle of memory, but strands here and there refuse to relate themselves to the sequence of things—little memories that play about us, dream children as it were—as we sit on our porch in the twilight, watching the sun go down over the waters.

And in the confidence that such an hour of quiet imposes let me whisper to you that life has been very good indeed to us. We have not reached middle life without having been bound to the wheel, yet we were not broken. The ambitions of youth have not been realized, but others have come. The earlier flames have died down, but the fires of hope and love and faith burn brighter than ever. The children gather about us, almost grown, but as the years pass we are growing younger—in the dreams and ideals that make life a reality.

And so in gladness at being alive, and with something of sympathy and with a little of understanding of life we went on our way—just two plain folks traveling a bit, taking with us our experiences as a guide.

The Spirits of War and Peace

IT was in Winnipeg, and early August of 1914. The war that is now withering half the world was just born. By preference, in order to get at the viewpoint of the average Canadian we had gone to a cheap boarding house, a

place where shop girls at $8 per week could afford to room and board. Perhaps forty people, all told, ate in the dining-room. The fare was cheap, the clothes were cheap, the talk was cheap. Just the usual banter that about the farm table, the boarding house, the average American home passes for conversation.

Across the table from us sat a pink-cheeked boy of perhaps eighteen, the down hardly on his lip, a blush running whenever he caught a glance from one of the girls. One night his place stood vacant. One of the boys remarked: "An' w'ere is Johnny ?"

A serving-girl answered: "'O ? Johnny ? Aye! Johnny gaed wi' tha trupes. Come 'ame a roonin' this arternoon, thrune 'is duds aboot an' left tha a-lyin' an' Johnny's gaed to tha war—an' him wi' a mither all alone !"

"Johnny'll do 'is bit !" quietly returned the boy. "I wish I war 'e."

And Johnny did do his bit at Ypres.

A memory rises to remind me of Prince Rupert and the tramping of soldiers' feet, the lithe grey lines of a British cruiser, the sentries that gently requested us to go no farther along certain paths.

One night—I think I never shall forget that night !—the noise in the street below rose into an uproar. We went down and into the cool night. On the sidewalk a crowd of men were gathered, and in their center one alone was facing an angry mob. He was a German. He was of the lineage of the dreamers. He believed, as some of us have believed, that peace and not war glorifies a nation. His world had fallen to pieces. His Fatherland was at war—and with his adopted country. But there amid that whirling crowd of cursing, blaspheming men of the lower sort he stood bareheaded, his voice controlled, his eyes dim with emotion, pleading for charity, for forbearance, for peace. I wondered then at his courage. To-day it seems to me the greatest thing I have ever seen a human soul do. And the crowd must have dimly realized it, for slowly it melted away, and left the man it had set about to mishandle to go his way unafraid.

The Spirit of the Past

THE quaint French suburb of St. Boniface is just across the river from Winnipeg, There one sees the French Canadian among his fellows. Wooden shoes clatter up the streets, shops carry signs in French, the very streets themselves bear French names, the houses hide behind paling fences, and family groups sit out on the lawns as the shadows fall, reminding one strongly of the pictures of the elder France that hang in our galleries, or that the children have in school to illustrate their geography lessons. It was quite clear to these folks that we were strangers, so they took pains to stop and to direct us, with many gestures, to the places of chief interest. I suppose they go to law with their neighbors, just as we do, but the impression they leave with a stranger is that of a quiet, kindly, old-fashioned people who love their fellow-men.

Our train stopped for a half hour at Calgary, once a great cattle town, now a city of railroad shops, of busy merchants, of far-reaching business interests—and of speculation. The speculation, other than that in land, is in oil. If death and taxes are certain, oil and party pledges, too, belong at the other end of the list.

The entire front of a building had been removed. Seats, rising in tiers like those at a ball park, lined either side. A clear open space of perhaps ten feet wide by one hundred deep ran the length of the building. In the center of this space stood the auctioneer's block. On a wall opposite was a black-board. On the black-board was recorded the sales price of oil "wells" on the market. At the block stood the auctioneer. A man would go up to him, slip a piece of paper into his hand, and the bid-

Continued on page 59.

Here are muskeg bogs, modern schools, wild berries beside the streets in towns bound by their position to be great, and waiting for the world's commerce building while they wait, streets, commercial blocks, places of amusement, and over all, more vital than all else, homes

It is the homes that tell the final story — city or village. Some places are born just towns, even as some folks are born just hewers of wood and haulers of water. Other places are cities at birth full of the elemental greatness of cities

Towns must be fed. Some of them, like Vanderhoof, are so situated that they must become important points. With the overland traffic to help build the towns and under the pressure of high freight rates from outside the market will keep with the opening up of the land pace

The merchant, the tourist, the speculator, the man who figures that his luck will reach him here, the broken and the untried gather to become part of the Dream

One of Brophy's adversaries was stretched out in sleep on the pavement; the sailor was sitting on the other

A Primitive Professor

By Richard Washburn Child

Illustrated by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

THERE is, as you know, a cafe that spreads its tables out onto the sidewalks where, over an ice or a liqueur, one can see the band pavilion, the Prado and the Malecon with one eye-sweep. When the air is balmy, the sky above planted with stars, and the moonlight falls upon the grim romance of Morro Castle across the harbor mouth, it is pleasant to sit there, looking with a dreamy mind into the faces of the Havana parade of Cubans, negroes and Spaniards. These people are better artistic productions than ourselves. As for the Spanish women, in their Parisian finery and flick and flash of jewelry, they have a way of suggesting sun-ripened fruit in cut glass. And when the Carnival is at its height!

"They all seem to know better how to play," said Miss Dorothy C. Finch, wrinkling her perfect nose with an expression of pique. "We—and all Americans—know how to do everything except how to live and have fun. Oh, dear!"

Her companion across the insignificant diameter of the little companionable table was none other than our friend, Martin Lassiter, who had been left alone with her for three reasons. The first was that old Cheever Finch, who sold out to the Steel Trust after he had lost the knack of living, and Mrs. Cheever Thorndike Finch, who had resigned her social leadership only when she had become wearied of well ordered and well organized joy, were tired and wanted an excuse to use their eighteen-dollars-a-day suite in the hotel over the restaurant. The second reason was that Lassiter had three learned degrees, an appointment as full professor in psychology, a most desirable ancestry traced to the Lassiters of County Lassiter, who lived in a time long before the name Flinch had been changed to Finch, and had proven, after test, that he would make love to the perfect daughter academically—which won't work. The third reason was that conventions are unnecessary in places where no one knows you.

So Martin, immaculate in white alpaca, sat there with complete happiness and with Dorothy of the golden hair and glowing health. There was the moon, the Carnival, the luxuriant, soft music, the laughter, the smell of flowers, the spinning past of motor cars, the languid roll of elegant broughams; he cared not for the hidden reasons why his mind, which had reached middle age twenty years in advance of his body, had allowed him to feel that all the mad joy of many universes was in Miss Finch's graceful hands, lurking at the corners of her mouth, or tied by the strands of the hair above her white forehead. He cared not why he had even forgotten that she owned all the bonds of the Intra State & Western Railroad. He cared not that she knew little of learned matters, had no experience in wit beyond that kind which is bred at dances and functions, and had never learned to do anything useful. He cared not why. To the devil with psychology! He was in love!

He made up his mind that he would express this emotion then and there. Far in the distance he could hear the shuffling and weird chanting of a negro "comparsa"—the solemn orgy of Africa kept alive in the Indies. The moment seemed fitting. He adjusted his glasses, playing with a little coffee cup with the white fingers of his other hand.

"I'm glad that we met here—that is, in, Havana, at this time—" he began.

Miss Finch opened her eyes—a delightful spectacle, especially in a soft evening light.

"Why, so am I!" she said, for she liked Lassiter very much, his manners, his odd sense of humor and his brilliant intellect. "Nevertheless," she added, with a slight movement of her shoulders beneath the clinging material which covered them, "nevertheless, you seem to have forgotten *me* entirely. You have not been listening. I said I wished we Americans knew how to play—how to live."

"I beg your pardon," Martin stam-

Lassiter braced himself and with a crooked arm caught the charging policeman on the taut cords of his neck

He heard the machete-swords being struck against the paving and he concluded to cast his fortunes with the sailor man

mered. "Yes—yes. You are right." He was a little taken back by the unwonted philosophical mood of the young lady. "But spontaneity is, perhaps, an attribute of animals and children. Nations that can play are nations of peasants, of children, of animal spirits. There is something to be said for those peoples who do *not* know how to play."

"Not for mine," said Dorothy. Chicago is her home.

Martin allowed himself the delight of laughing patronizingly. The point of view of the girl was so refreshing and so young.

"Well," she said, resting her chin on the back of her hand, "why not? what do we gain by always being so dead in earnest about life—like mother and father. Why is everybody so crazy about getting a big store of something? Look at father. It's money. Look at yourself. It's learning. All right, if you can have a good time doing it. But I wish to be a child, a peasant, an animal—if it's necessary to know how to *live*. Here we sit. Well, let's join the parade and throw confetti!"

Lassiter's spirits wriggled sympathetically. He looked about at the noisy concourse on the Prado beneath the bobbing lights and then at his watch. It was nearly two. A moment of hush brought the sound of the breakers rolling in from the Gulf onto the beach that stretched along toward the Vedado. A cat-footed waiter prowled about the empty tables left as the patrons' ranks were thinned. Lassiter then closed his watch with a snap, put it back in his pocket, and touched his shaven lip with his finger.

"It's too late," he said with a tone of finality. "We are all going to breakfast with the Department Commander at ten. And besides—I think your mother expects us to stay here."

"There!" nodded Miss Dorothy. "There speaks a civilized man—a nice, highly civilized man—a man with manners and customs all cut out of the pattern book. If I couldn't be devilish, or foolish, or happy, I wouldn't want to live. What's the use? What's the use of thinking so hard about a dollar or a Ph.D., or a breakfast with a Department Commander? I'd rather be a peasant."

"Oh, well," said Martin, with a fluttering in his throat, "I have another reason. It's selfish. I wanted this moment here with you. There is ten years' difference in our ages. I mean by that—that it has been found that— What I wanted to say——"

"Wait!" Miss Finch leaned her lithe young body over the table. A glass rolled off onto the tiles, tinkling into bits. The passersby turned and laughed at the music of it. "Wait, Martin," she said earnestly. "I know what you wanted to say. I could tell by your expression. I've seen it in other faces before. Eight other men—but I shouldn't have said anything about them. You see I like you. But the trouble is—I am not a complicated person a bit. I am elementary. But you aren't. That's the trouble. Just as I have been saying. We are totally different, I'm afraid. What did I say just now? Give me an elementary man. And I do not think you are an elementary man. Are you?"

"Very decidedly in my feelings."

"Towards me?"

"Yes."

"But all the bloom is off you, Martin," she said, attempting the easy manner of old friends. "Laughter and sunlight, and things like daisies and anger and the fun of letting loose—once in a while— Oh, you are way beyond all of them. You're not a savage."

He looked back at her painfully, feeling convinced perhaps. That feeling of the stake lost, the prize beyond winning, the woman out of reach, is terrible. Bachelors through the ages have accumulated a vast amount of evidence in support of its claim to sharp pain.

"I'm sorry you reminded me of the breakfast," Dorothy said, after a thick vegetation of silence had grown up between them. "I suppose I ought to ask you to take me to the elevator."

Lassiter motioned to the waiter with his eyeglasses held between his thumb and forefinger. It seemed to him in the moments of paying the check and walking with her through the tables and the palm bedecked courtyard, that the girl had never seemed so beautiful. The fish that breaks the hook is always the larger for having escaped. Martin felt like the typhoid fever. He has never been able to remember saying good night to her; in fact, he only began to realize reality when he found himself standing on the edge of the sidewalk.

Chance played fast and loose then with the Blake Professor of Experimental Psychology. A hack—a good, old-fashioned, Kalamazoo-made hack—had just discharged its freight of evening-dress gentlemen and sparkling, scarfed ladies at the hotel door.

"My man," said Martin to the driver, "have you an engagement?"

The fellow on the box shook his head.

"You speak English?"

The driver nodded. Lassiter climbed in, adjusted his glasses on his thin aquiline nose, and placed his feet on the seat before him.

"Take me where there is trouble—trouble with a large T," he said savagely.

The driver wiped the edges of his hat on his coat sleeve; with perfect impudence he lit a cigarette, puffed it down in four Titanic inhalings and with four volcanic explosions of smoke. The horse's ears hung down. The Cuban snapped the stump directly over the animal's forelock. Then he turned around slowly and inspected his passenger. His deliberate manner was the more obvious because, though it is characteristic of his profession, it is far from characteristic of his race.

"Would Senor wish to attend a riot?" he asked, starting his horse forward down the Prado.

"Yes—an explosion — fire — riot — anything! Is a riot in progress?"

"Soon."

"Soon!" exclaimed Lassiter in surprise. "How can one know that?"

The Cuban laughed at his passenger's

ignorance. "There is ten—twenty, many sailors of the United States ashore. From boat called the *Coyote*. Cruiser. It is Carnival, Senor. Some of the police off duty this afternoon rowed to the boat, Senor. They made faces—like this. They mean, 'We dare you to come ashore.' Therefore the Americanos do it. I drive you to San Valencia Street. You will not be disappointed, Senor. *Un peso por hora.*"

"Will it be safe ?"

The driver shrugged his shoulders, casting a supercilious glance up at the laurels under which, in the central plaza, the carriage was rolling. "Senor is looking for—what is the word—trouble—trouble with one big T ?"

"Go to it !" he said to the driver, remembering that this expressive bit of slang had fallen from the most beautiful lips in the world. He leaned back on the cushions, gazing about at the iron gratings and shutters in the tinted walls of a narrow side street where the horses' hoofs on the cobble-stones echoed as they fell with a noisy cloop-cloop-cloop.

Another noise, however, was asserting itself. In front, somewhere, there was a glow of light and the distant mumble of voices, laughter and mechanical pianos. Through a cross lane a surging crowd of merry-makers was moving in two streams. No women were there; between the lines of little saloons, pool rooms and cafes, gay with crepe paper, flags and white-framed mirrors, the mob without reason or individual volition, shouting, laughing, jostling, drinking, waving hands and, like Martin Lassiter, wishing to see trouble, was composed of men. It came, went and eddied like dust in the wind. Here and there three or four sailors' uniforms appeared in a group. Here and there two or three of the brown clad, swarthy, waxed moustached policemen stood at corners of streets, directing those who paused to keep on with the movement of the others. These groups were watched by the bacchanalians as if the quarter from which trouble would come had already been determined.

"This is no place," thought Lassiter, "for the Blake Professor of Experimental Psychology !"

The crowd, surging forward through the cross street at this moment, engulfed the hack. Passersby leered at the gleam of Martin's glasses and at the solemnity of his face that was so out of keeping with the occasion and the time of night. He seemed like a newly starched and ironed shirt blown by the wind into an environment that boded ill to its continued whiteness. Even Lassiter himself felt so when a cigar, projected out of one of the open-front saloons, landed with its hot, scattering fire on the horse's back.

The animal plunged, slipped on the cobbles and was up again, his old blood coursing wildly in anger and terror. The driver was struggling with the reins, sawing at the bit; the crowd was scattering in front of the horse's plunges. Lassiter "thought it best" to open the door and step out into the street.

He at once found himself borne away in the stream of men; indeed, he only had one chance to see his horse and vehicle being led by three of the gesticulating, comic-opera policemen in the opposite direction. The driver was standing upright on his seat waving his arms. After several moments of anxiety and elbowing, he found that the darker the shut-in street became, the thinner was the crowd. In fact, he disengaged himself and leaned up against a plaster wall, straightening his necktie and wondering what he had better do next. He felt in his pocket. His money was gone !

"They are child-like, playful people!" he said to himself softly.

As if they had answered him, a great roar went up back there where the lights burned and the pianos drummed. Shouts, imprecations in Spanish, the scurry of the crowd, bobbing of hats, the sharp barking of police rattles and one good old American impropriety of speech lifted above the tumult, convinced him that the expected fight had begun. He could not see how he could help very much. Rowdyism was not his inclination. Therefore he walked away from it.

He had not gone very far, however, when pistol shots cracked out behind—the signal of distress of Cuban police who have had their clubs taken away, and as if in immediate answer came the yells and the clatter of a detachment of the Rural Guards bearing down upon him from the other direction—from the corner toward which he had been directing his steps. Far in advance of them loped a huge Irishman in the uniform of the United States Navy, engaged in his flight and at the same moment, as if to establish his nationality, he was daring them to fight, running and threatening at the same moment.

He was far enough in advance of the detachment to stop when he recognized in Lassiter's panic-stricken face the countenance of an American.

"What's the matter with ye, man ?" he cried. "Run !"

"I haven't done anything," Martin gasped.

"Ye was born in the States an' that's enough, me bye ! They can tell it as well as me. Them devils will skewer ye as quick as they'd look at ye." He grabbed the professor's sleeve. "Follow me !"

Lassiter heard the machete-swords being struck against the paving and house walls and the "Yah-yah-yah !" of the charging guards; he could see the sparks fly. However clear his conscience, he concluded to cast his fortune with the sailor man. The idea of holes in oneself is odious. He, too, ran, and, infected with the other's spirit, he too looked back over his shoulder and uttered an unfriendly, unacademic sentiment.

"My name's Mike Brophy, of the *Coyote*," said the sailor. "An' speakin' of names, there is Valencia's beer garden ahead of us. We may get in there an' up the stairs. Do ye mind the way the saloon men is tryin' to get the shutters up !"

"Where are we going ?" gasped Lassiter, He could see the crowd scattering like peas on a barrel top. Even the sailors, engaged in beating about with the policemen's clubs, were taking to flight.

"Stop here," said Brophy. "Valencia is so fat he can't move quick. Put yer foot in that door crack ! Move quick, you skip jack !"

The professor obeyed his superior, and their combined strength forced the rotund Valencia back until there was room enough to squeeze inside, where, except for the street light which peeped in at the shutter cracks, it was pitch dark. The air was still heavy with cigar smoke and the odor of wet glasses. Lassiter could hear the panting of his companion and their fat host and then the sound of blades beating on the door and commanding voices.

A hand reaching out through the ink of the gloom clutched his shoulder. "Come wid me," whispered Brophy, "there is stairs somewhere here."

"Fine !" said Martin. He was beginning to enjoy himself. He felt the delight of flight into the unknown, mysterious regions of the second floor. It was a surprise to him when Brophy pushed open the door at the head of the stairs that a flood of light came forth, showing the living quarters of Valencia. When the door had been closed behind them, he saw that sitting on a sofa in front of the heavy curtains over the windows was a Cuban girl of no mean appearance. She smiled as if she had expected them.

"We're safe here," Brophy was saying. "An' this here lady is Valencia's oldest daughter. She don't speak our jabber, but she's a lady. Flora, let me introduce yer to this here guy. He's a friend of mine, an' all right, I guess."

Lassiter bowed, the girl smiled; the room was both clean and cool. "Thank you for your kind words," Martin said to Brophy.

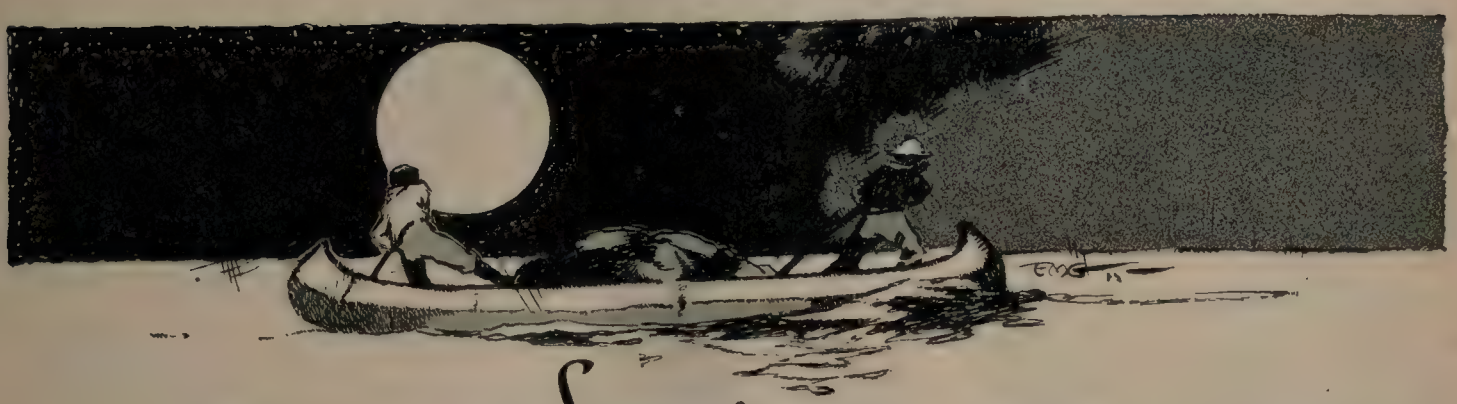
"Oh, that's all right, old sleuth," replied the sailor. "I'm sorry ye fell down. Them white clothes ain't no good fer that purpose."

Continued on page 41.

The Son of the Otter

By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



Synopsis

Peter McLeod is appointed agent for the Hudson Bay Company at Grand Lac, to succeed the inebriate Jim Barry, recently deceased. Upon his arrival at the Post, Peter finds stores depleted and accounts unkept. He tries to restore order and accidentally discharges an old pistol which wounds him in the leg. The various remedies applied by the Indians result in blood poisoning and he is near to death. Uapukun, a lovely young Indian girl, nurses him back to health and is rewarded with his love. She had been a servant for Barry's wife, during that unfortunate woman's lifetime, and her knowledge of affairs at the Post is a great aid to Peter in straightening out the financial chaos. She tells him that the brighteyed youngster Ahteck, always at her side, is her brother; both presently become essential to McLeod's happiness and he marries her. He never leaves her, the lithe young Indian lad, or their own two little ones and his fortunes prosper. One evil day, when he is away on a week's hunting trip a band of Nascaupees arrive and their spokesman reveals himself to Uapukun as the avenging husband who has sought out her hiding place. She can purchase his silence only by giving him expensive stores and firearms. She refuses and he is about to strike her when Ahteck, hearing his threats, rushes upon him and fells him with a blow. He believes he has killed his father, as he now knows him to be, and his fears are strengthened when the Indians flee overnight. He insists upon leaving home lest the punishment of offended deities may include those he loves, and journeys to Pointe Bleue, where he finds the Indians friendly. Here he works in a sawmill and lives with the family of Jean Caron, whose little daughter, Mititesh, alone can rouse him from his gloom. He goes on trapping expeditions with Caron's friend, Paul Barotte, and finally abandons his work at the sawmill for this newer occupation.

Upon the death of Peter McLeod, Uapukun seeks out Ahteck, overcomes his scruples, and, with the snug sum which Peter has left her, makes a comfortable home for Ahteck and the two children. With the coming of winter, Ahteck and Paul Barrotte start on their hunting trip to the North. Hither comes Jean Caron for help. His home has been burned, his wife and daughter, Mititesh, face starvation. His feeble strength fails him within sight of the shack and, with one desparing cry, he falls unconscious. Ahteck and Paul hear his appeal and quickly bear him to the shack.

CHAPTER X.

A VOYAGE OF RESCUE

AHTECK pulled his *tuque* over his ears and, taking no time to put on his snowshoes, floundered off in the deep snow, bucking it like a moose, tearing through the thick alders and young growth that sought to hold him back. His keen ears had located the place from which the cry had come, not over fifty yards away. In a moment he had reached it and, bending over, lifted up in his arms the spent form of the man. Heedless of the load he plunged back towards the camp as if his burden had been the body of a mere child.

Once within the shack, where Paul had hurriedly lighted a candle, they saw that the Indian was breathing and was returning to consciousness.

"Mother of Heaven!" cried Paul. "It is that poor Jean Caron! Something must have happened!"

Then, tenderly, they partly undressed him and rubbed the life back in his poor wasted limbs. Before they would allow him to speak they gave him hot tea, which he swallowed wolfishly, crying also for food. But he began to cough distressingly, and the others were compelled to realize that the decimating plague of their race had well-nigh ended its work.

Hurriedly, between gasps, while Jean Caron ate and drank, he managed to tell them what had occurred. It was but one of the all too frequent tales of disaster such as all trappers are familiar with in the country of the Grand Nord. The details, of course, are of infinite variety, but there is always the sombre background of cold, of starvation and, but too often, of a disease lingering for years, perhaps to end swiftly in the wilderness after more than wonted toil and exposure. He explained how the cough and the weakness had become so bad that he had been able to do little work, sometimes lying idly in the tent for many hours while the women had tried to do some of his work. He had been no longer the man who had once been able to show the endurance and the heart of a wild thing, traveling amazing distances on trapping lines, fighting against the killing cold and the hard going through mountainous snow-drifts, over hummocky swamps, among the forests in which the tangled trees of windfalls and the tottering ones are like pitfalls. Indeed it is no wonder that, for these men, the whole world appears to be filled with things of evil that await them at every turn, as the *loup-cervier* awaits the hare and the spotted fawn.

And now, the sick man told them, things were terrible at the camp. It was *eshiuelinatuts*, the great famine, for even the blankets had all been burned up, excepting the two he had taken with him on his line of traps. He had been obliged to take one on this trip, leaving the other. The stored food was all gone, and there was nothing but the clothing they had stood in. Perhaps the little stove had not suffered much. The small amount of fur that had been caught was gone, and the world was a very hard place, and the ways of God were very mysterious, and he felt a great sleepiness and wanted to lie down.

"All of two long days it took for me to come here," he finally said, gasping. "There was no power in my limbs, that have turned to little sticks. Also I had no food with me, though yesterday

I killed a partridge. It was but small, one of the red-eyed black ones. The women will be living yet because I told them to eat the dog. It is but a small canoe-dog, as thou knowest, and will not last them long. Also the little *atum* is very lean, for food has been scarce with us."

After he had eaten as much as he desired, which was not a great deal, since he was very weak, they placed him in one of the two bunks built against the wall and covered him with blankets, after which he soon closed his eyes, being utterly exhausted. But the two lads realized that his efforts to reach them in order to save the lives of his women had left his own flickering like the flame of a candle in the wind, and that it would soon be extinguished.

Stopping in the lee of a great cliff arising close to the river, that was further sheltered by a growth of tall spruces and furs, he built a small fire and boiled his kettle

Even before the man had finished his brief account of the misfortunes that had brought him to seek help, Ahteck had begun to make ready for his journey. To him the trip would be an easier one. He had gone over the ground several times and knew the lay of the land. He would be able to avoid many of the terrible places through which Jean Caron had been compelled to flounder. Paul allowed him to do so, without a word, although he would have been glad to take the trip upon himself. On his part it was mere recognition of the fact that when unusual effort was required no man could prove stronger, more efficient and determined than his friend. In his pack Ahteck put a small package of tea, with some flour and fat pork. There was also a large piece of boiled moose-meat, together with his tea-kettle and frying pan. Then he rolled up his blankets also and took his gun, seeing that the magazine was full of cartridges, and looked carefully to the webbing of his snowshoes. Deliberate as he was in his movements, the young man never wasted effort. Things were done by him easily, simply, even slowly, and were finished before most other men would have been half-way through their work.

He was ready to leave when a severe fit of coughing aroused Jean Caron. The man understood at once the import of the big lad's preparations and looked at him, gratefully.

"I am much afraid for my woman," he said. "I know that thou wilt help her if thou art able. Also my heart is very sore for the child, my little daughter Mititesh, though the life is stronger within her and she will surely be living. I cannot last long and, in case of need, I leave her in thy keeping, knowing what a good man and a kind friend thou art."

Ahteck went up to him and took his clammy hand within his own. The Indian looked up at the young giant, whose great limbs showed the power to crush a way through resistance, to overcome all difficulties, to put forth more than ordinary human strength on his errand of mercy.

"May the Father in Heaven bless thee!" he said, "and guide thy footsteps! I would say more, but I cannot."

The man's head sank down again upon the piled up balsam boughs that served as a pillow, and closed his eyes in unutterable weariness.

"I will return here as soon as I can," declared Ahteck, "but I know not how soon it may be. I promise to bring them back here with me, if—if the Lord permits, and I will take care of thy child Mititesh, who shall be like a sister to me, I promise."

The man nodded, weakly lifting a hand in a vague motion that seemed to carry a blessing. Paul Barotte had acquiesced, quietly, with a mere inclination of his head. Their provisions, meagerly sufficient for two, would now have to be shared among a larger number. This might even spell disaster for all, but they were ready, doing it naturally, as a matter of course, according to the immemorial law of the northern wilderness, that has ordained that the food of one shall belong to all when once the black wings of starvation begin to hover over famished men. Paul opened the door of the shack and looked out.

"It is black night," he said. "It will be better to wait."

But Ahteck shook his head and stepped out of doors, kneeling down to fasten his snowshoes.

"Stay thou with the man Jean," he told Paul. "Do not leave him at all, lest he should pass away when there is no one by him to pray for his soul. I know not whether I will be able to bring the woman here, or if she is able to travel. It is a long journey for one that is sick. Therefore do not worry if I am away a long time. A man can only do his best."

"*Adieu*, may God guide thee," said Paul.

Then Ahteck rose and passed the broad band of the tump-line over the heavy cap that covered his brow. He took his gun in his left hand and held the right to his friend, who pressed it, in silence, and watched him disappear in the blackness of the night, that had come very fast. Then he returned to the shack, where Jean Caron was now sleeping. He filled the stove with wood anew, closing the draughts so that it would not burn too fast, said his prayers and went to bed, merely removing his long *bottes sauvages* and his *capot*, or heavy woollen coat, that he might be ready at once if the sick man needed him.

During this time, in the great silence seldom broken in the dark hours of the northern winter nights, Ahteck went

on. He could see a little, of course, for the night is never utterly black and the clouds that had accumulated over the sky were being broken up and swept away by a newly-risen wind. There was no made trail for him to follow and it was rather hard going. He picked his way as he followed the downward trend of the little river but avoided its bed, that was treacherous enough in the full light of day and always rough and irregular with great drifts and piled up ice.

Soon, excepting under the great trees, it became less dark, and presently, in the sky, stars began to shine in myriads until, later on, their light was dimmed by the lambent flames of the northern lights. These, in great streaky masses, appeared to be chasing one another over the vastness of the firmament; suddenly they would disappear utterly in one place, only to return at another. Then they would gather and march across the sky like serried legions of invading warriors, to fade away as if some mighty power had swept them into some other world. Yet in a few minutes they would burst out afresh like an army returning in triumphal glory.

The young man went on and on, his deep lungs working, steadily his heart beating quietly, while his mind, so often tortured, was unusually serene, since the importance of his mission drove away, for the time being, the thoughts that were always harrying him. He had enjoyed a full day's rest at the camp, and the perfect training of the trapper showed in the ease of his steady progress.

Yes! The life of the great north was always full of such incidents as this; they were a natural, inevitable concomitant, and formed the subject of tales innumerable he had listened to since his earliest years of boyhood. They left him perfectly calm, and he calculated his chances and made his plans with a cool, experienced mind. The hardships of the earthly world meant nothing to him but bodily pain, that was but a small thing compared to the tortures of a soul pursued by evil spirits bent on revenge. His obsession was so great that the fiercest toil meant surcease to him, while rest and idleness brought suffering.

When he made his way through the thicker woods he often had to go very slowly, for he passed through rough places where fallen timber lay thickly on the ground, and rocks were strewn in his path. And yet it was no hardship. Unerringly he picked out the best going, with little thought, having some of the instinct of wild things, and more than their endurance, since in hard traveling afoot in rough country the ability to keep on going is indissolubly linked with the capacity to stand pain. After a time the frost bites the face and causes even thickly gloved fingers to tingle and ache; the strongest thews become rebellious and have to be forced on; the back bearing the load which pulls on the head, and gnaws into the shoulders, becomes alive to an insidious distress which at first only irks, and later hurts, dully, stupidly, until it becomes a torment that refuses to pass away. But the man inured to such things keeps on and on, knowing his power to stand his trials and having an experience that teaches him how far away lies the limit of a true man's courage.

Ahteck kept on going, steadily, with great strides whenever the nature of the ground permitted, and shorter, careful ones in hard places. He judged that he had gone about ten miles, in a little over five hours, or a third of the way, when the sky became darker again. Small flurries of snow were beginning to sweep down, and he decided that it would be better to stop. He knew that he would make no great headway and had not intended to go any farther that night. A man's strength is not to be wasted any more than his food, and Ahteck knew that on the next day he would need all the power he had. Stopping in the lee of a great cliff arising close to the river, that was further sheltered by a growth of tall spruces and firs, he built a small fire and boiled his kettle. A cup of hot tea in which he broke pieces of a frozen flap-jack refreshed him. Then he took out his blankets and, with a snowshoe, cleared a place of the softer snow. He was well content to have progressed thus far, leaving a shorter journey for the morrow. It is probable that his Indian blood prevented the eagerness to go on that a white man would have shown, and doubtless obeyed. He acted according to the dictates of pure

Hurriedly, between gasps, while Jean Caron ate and drank he managed to tell them what had occurred. He explained how the cough and weakness had become so bad that he had been able to do little work

common sense, knowing that further travel during the night would mean the covering of but a short distance, attended with absolute exhaustion. He knew well what he could accomplish by starting just before daylight on the next day, and as soon as he had rolled himself up in his blankets he slept quietly, while a wandering fox scented him and stopped short, to scoot away again, and a snowy owl perched above him, watching silently, with great bulging eyes, ready to pounce from the darkness upon some luckless hare or rat. Far away, on the high hills, wolves wandered, scenting the snow for a warm trail. But there was no danger to the man in these things, and he slept on till the stars began to fade and the eastern horizon gradually lightened. Then he awoke with a start, all senses immediately alert, and lighted another fire to melt icicles he broke off from the rocks in order to brew his tea.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SAVING OF MITITESH

THE snow was still falling slightly when he resumed his journey in a dull light that was quite sufficient to allow him to pick out his way without much trouble. Now he would never stop again until he reached Jean Caron's camping place.

The constant problem of finding the best trail kept his thoughts busily engaged. The general lie of the land was perfectly clear to him, and often he left the river far to one side, knowing his way through tiny valleys and along high hard-wood ridges, in a general direction. He noted landmarks that would help on the return journey, and once carefully blazed a tree at a spot where there were many fresh marten tracks. The eighteen or twenty miles that remained to be covered were certainly much harder than forty would have been in an open country, not so much in the matter of speed but owing to the greater exertion the rough traveling entailed. He always kept practically on the line of his former journeys with Paul, but where there is no clear path the going changes greatly from year to year. There are great drifts where, at other times, one might have found clear ground. Fresh windfalls block the way and great rocks split off by the frost from high ledges may compel wide turns. Yet as the man traveled on his speed increased rather than diminished, as the second wind came and he began to move more mechanically. He was not conscious that he was doing something very wonderful, beyond the strength of most men. He hardly ever ran, owing to the dreadful surface, but the great length and power of his stride carried him along, in the semi-darkness of the deep woods, like some ghostly thing that might have floated through the forest.

And later on, when the incandescent mass of the sun had risen through a narrow line of clear sky that was beginning to show under the slate-colored pall of the clouds above, and while he kept on just as fast, a duller condition of his mind came on, due probably to a fatigue he scarcely felt and which in no wise lessened the efficiency of his muscles. A little later, very gradually, as he sped on, leaping over fallen trunks, clambering over ledges that meant a little short cut, his thoughts reverted to the tragedy of his own life. Once more it seemed to be all enacted before him—the arrival of the strangers, the angry voices in the woods, the coming down of that gunstock, the pitching forward of the tall man, the gruesome night in the darkness his mother and he had chosen to sit in as if fearing to see each other's face, and finally the journey to the south. And then he had seen the old priest, the man of good counsel, who had been kind but had disclaimed the ability to extend absolute forgiveness. The consoling words and the hand lain gently on his shoulders had, to some extent, been as a soothing balm to his soul. He had been told that, after a life of repentance and prayer, with hatred of his action, he might hope for forgiveness and a cleansing of his soul. But then the priest said that vengeance belonged to the Lord. He had heard them speak of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. This was surely the way of God. In the great desert people spoke of, on the other side of the great waters, a people had been guided. Under the leadership of men chosen from on high they had met enemies and smitten them to destruction. The women and children also had been slain, or carried away into slavery. This was because the curses of God did not fall upon the men alone but also on all they loved. The sins of parents were visited on children. It was all very clear to the lad's obsessed brain. The curse must come, and he could await it bravely, without fear for himself. That which harrowed him, however, was the terror of the things that must happen to others, on his account.

Yes, there was need of constant prayer and of sacrifice. He had never thought of giving himself up to the authorities in order to expiate the deed after the fashion of the white men. What could such an atonement mean but death, of which he had no fear? Moreover, strangely enough, in his essentially savage soul he felt no guilt. The beaver that goes into the trap is guilty of no sin. He had been like a man resting under a tree that had suddenly fallen and crushed him, wherefore he had been crippled. He had stepped upon the film of snow covering an air-hole and been dragged under the ice. The real yet vague impression made upon him was that he had been fatally plunged in a great vortex from which no human soul could save him, and the responsibility of which lay with weird powers of darkness.

With a perfectly natural reversion to old heathen tendencies it appeared to him that the great forces of good and evil had been contending, as the lightning battles against the high spurs of snow-tipped mountains, and the evil ones had chanced to prevail. He had been caught in the meshes of a net cast by some irresponsible power that was the one concerned with the dealing out of hunger and cold, of storm and devastation, of all the things that are always in wait, ready to pounce upon men and crush them. And these meshes continued to bind him, more and more tightly, while he had little hope that, in some manner he could not fathom, they would ever break asunder and leave him free at last, and clean, a man among men, no longer a thing befouled and marked for destruction.

But for his bit of reading and writing, both painfully acquired, the big lad had no education of the white men. His beliefs were a mingling of the teachings of priests with atavistic tendencies towards Indian ideas of things supernatural, in which *Tshishe Manitou*, the great good spirit that brought abundance and success, was engaged in unending warfare against *Matshi-Manitou*, the evil begetter of sorrow and disaster. He had not the slightest doubt that he bore an influence perilous to others, owing to the curse he labored under. His constant success as a trapper and the fact that he was always thriving could make not the slightest difference in the trend of his ideas. To him it was only the calm that is always greatest before the storm, the light that comes before the darkness. Some terrible thing must be hanging over his life, as hangs over the woodland the smoke of forests burning hundreds of miles away.

He had been going on instinctively, always in the right direction, with his brain lost in the mazes and the vagueness of his untutored notions, when he suddenly realized that he was nearing the end of his journey. Presently, coming out on the banks of the river, he noted a familiar landmark. A little farther on he detected a thin film of smoke rising in the frosty air. He fired his gun and ran as if he had just started, going like a bull moose that has just heard the bellow of the cow, fleet yet and of marvelous strength.

As he came nearer he saw a ragged little tent made up of pieces of canvas

and bark. Near at hand were the charred remains of the old log-shack. He shouted as he ran and the child came out and tottered towards him gaunt and haggard, the light of her big eyes dulled with suffering. He caught her up in his arms, saying kind words, and entered the tent. A form was stretched upon the ground, lying under a half-burned blanket.

"She does not move any more," said the girl Mititesh. "Since yesterday, an hour after the coming of night, she has not spoken, and moved but little, and later on her breathing stopped, wherefore I knew she was dead. We have been very hungry. We killed the dog, but he was small and very thin. It hurt me here, under my breast, to kill him, for he was a tiny thing when he was given to me. So I took the gun, while he was lying asleep, and came near. He awoke, and his tail wagged, and then I put the gun to his head and pulled the trigger, shutting my eyes. And then my mother would not eat and I could not keep her warm. This tent has many holes and the stove makes no heat here, and much smoke. Also I could not cut wood fast enough. I prayed very much, all the time, and mostly I prayed that thou wouldst come soon."

She threw herself down, exhausted, but her eyes were dry. Tears that had run down her cheeks were frozen there, making sore red furrows, but no more were coming. She was young indeed to have already dried the fount of sorrow.

Ahteck knelt by the dead woman and said a short prayer, after which he immediately went to work, wondering, darkly, whether his own presence, thirty miles away, had been responsible for the bringing on these people of such a spell of death and wreck and ruin.

But he cut wood, carefully with short choppy blows, lest in the fierce cold his axe might splinter away, and soon made the little stove roar again. After this he immediately went to cooking.

"Here is tea, little Mititesh," he said. "Here is also moose-meat. It is very good. Eat now, but very slowly, and only a little at first, because fast eating would make thee vomit and beget cramps inside thee. I know, because I have been very hungry in my time, and have also seen others weak with the great hunger. I have brought sugar—we still have some left. Take some, because it will be good for thee; but only a little in thy tea. I will also eat now, for I am hungry with much walking."

He was watching the child as tenderly as a woman, cutting the meat for her and pouring out the tea.

"Stop, now, it is enough," he soon said. "I know it is not much for thy hunger, but have a little patience. In a short time thou shalt have more to eat. See, I have brought heavy blankets —big warm red ones from the Company. They are good ones. Tonight thou wilt sleep warmly. Let me wrap thee well now, and before long I will awaken thee for more food."

The child stood up, swaying a little. Ahteck was still sitting and she placed her hands on one of his shoulders. Her face touched his neck and for a moment she sobbed there, while he clumsily patted her thin back. It had been a weird repast, with the big red sun beginning to disapper behind the tall spruces and firs and the dry skeletons of some ancient blasted pines on the opposite shore. There was little light now in the tent, excepting the glow coming from cracks in the small stove and its rusty pipe, that had both fared very badly in the fire. At last the child accepted the blanket gratefully, but first she said another prayer, kneeling beside the body of her mother.

"Alone in the great cold we will have to leave her," she said, "and go to my father. Between the two my heart is torn."

Ahteck devoutly hoped that she might find the man still living, but he had great fears. As soon as the child was soundly asleep, and notwithstanding his own fatigue, he made ready to dispose of that which was left of the poor thing that had been borne down to the earth in the eternal struggle against cold and hunger which every wanderer over the face of the great North is constantly obliged to wage.

First he wrapped it in its clothing and the torn blankets. Then, at a good distance away from the camp, he made a large fire, that he might see well, and built a high scaffold such as are used for caches, by tying cut saplings in the crotches of trees and placing strong branches across. These were kept in place by more saplings anchored with large stones. After this was done he returned to the camp and noiselessly took up the load, bearing it in his arms to the scaffold, upon which he placed it, covering the body with many boughs of balsam which he also weighted down.

When he had finished he went back to the tent and awoke Mititesh from her sound sleep, and made her eat again. Just a few mouthfuls, that her strength might return soon. Then he tucked her again under the heavy blankets. At last he stretched himself on the ground beside her but remained awake a long time, because the child occasionally muttered in her sleep and he feared that she might be in pain. But after a time she turned and confidingly nestled her head against Ahteck's great breast, so that after a while both slept, deeply, forgetting for some hours all that had gone before.

The great lad was the first to open his eyes, for Mititesh had brushed her hand lightly over his face, as if, in her slumber, she had sought to find one of her beloved ones. Then an immense feeling of pity welled up in the young man's heart for this child who was so soon to be abandoned of men as he was abandoned of God. He resolved to care for her, not owing to any thought on his part that an action of kindness might bring some measure of forgiveness and mitigation of his sins, but simply because of a desire to lighten the curse from her life since she was too young and frail to bear great burdens all alone.

Very soon after he had awakened he rose, quietly, while the little one still slept. He would leave Jean's woman there upon the scaffold until such time as he might return and soften the ground with fire, that she might be properly buried.

To be continued.

Deed or Motive?

By M. Eugenie Perry

Illustrated by Bruce Cameron

IF Hell is paved with good intentions, does it follow that any admirable achievement, whatever its motive, wafts its author straight to Paradise?

'Twas evening, in a fair Canadian city by the sea. Throngs gathered in the streets to view that pitifully common, but never-palling sight—the departure of soldiers for the front; in this case a detachment going to fill the gaps of the Princess Patricia's—those devil-may-care fighters, who, from the moment of their appearance on European soil had made the world ring with their wild exploits.

A thrill passed through the crowd; in the distance sounded the dull roll of drums; and bands began to play; and the foreranks of the men in khaki swung into view—a noble guard, indeed—the men from the training camp detailed to escort the brave detachment on its way.

Among the curious, or patriotic, or grief-stricken onlookers, close to the line of march, stood the Girl (one of many), come for one last anguished look at her departing lover. Her tears had all been shed—dry-eyed she watched the oncoming lines; her young face (white, pain-drawn and piteous) forming one more indictment against the Powers whose greed unleashed the fiends of war.

The vanguard passed, and then the little band, bound for the front, moved slowly by—stopping to hail a friend, or to receive the good wishes of total strangers, moved by the spirit of brotherhood which animates all true patriots when their country is in travail.

A handsome boy, passing, caught the Girl's eye. In spite of herself, she smiled—he was so young, so full of life, so palpably going forth in search of adventure. He waved his hand:—"Good-bye! good-bye, girls—I'll write you from Berlin," and was gone.

"Look at Lieutenant H——," murmured a voice, "Looks a hero, all right, with the stern military glare in his eye—and just the right sized moustache; who'd think to look at him that he enlisted to keep out of jail; where he belongs, if everyone had his rights."

Then the Girl saw—him! marching quietly along in his unassuming way. Duty called him—he went; that was all. The problems of life are simple to such as he but the same anguish comes to all. He held the Girl's hand very tightly, as he paused a moment to whisper a last message in her ear. Then he, also, passed; the rearguard came up; the music of the bands grew fainter; and the people began to disperse.

Thus fared forth from their Western Island home the man (typical of many) who answered the call of duty; the other man (typical of many) who went to escape the consequences of his misdeeds; and the boy (typical of many) who was lured to the battle-front by the hope of adventure; by the glitter and pomp of war.

"Somewhere in France" had resolved itself into the vicinity of Ypres; and the second great battle of that region was in progress. Langemarck had been fought—where the "Fighting Tenth" of Calgary; the "Little Black Devils" from Winnipeg, and the "Forty-eighth Highlanders" of Toronto, with very little assistance, had held the line for the British; when the French, overcome by the dastardly gas, had retired, leaving a deadly gap in the allied lines.

All reinforcements which could be spared from other points had come up, and the reserves were still pouring in.

A despatch rider, returning from Ypres met the Princess Pat's heading for the front, on the run (running in full equipment, an almost impossible feat), and breathless.

"Say, Kid," called a boy, between gasps, "we ain't goin' to be late are we?" The rider assured him to the contrary. "Well, there's one thing sure," said the youngster, "We won't have enough breath left to run back." A grim joke, for after that dreadful day, pitifully, pitifully few *ever* came back.

The foreranks of the men in khaki swung into view, a noble guard, indeed

With mad zeal; with tireless energy they had wrested a trench from the enemy; and the gallant remnant was holding it against all comers.

Near the Lieutenant, who left his country for his country's good in more ways than one, crouched the man of duty, beloved of the Girl; and on the corpse-strewn, shell-torn ground behind the trench, right in the line of fire from the enemy's guns, lay the writhing body of the boy, who had joined in search of excitement. He was sobbing—only a boy he was—and calling for help. He would drag himself a few feet, then as a shell burst near him, would collapse with a groan.

"Get down, you fool," growled the Lieutenant to his companion, "You'll get hit?"

"It's young M——, sir, I know his mother; perhaps I might help him to the trench."

"We need all the men we've got to hold this trench and can't spare one on any V. C. stunts."

From the smoke-obscured heavens dropped a messenger of hell, exploding with a roar as it reached the trench; and when the fumes had cleared, the man who answered duty's call, picked himself out of

the debris, and gazed sadly at the mangled shape of his erstwhile officer.

Then, there being no one near to interfere, he left the doubtful shelter of the trench, flattened out on the ground a moment to simulate death, wriggled past the bodies of dead comrades to where the boy from home lay (quiet now); and there—a sniper's bullet found him.

When the sun went down, the three men (typical of many) who had fared forth so lately—in youth's pride—found the goal to which the paths of glory oftimes lead—the grave.

In a church in that fair Canadian city by the sea, a memorial service was in progress. The minister prayed "for those who fight for us by land, or sea, or air," then launched into a glowing tribute to those who died for the cause at Langemarck, and St. Julien; for across the world that great message had flashed—"The Canadians saved the day,"—and a nation rejoiced, but the women, the bereaved mothers and wives and sweethearts, the women—wept.

Close to the mother of the boy who went blithely forth in search of adventure, and the wife of the man, whose going cheated a jail, knelt the sweetheart of the man who died as he had lived—a hero and a gentleman.

There being no one near to interfere, he left the doubtful shelter of the trench

Straight in front of her she gazed, not at the choir nor the minister, but down the barren path of her future life, which must be lived out without him; holding no hope of wifehood, or motherhood, only the dreary round of instructing the children of others, year in, year out.

"And now," the minister finished, "We must leave our heroes to the tender care of one who is greater than all. In my Father's house are many mansions waiting for such as they."

The mother of the Boy; the wife of the Other Man sobbed aloud. The Girl eyed them speculatively. A great wonder pierced her grief. *Were those other accidental heroes fated to reap the same reward as her man, who gave knowingly, willingly his precious, useful life for the cause?* Unbelievable ! ! !

Then through the church thrilled the war hymn, and perhaps (who knows) ? her problem was answered.

"Take the souls who died for duty
In thy tender pierced hand;
Crown the faulty lives with beauty
Offered for their Motherland;
All forgiving, with the living
May they in thy kingdom stand."

The Girl thought tenderly of the myriad weeping women, comforted by the thought that the faulty lives of their beloved dead, would be cleansed and accepted as gold at the Great Tribunal. Who, who so cruel as to deprive them of this hope ?

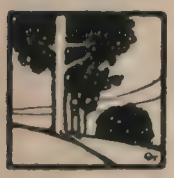
Not, oh ! certainly *not* the Girl.

But you, disinterested Reader—Which think *you*, rules—Deed or Motive ?

A Challenge

By Bertha F. Gordon

UNKINDLY Fate, and cruel Circumstance,
Why do you rage at me? For having stormed
In vain against the fortress of my soul,
Since the beginning, have you still not learned
That I am wrought of stuff unconquerable ?
Though you may wound me, bruise me, and exhaust,
And though my tears and blood may freely flow,
Your savage blows shall never bow my head;
But with a steady and a level gaze
I look you in the face, and scorn your wrath.
But if perchance you stab me deep enough
It shall not be despite, but gentle grace,
That you have done me. For my spirit, freed,
Will turn home gladly, singing a blithe song.



From Portage to Automobile Road

What Canada Has Done, Is Doing and Will Do Towards the Securing of Good and Better Roads

—By E. A. Hughes—

IN A VERY excellent article in a recent number of "CANADA MONTHLY," Mark S. Watson had some wise words to say anent Canada's war-time preparation for the piping times of peace. This war, if it meant anything to our commercial organism, has signified a getting-down to a proper sense of values, a re-adjustment of economic fundamentals, a thorough and rigid house-cleaning, which has resulted in our making a national inventory, and valuing every asset at its worth—and no more. Inflated values, which gave us a false prosperity in the months of 1912, began to display transparency even before the war, and business had what Artemus Ward would call a "thin" time. The war intensified that transparency and in its early days we saw, not as through a glass darkly, but face to face, and we knew that our business fabric was going to be ruthlessly torn to shreds, and then re-woven (of good material, not shoddy),

In the time of national housecleaning which we have had and still have, the far-seeing among us noted that one of the great undertakings for the Canada which will emerge from the Great War would be the creation of a system of highways, of good roads in country, in village, town and city. The vision did not come in post-war days; it was seen by some before; but it has been intensified and enlarged as its background changed and became the vision of a Canada whose prosperity is to be wider and wider yet.

THE story of good roads in Canada can only be written, very obviously, to a limited extent, and marked—at the end—"to be continued," for we are still in the early chapters. This is Canada's century, even as the nineteenth was America's, and the historians of the future, who may see, before he writes, a built-up Canada will have the task of telling the process by which the top-stone at last was laid. He will devote a section to our railroads, another to our seaways and lake-tracks, and a third, and quite as important a one, to our road-ways.

It is a far cry from the portage to the made road. The rough ground, where, in one season mud and slime alternate and in another, snow and ice form layer upon layer—this was all that was known to those earliest Canadians, pioneers in a new land. This rough-ground state of affairs exists for millions of square yards through our unexploited country. There are portages a-plenty, where the automobile cannot venture, where the horse, even, finds its footing unsure, where the pack mule alone can pick its way. But, now, as was not the case half, or even a quarter of a century ago, there are highways, where the motor car may bowl along as smoothly and merrily as along a city avenue on a fall day, when neither dust nor moisture cause irritation or impediment.

From portage to automobile road, then, is the history of Canada's progress in good roads. Between the two, countless experiments have been tried, numberless tests made. They have been tried and made, chiefly, within recent years, for only latterly has the country wakened up to the necessity of good roads. Public-spirited men have always conceded good railroads as a necessity. And waterways? We must of course, have excellent waterways, they have said. But for a system of good roads that shall be not province-wide, merely, but country-wide — time was when the public-spirited ones failed to see the necessity. Railroads everywhere, waterways everywhere — certainly, but good roads—oh, let them wait!

SO THE farmer, with his horse and buggy, in pre-auto days, was content to splash and flounder through seas of mud, was willing to tie-up for

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The story of goods roads in Canada can only be written to a limited extent and marked to be continued

a few hours or so, and let his produce grow stale in his wagon, and sit and view his horses calmly and smoke his corncob pipe, till the mud got a little more negotiable, and he might make his way to market. He was willing and content to do so because—well,—money was wanted for the railroads, he was told, and for the canals, and as these would both help the country, he wouldn't mind putting up with wretched roadways. He forgot—as a class—that very often farmers needed good roads to the nearest market town much more urgently than a stretch of railroad connecting up two points in the Rockies, a couple of thousand miles away, and much more than a new canal equally distant. Not that railroads and waterways were not always urgently needed. Surely they were! Surely they will be! But so were and so are good roads! Why, in days gone by (and the saints be praised for those last two words) was Peter robbed to pay Paul?

The farmer cried out for better roads. And he cried so long that municipalities and provinces and even the great ones of the nation down at Ottawa listened to him for some of them have cars themselves

Those were the days from 1850 to 1890. Prior to the first date we had a system of toll roads. From then to the second date we had this system of excellent and necessary railroad construction, which has borne fruit in nearly thirty thousand miles of steel, capitalized, approximately, at two billion dollars, and including three transcontintenal lines.

Then came the bicycle, or more colloquially and less accurately, the "wheel". How the wheel took hold in Canada most of us easily remember. It went, indeed, like wildfire. Everybody had a wheel. The whole family cycled. But, curiously enough, the only place the wheel could be used was inside cities. In England and the States, the bicycle was hailed as the cheapest and most entertaining mode of transportation, up and down the country roads, from town to town, through the highways and byways. Not so in Canada. Here, we had no highways and byways. The countless thousands who were riding wheels began to cry out that you couldn't cycle on "corduroy" roads; you couldn't wheel on mud and slime; you couldn't pedal your cycle through ruts deep enbugh to cover half the machine! The cyclist will thank his stars that he can find some stretches of country road now where he can spend an enjoyable afternoon. But there's a long way to go. Nevertheless, the advent of the wheel had its effect. Bicyclists struck at the public lethargy on the question of good roads, and in the nineties, there was a definite waking-up to the necessity for them. Good roads were inaugurated by associations here and there. Engineers began to turn their attention thus-wards; civic officials up and down the country announced that they intended to study what other countries had done and were doing to this end; and—unfailing criterion—"pro bono publico" and his kin began to write letters to the newspapers about the necessity for better roads.

THEN came the automobile and auto vehicle. The motor influence, if not the parent, is at least the nurse of the child "good roads". It was the motor influence that awakened the cities to a realization that good roads were urgently needed.

Consider the mental activity at this time of the average man who owned an automobile, particularly of the man who lived in the country. Take the farmer, for example: we observed him not long since, unmoved by the fact that his buggy was fast in a sea of mud miles from his destination. We observe him again, now that he has an automobile. The muddy road affects him in a vital spot. It affects him in—the automobile. A splash of mud on his mudguard wounds him. A rut wherein his tire sinks hurts him. Water that oozes out of the washed-out road as his car progresses, and splashes on the bright enamel, is a thing not to be borne. The farmer suddenly gets up, smites his collective knee, says collectively, "By gosh, it's too much. I won't stand it." In short the farmer makes a huge and united howl against the disgraceful state of Canadian roads.

He has suddenly realized—though he never has done so in the days of the horse and buggy—that the transportation of his produce from A—— to T—— or from B—— to W—— (from his farm to the railroad or elevator town) is costing him more than it did from the railroad or elevator town to the Coast, or to Europe maybe. It has suddenly dawned on him that from his farm to the depot—in his new automobile—is a more expensive journey to him than from the depot to the bigger market. And he has suddenly divined that the reason for the additional expense is the lack of decent country roads.

THE farmer—that is, most of him, for automobile sales have increased mightily, especially in the case of the farmer class—cried out for a remedy of the evil. "Give me better roads," he cried. And he cried so long that municipalities and provinces and even the great ones of the nation down at Ottawa listened to him. They did more, for some of them had cars themselves; they retorted, "If you want good roads, will you pay for them?"

At first the farmer said "No," and he stopped demanding. He said "No" for two reasons. One was a perfectly legitimate one—as W. A. Maclean, the Deputy Minister of Highways in Ontario agrees—for it was based on the contention that the cost of good roads is not to be borne alone by the farming

"The Second or More Purchases of Tires -That's Where Dunlop Triumphs"

¶ Often the new car owner is really not buying tires as the result of his own opinion and experience until he comes into the market to replace one or more of the tires originally found on his car, and that is just where the tire buyer comes face to face with Dunlop Traction Tread or Dunlop Special.

¶ Dunlop Tires have no friends other than those quality has made and the repetition of that quality has retained. That is why, when you come to consider the "second, third and thereafter" purchases, Dunlop Tires are in the greatest evidence. When you see that countless number of cars, large and small, equipped with either "Traction" or "Special" remember those motorists—every one of them—bought those tires on merit—not because they did not have a measure of satisfaction with their original equipment, but because something told them they would not settle the tire question definitely until they got "Dunlop Traction Tread" or "Dunlop Special."

¶ What is good for the "second, third and thereafter" choices is necessarily good for the first choice. If, when purchasing a new car, you show a preference for Dunlop Tires you will find that you can get them no matter what tire equipment is on the car at the time. When any opposition is shown to giving you Dunlop Tires you can at once distrust the argument because the salesmanship which does not seek to please, surely cannot be regarded as seeking to satisfy.

"If It's Last Cost First and First Cost Last—Then You Want 'Tractions.'"

¶ No motorist buys a tire for any other purpose than to use it, and anything in the design of an anti-skid that doesn't make for greater usage must make for greater cost of up-keep.

¶ We pride ourselves that nothing in the way of an anti-skid has ever been able to touch "Traction." True, other tires are lower-priced, but "Traction" was never intended to compete on a price basis. It is made for motorists who place last cost first and first cost last. All those "Tractions" you see in service represent greater first outlay than might seem necessary if the tire user bought for to-day only. Isn't that masterly showing of "The Master Tire" proof of the good sense of Canadian motorists?

¶ Then, there's "Dunlop Special." It takes a back seat to no other anti-skid except "Traction." "Special" has everything in its favor—Quality, Price, Record.

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community, since everyone receiving the benefits and carrying on the responsibilities of citizenship is equally chargeable. Besides, the farmer—again, as a class—did not wish to spend even the money which would be his fair share. Real taxation and communal responsibility were strangers to the farmer. And his reluctance to pay just taxes was another reason why he ceased to clamor for better roads.

HIS change of attitude was too late. His demand had been heard through the length and breadth of the country, and by all sorts and conditions of men and women. In the early years of the twentieth century a movement for good roads assumed the proportions of a nation-wide propaganda. The automobile had doné it: the automobile had been the nurse of the erstwhile weakling —"good roads".

We may pause for a moment to reflect that this has been the trend of events in every country. The automobile has done more for the cause of better roads than any other influence. The interest taken in good roads since the motor car became a fact is remarkable. Great conventions have been held at Brussels, at Paris, London and half a dozen large cities in America. Delegates from all over the world, men of knowledge and enthusiasm, have gathered time and again to talk over details of the big problem. Civil engineers turned their atttention to dust-abaters and surface-binders. A new industry has sprung up in every country through the good roads movement. In every country we find a movement intended to promote towards reaching not merely good roads, but *best* roads.

To revert to Canada: Once the automobile had done its part in arousing public sentiment, the next consideration was ways and means. There sprang up a man here and there who seized upon the phrase good roads, and made it his motto. These men became "Good Roads" crusaders. Names such as W. A. Maclean, of Toronto, and B. Michaud, of Quebec, and others, became coupled with the movement. In towns at first and then in provinces, good roads associations were formed, which applied for government recognition. And since no two provinces in the country have the same organization, local circumstances have been the governing factor in their method of procedure. Some provinces, such as Ontario, have appointed a man, with the title of Deputy Minister of Highways, who is the provincial head of the good roads movement. Others, British Columbia, for instance, have progressed with their good roads idea under the Department of Public Works. Alberta has a Provincial Engineer of Highways.

Continued on page 44.

A Primitive Professor

Continued from page 28.

Lassiter noticed a patronizing tone in the red-headed, blue-eyed sailor's voice and he found himself wishing to assert, at least, an equality. "Doesn't amount to anything," he said roughly.

"Say, this is a good place, me bye !" said Brophy.

"You bet," replied Martin.

"We don't want any drinks, do we ?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, then, if we don't get out before it's light, an' they catch us in this section, we'll get pinched. You couldn't fight yer way loose like me. So good-by, Flora. Yer daddy is still downstairs keepin' folks out of the coffee shop."

The girl looked at the floor. She was very pretty in that pose and unconscious of it. She twined her round fingers in her scarf, as if embarrassed, speaking in a low tone to Brophy. As for Lassiter, he made his farewell with a beaming smile and a wide-sweeping bow.

"We're goin' out onto the back street," explained Brophy on the stairs. "An' make our get-away."

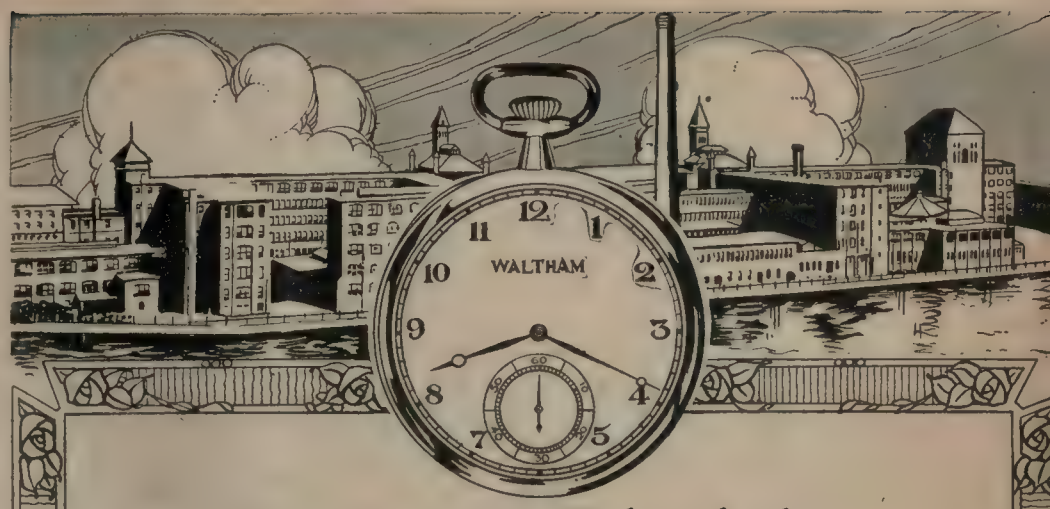
The deserted alley through which they felt their cautious way opened onto a dimly lighted street. Brophy's alert eyes saw the two policemen at the corner a moment before their attention, drawn by Lassiter's white alpaca suit, had awakened them into action. The two Americans could see them lean down to beat on the sidewalk with their clubs; they could hear answering signals from the other end of the alley and the sound of running feet. They were trapped. Policemen bore down on them from both directions.

"Listen !" growled the sailor, almost pulling Lassiter off his feet. "Ha ! There is three of 'em ! I'll take these two. The other one is yours. We'll fight our way out of this, do ye mind !"

A warm tingling crept over the professor's body. "Aye, aye, sir," he said jovially.

"When ye see the flash of a gun, be sure to quit," cautioned Brophy. "An' when ye close in, cover yer head from them night sticks an' go fer their legs if ye have a chance. Belay there ! Ye shrimps !"

The first two officers were upon him. Just before Martin turned to meet his man he saw the sailor side-step the first onslaught and by a skillful movement of his leg throw one of the foreigners into the gutter. "Star spangled banner !" laughed Brophy. He was closing with the second man. Even after Lassiter turned to meet his own opponent, he could hear the give and take of blows. Crack ! the sound of the night stick. Bam ! the impact of



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the closed fist. He felt a strange emptiness in his stomach—the despairing, sick feeling of those unused to contest. Then upon the fleshy part of his neck he received the first blow of the lignum vitae.

It was a delicious tonic. The pain of the blow was sharp but welcome; it awakened a new set of emotions, filled the distressing hole in Lassiter's stomach and brought him onto his toes with the joy of conflict. The policeman was fighting viciously. His club, his left fist, his sharp kicks seemed to come from every direction. Lassiter, ducking his head and body to a well protected crouch, plunged into this rain of blows with which the officer, acting with experience, expected to confuse his prey. The clasp of the policeman's body was satisfying. Lassiter, digging his toes into the dirt, rushed his adversary across the alley and against the masonry. With a free hand he pounded on the chin of the policeman, directing upward jabs that brought forth gasping Spanish ejaculations. They went down together. In the dark Lassiter felt for the night stick and twisted the bent wrist that held it until the grasp had been relaxed.

They were up again in an unscientific conflict of fists. Bam! Lassiter felt that another such on his cheek bone would determine the issue. He shook his head, grunted, drove his arm forward. Bam! This time the solid blow had landed on the policeman's mouth. Lassiter felt that the satisfaction of this punch had a money value of several hundred dollars. Back and forth it went. At last a moment came when the Cuban officer, now fighting blindly, had disengaged himself and fallen back for another rush. It allowed Martin a chance to glance over his shoulder. One of Brophy's adversaries was stretched out in sleep on the pavement; the sailor was sitting on the other. He was a grinning spectator of Lassiter's contest.

"Go it, me bye!" came his panting voice. "If I don't help ye, ye'll feel better satisfied."

Lassiter braced himself again, threw out his knee and with a crooked arm caught the charging policeman on the taut cords of his neck. His whole body seemed to yield. It turned over once, rolling off Martin's bent leg, and lay whimpering in foreign tongue on the ground. Martin, wheeling toward his friend, made a wry face.

They took flight through the gloom, gaining a hundred yards and turning two corners before the police signals of distress sounded from the alley they had left.

"Yer all right, old marlin spike," panted Brophy. Lassiter had received several degrees; none had given him so much pride as this one, none were of greater honor, he felt sure. He ran like a glad boy, regardless of sore muscles, bruises and throbbing swellings about his eyes, regardless of the Blake Professorship.

At last he saw, through the gray of dawn which came down into the Havana streets, a cab rocking along ahead of them. He hailed it. "For," he explained to the sailor, "you will be safer under some sort of cover. Otherwise you would attract attention."

"Attention!" cried Brophy. "Yer oughter see yerself. Yer look like somethin' that's been brought out of a cellar!"

Lassiter and Brophy had just stepped out of the cab and the former was paying the driver while the latter was casting a weather eye toward the open, dark blue waters of the Gulf. It was at this moment that the sailor heard a rippling laugh. He looked aloft. He was sure that it had proceeded from behind the shutters over the balcony.

"Sure, it has a good, young, healthy sound to it," he said aloud, "an' I don't know whether it was pokin' fun at my red hair or your red nose."

"What's that?" said Lassiter.

"Nothin' at all," Brophy answered. "Where's the cab goin'? Sure I want to ride in it to the wharf below there. Where is it goin' now?"

"If you must know, I'll tell you—for a two quart bottle of arnica and alcohol. Sit down here on this step and wait a while."

Brophy hitched up his trousers, in the back pocket of which he found two brown paper cigarettes which had been flattened to the thinness of knife blades. "Them is swell cigarettes," he said. "That's all I got. I've been savin' 'em. One of 'em is fer ye."

"Many thanks," replied Lassiter, nursing a sore shin with his disengaged hand. "It's a fine morning."

The smoke was delicious. He leaned back against one of the white columns and looked in smiling silence on his new friend. "It's lucky for my reputation that no one who knows me is up," he said.

"I think *she* knows yer," said Brophy.

"She?—who?"

"Pipe the young lady over there by the hotel door."

Lassiter turned like one who expects to see an angel with a flaming sword. It was the truth. There, fresh, indescribably neat, graceful and smiling, stood the daughter of Cheever Finch.

"Good morning," she said.

Martin was speechless. He stood up.

"Is she yours?" whispered Brophy in awed tones, pulling off his cap. He was sure he had guessed right in spite of his friend's silence, and his first instinct was to save him from disgrace.

Continued on page 47.

The Boy Scouts

Continued from page 20.

and the trenches. As he expected, his hand now descended upon another cord, lying loosely on the ground, and running at right angles to the first. Plainly Bain was holding one end of this, and some one in the trenches—Captain Wagstaffe himself, as like as not—was holding the other. If an enemy stumbled over the trip-cord, Bain would warn the defence by twitching the alarm-cord.

"Five minutes later M'Snape was back at the rendezvous, describing to Simson what he had seen. That wise subaltern promptly conducted him to Captain Mackintosh, who was waiting with his Company for something to go upon. Shand had departed with his own following to make an independent attack on the right flank. Seven of the twelve scouts were there. Of the missing, Dunshie, as we know, was sunning his lonely soul in the society of his foes; two had lost themselves, and the remaining two had been captured by a reconnoitring patrol.

" 'You say you found a cord running back from Bain to the trenches, M'Snape,' asked Captain Mackintosh, 'and a sentry holding on to it ?'

" 'Yes, sirr,' replied the scout, standing stiffly to attention in the dark.

" 'If we could creep out of the wood and rush him, we might be able to slip our attack in at that point,' said the Captain. 'You say there is cover to within twenty yards of where he is sitting ?'

" 'Yes, sirr.'

" 'Still, I'm afraid he'll pull that cord a bit too soon for us.'

" 'He'll no, sirr,' remarked M'Snape confidently.

" 'Why not ?' asked the Captain.

"M'Snape told him.

"Captain Mackintosh surveyed the small wizened figure before him almost affectionately.

" 'M'Snape,' he said, 'to-morrow I shall send in your name for lance-corporal !' "

While the Boy Scout movement is non-military, under the head of patriotism a boy is taught that it is the first duty of a citizen to serve his King and Country, and the lads have put into practice their motto "Be Prepared," since the Empire's Flag has been threatened.

The teachings and the principles of the Association, are that a boy shall learn by action, and that he shall be placed upon his honor. It is pleasing to note that these principles, thus far pursued have produced clean cut, manly types of boys, the future men of Canada.

In Canada there are 16,500 Scouts; in Ontario alone 7,200 qualifying themselves to fill positions of responsibility.

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From Portage to Automobile Road

Continued from page 40.

All these appointments, of course, presuppose legislation for good roads, which has been the case in all the provinces. To secure such legislation was the work of the various good roads associations, which still exist in the provinces, and meet in convention occasionally. They are all federated under the Dominion Good Roads Association. As I write, this Association is having its Third Canadian and International Good Roads Congress and Exhibition at Montreal.

WHAT has been done, so far, for the cause of good roads? Well, to put it broadly, fifty millions of dollars have been spent for it. It is, perhaps, better to tell what has been done, province by province, briefly.

In British Columbia, under the Provincial Department of Public Works, the movement has made great progress. In 1901, estimates for roads and bridges totalled $344,000; last year they totalled $2,459,000. In 1910 a special programme provided that no less than twenty million dollars should be spent, chiefly upon main roads.

In Alberta, provincial organization has been responsible for raising the appropriation from nothing, a decade ago, to one million dollars last year. This was for main and trunk roads. Municipal expenditure was, in 1913, $681,000; in 1914, $865,190; last year it was nearly $900,000. The Government work is under the Provincial Engineer of Highways.

In Saskatchewan, under a Provincial Board of Highway Commissioners, progress has not been so rapid, but it is definite enough. In 1915 an appropriation was made for $2,000,000. This was subsequently reduced, owing to the effect of war upon finances, but local interest in good roads is assured.

In Manitoba, under a Good Roads Act and a Provincial Highway Commissioner, $700,000 was spent by the Government last year; $375,000, a sum to which the Government added materially, was the municipal contribution.

Ontario is perhaps the most advanced of all the provinces, in good roads campaigning. Under a Department of Public Highways, for main and market roads alone, some seven million dollars have been appropriated. This does not take any account of help given to municipalities who are doing their own work to some extent.

In Quebec, in 1912, under an Act, the Province appropriated ten million dollars for good roads. This was supplemented last year by another five millions. Already eight millions odd of

Which side of the fence is *your* family on?

Are they without a car?

Isn't it time now for them to have one?

The rosy cheeks it will bring to the youngsters —the delight that will dance in their eyes—will repay you for the outlay many times over.

And it will mean a bigger, broader, healthier, happier, life for the whole family.

And to serve that end—completely—

Here is the big, powerful family Overland developed and improved, but reduced in price.

Fathers and mothers all over the country are choosing this car to serve their family needs.

Never before has any one car been such a universal favorite.

Since this car was announced last June it has outsold any other car of its size virtually two for one.

There are, of course, valid reasons for such pronounced preference.

It "handles" so easily that any adult member of the family can drive it.

Electrical control buttons are conveniently located on the steering column—an arrangement exclusive with Overlands and a very few much higher priced cars.

Every control for starting, for stopping, for speeding up, for slowing down, for lighting, for dimming, for sounding the warning signal—

All are within a few inches of the hand or foot when the driver is sitting in a perfectly natural position.

And everything works easily and smoothly.

Then there is that wonderful flow of abundant power.

No other car is anywhere near as powerful at anywhere near so low a price.

You must pay nearly $200 more for *any* other car with so much power.

Small wonder, therefore, that this is two for one the favorite family car of its size or anywhere near it.

And now is the time to buy—delay may be costly.

We guarantee that the price of this model will never be less.

But $965 for such a car is a remarkably low price. And the cost of materials is rising.

So we cannot guarantee that the price will remain so low.

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RATES

Rooms with Running Water - - $1.50 per day
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- - $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 per day

this amount has been spent, or allotted as bond interest, in the cause.

In the Maritime Provinces, upwards of a quarter of a million was laid out last year. In New Brunswick the work is under the Minister of Public Work. In Nova Scotia a Commissioner of Highways has charge.

ROADS have fallen into the three following classifications. They are broad, of course.

(1) Main roads between towns and cities.

(2) Leading farm roads, radiating from market centres and shipping points.

(3) Local feeders, for local traffic.

The first development in road making in Canada was made in macadam roads. This was a step ahead of the clay or sand roads found in most sections of Canada, but experience has taught that even the best concrete roadways prove a most excellent investment for the communities in which they are installed. The development of road building has followed the development of architectural construction. The first settlers of Canada were satisfied with the log cabin; then came frame and brick buildings and finally the steel and concrete structures. Just so with road building. First came the trails and portages; then dirt roads; then macadam and finally concrete and the more scientific kinds of roadways. The reasons for this progress are obvious. The builders of the dirt roads dreamed that a layer of gravel or crushed stone would keep their highways in good conditions in all seasons. But they did not reckon with the development of automobile traffic. As I stated earlier in this article, the Canadian farmer, as a class, has been ahead of his city brothers in the number of automobiles purchased. But Mr. Farmer's auto has been more exacting on roadways than his horse rigs. The macadam roads, under this rapidly increasing auto traffic, have gone to pieces so fast that they are now considered too expensive.

The experience of New York state, under a definite observation of a highway commission over a period of many years, is interesting in this connection. In presenting this report to the New York legislature Ex.-Governor Glynn said in his annual message:

"A macadam road in New York costs approximately $12,000 per mile to build and lasts less than ten years. It costs $1,000 a year per mile to maintain. At the end of ten years it will cost $6,000 a mile to rebuild.

"Macadam roads are utterly unsuited to the wear and tear of automobile traffic. Motor traffic is on the increase and it is pounding the roads of

New York State to destruction faster than they can be built.

"Instead of building highways that cost $1,000 a year per mile to maintain, New York must construct roads that can be maintained at a moderate cost. Two types of highways answer modern requirements. One is the concrete road; the other the brick road with the concrete foundation.

"A concrete road costs from $12,000 to $16,000 a mile and a brick road costs from $20,000 to $25,000."

The report of the state highway commission of the state of Maryland in the matter of macadam roads was as follows:

"The cost of maintaining macadam roads under the ever increasing strain of heavy and fast automobile motor truck and steel tire traffic early promoted Chairman Weller and Chief Engineer Shirley to make a careful study and investigation of concrete roads, this including a personal examination of those in Wayne County, Michigan, in which the city of Detroit is situated. This led to the laying of several sections of concrete in the summer of 1912. . . . . .

"These roads have now been under heavy traffic for more than a year and are practically as good as when laid, with no maintenance on them, except for shoulder work. Encouraged by this, the Commission in 1913 added 55 miles of concrete to its construction."

The experience of the older states across the line is being borne out in all parts of Canada and most of our more important highway work now under construction or contemplation will be of concrete.

One other development should be noticed. It is the question of better city pavements, where improvement, though not so spectacular, is nevertheless very definite.

So that, if legislation be the outward and visible sign of the hidden movement, Canada has indeed done something for good roads. She has spent almost fifty million dollars, and every province has its official and governmental highway organization. In addition, a clearer understanding and larger sympathy for the idea of good and better roads has been obtained. Much still remains to be done, however. In our country there are about 250,000 miles of graded roads. The immediate object, say the good roads authorities, should be to improve about 16 per cent. of that total, or 40,000 miles, which would carry the more concentrated or farm traffic, while about two per cent. additional, or another 5,000 miles, should be treated on a trunk basis. The total cost might be estimated at $250,000,000 or thereabouts.

Canada has cause for self-congratulation, for what she has accomplished. But there is immeasurably more to do. Good roads should be one of the important works of re-construction to which our country, when it comes back from the Great War—for in sympathy the whole country is there—should systematically and energetically devote herself.

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Maintenance Cost Of Pavements

Mr. F. W. Sarr, Deputy State Highway Commissioner of New York, in his paper, "The Cost of Maintaining New York State's Highways," read at the Good Roads Congress, Montreal, March 7th, gave the following statistics of the average expenditure for maintenance, repairing and reconstruction per mile, per year for each of seven types of roads.

	Per mile
Concrete	$129.00
Bituminous Macadam, Mixing Method	181.00
Block Pavement	190.00
Bituminous Macadam, Penetration Method	510.00
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Concrete Bituminous	1050.00
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PERMANENCE SATISFACTION

A Primitive Professor

Continued from page 43.

"Don't get any ideas, ma'am. Not too sudden," he said. "Yer see it was this way—we had a little difference with some foreigners."

"Thank you for telling me," said Dorothy. At the sight of Lassiter's woebegone face she could no longer control her laughter.

"There!" said Brophy, drawing himself up. "Yer see there is nothin' to worry about, old sleuth. I've squared it fer ye. She's laughin' at ye."

"Dorothy," exclaimed Lassiter in torment. "This is the result of unforeseen circumstances."

"How violent they must have been!" she interposed sweetly. "But were you in an explosion, Martin?" She turned toward the sailor. "Was he?"

Brophy's earnest face, which had expressed only loyalty to his compan-

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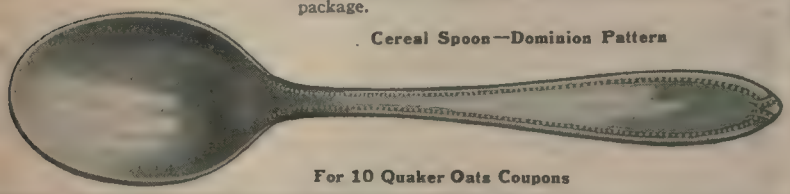

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ion, relaxed now into a broad smile.

"He does look pretty bad, ma'am," he said. "But you see, there was three of them policemen and he an' I never fought together before. Yes, miss. An' after I had got two of 'em fixed I had a chance to watch his style. That last clout was a peach, miss. It made the Cuban see clams perchin' on telegraph wires, miss. Take it from me, yer gentleman friend is all right, or my name ain't Brophy."

"Oh, thank you," said the girl, holding out her hand. "Martin, why did you forget an introduction? This is a pleasure, Mr. Brophy."

The sailor grinned. "I ain't had an introduction to *him* yet," he said.

"Indeed," exclaimed Dorothy. "Mr. Martin Lassiter, allow me to present you to your old and honored friend, Mr. Brophy, U. S. N. And now, Mr. Brophy, you won't mind if I take Mr. Lassiter away from you? I don't think his appearance this morning does him full justice."

"Oh, Dorothy, I want to tell you—"

"Not now. I don't want you sitting out here. That's why I dressed and came down. I have *some* pride!"

"He does look a bit stove in, miss," said the sailor judicially.

"He looks like a last year's bird's nest," she said. "Come, Martin."

He had never heard her speak to him before with a tone of proprietorship. His instinct was to obey.

"Good-by, Brophy, old fellow," said he.

"Good-by, old marlin spike," said Brophy. "I'll tell the driver to leave the arnica with the clerk."

Only when Lassiter turned, as they walked through the hotel office toward the elevator, and saw that Miss Finch was walking beside him with as much smiling self-possession as if she had been walking with a ruler in robes of state, did he feel the agonizing pain of conviction that he had severed the last possibility of winning her.

Therefore it was no ordinary surprise to him when in the elevator, with the boy's back turned toward them, she slipped her warm hand into his. "Positively," she said, "I believe you will pass. When I look at your eye, Martin, I begin to believe that you are *human*."

Fine music and poultry were two things of which little Ella's father was very fond. Recently he bought a talking machine, and among other records was a very brilliant aria by a great soprano. The baby listened closely to the runs of the music until the singer struck some high trills at the close, when she exclaimed:

"Daddy, listen! She's laid an egg!"

Duke's Son: Cook's Son

Continued from page 11.

"I have thought of it, Gerald," replied the Dean mildly," and that is why I am here, now,—when I am ill. I must be with him when he knows."

He turned his head as a smart victoria drew up at the outskirts of the crowd, and the lady seated within, waved her hand to them and beckoned. At the same time, Sir Julian had given his place on the platform to the suffragette, and the three met, simultaneously, at the carriage of Lady Mary Dacres.

"You're very gay this afternoon, Gerry," Sir Julian smiled, as he playfully tapped the tassels of gold braid hanging from the officer's uniform, "you look more like a carpet knight to-day, than a V. C. I want you to tell me all about it. You can come home with us, can't you? And you, too, Dean? Down on official business?"

"Yes, we are down on official business," answered Baring.

"We'll go home with you, though," interpolated the Dean, as he stepped into the carriage.

"You didn't see anything of Bertie while you were in France?" asked Lady Mary wistfully, as the officer seated himself beside her, "Oh, but, of course, it is not likely. We received a letter from him this morning, but it was a month old. So much can happen in a month."

"Why, of course," agreed Sir Julian cheerily, "he, too, has a V. C. by this time. Don't you think so, Dean? Tell her that he will be coming home with all the honors of war pinned all over him, Gerry. The only thing is, he will take them off and decorate Topsey with them, the beggar."

Lady Mary smiled wanly at her husband. Then she turned to the officer again.

"In his letter this morning, he said they were quite comfortable. He seemed in such good spirits and very happy. He spoke of the goodness and kindness of his superior officer. I would like to write to him and thank him, but I suppose that would be childish," then the ever present, haunting terror flickered into those brave eyes.

She lowered her voice to a whisper,

"Do you think he is in any immediate danger?"

Something in Baring's brain was taut and ready to snap. Then he caught the Dean's grave eyes fixed on his face, and it steadied him.

"No, he is in no danger now," he said, and wondered at the level tone of his own voice.

"Oh, I'm so glad," and his companion leaned back, smiling happily.

"I want you to come into my office,"

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"The Dominating Center of the Nechako Valley."

We have nothing to sell.

Sir Julian remarked, as they reached the house, "I want to hear all the news from the front, Gerry, and then I want you to see what *I* have been doing."

"Until tea, then," said Lady Mary graciously, and then she turned and left them. They stood among the rose bushes, in that quiet, fragrant English garden, with their heads uncovered, and watched her until she had passed into the house and was out of sight.

Then they turned and followed their host.

On a long, flat desk were all the reviews of Sir Julian's speeches in the mail box, they could see the numerous invitations to speak, at the different places where enlistment was slow, or lagging.

On a smaller desk, nearby, was a recent copy of the "Killed in Action" list, but the Dean's sharp eyes detected that it was not the last one, and did not contain *his* name.

"Kitchener won't need to worry about conscription, yet," Sir Julian said cheerily, as he seated himself, "if figures don't lie. I have just received the enlistments from my last campaign, and I haven't started my work yet."

The old white headed Dean stepped over to him, and put his arm around his shoulders, while he laid a long official looking document on the table before him.

"It is a great work that you are doing for us," he said gently, "A great work, my boy. In you, to-day, the most vital spot of the British Empire is centered. It rests upon you as to whether we shall be, or shall not be. But you did the greatest work when you gave us your son."

The father never flinched, although he understood. Then he looked down at the paper.

There was his name—Herbert Dacres—aged nineteen, only son of Sir Julian and Lady Mary Dacres—killed on the field of honor.

He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes.

He was back in the long luxurious library of his home, and Bertie, his boy, with Topsey, the most ragged looking dog on earth, at his heels, was standing before him.

There was a look of perplexity and concern on the smooth young face, and the father noticed it with a great pain at his heart.

"Father, I don't *want* to go. I am not afraid. I am not a coward. *You* know that. But I'm so young. I'm only nineteen. Why can't I wait? Maybe, then, it won't be necessary for me to go. Then, there's the mater! Oh, father, I can't—I can't leave her. You wouldn't ask me to do that, surely! And-and-Father, there is something else!"

Here is a New Salad Recipe
for the readers of
CANADA MONTHLY

TUNA FISH SALAD

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine,
¼ cup cold water,
½ cup chopped celery,
1 cup tuna fish,
½ green pepper, finely chopped,
2 tablespoonfuls chopped olives,
¾ cup boiled salad dressing,
½ teaspoonful salt,
¼ teaspoonful paprika,
2 teaspoonfuls vinegar,
Few grains of cayenne.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and add to hot boiled salad dressing. Coo and add tuna fish, separated into flakes, celery, pepper (from which seeds have been removed), olives, salt, paprika, vinegar and cayenne. Turn into six individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from molds to nests of lettuce leaves, and garnish with slices cut from pimolas, diamond shaped pieces cut from green peppers, celery tips and watercress.

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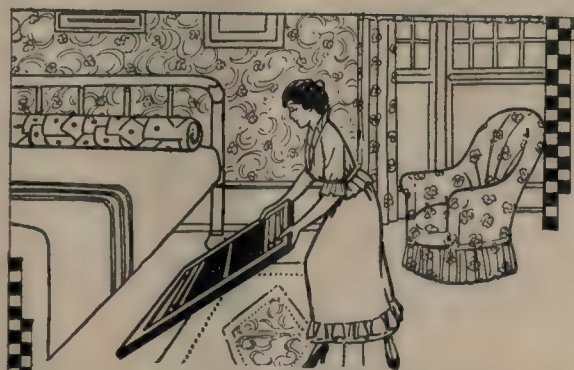

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The boy's high bred face turned whiter. The dark eyes turned softer, and the budding promise of a glorious manhood broke into a wonderful flower before his father's eyes.

"It is Ivy," he said dreamily, "I—I—I kissed her last night, and then she told me. She has always loved me, she said, ever since she was a little kid and I chased her over the fence. Just think of that, father? Isn't it wonderful?"

"Very wonderful, my son. A woman's love is the most wonderful thing on earth."

"Then you don't want me to go—*yet?*"

The father detected the eager tone of relief in his voice.

"You are an Englishman, *first.* After that, a son and a lover, perhaps, but an Englishman, first, *always.*"

The boy started.

"You *wish* me to go?" he asked with flaming eyes.

The father nodded.

His son faced him. He seemed to have added two inches to his superb height, and in place of his nineteen years, he might have been twenty-nine. His jaw was set. His eyes were hard and stern.

"Father, do you *command* me to go? I have never yet disobeyed you, and you know that I am not going to do so, now. But I don't *want* to go to this war. I don't want to kill anyone. I want to stay with you and the mater and Topsey and—and—Ivy. I want to *live.* Oh, father, how I want to *live*!"

"I *command* you to go."

And he had gone. And now—

Someone was patting Sir Julian's shoulder. Someone was talking to him quietly—soothingly.

"But you did the greatest work when you gave us your son. It takes a brave man to do that."

Sir Julian's hand closed over something cold that lay in the drawer of his desk. A warm hand sought his own and gentle fingers released the tense grasp.

"But it takes a still braver man not to do *that,*" and then the father opened his eyes and looked into the compassionate face of the Dean. There was a horribly twisted little smile on Sir Julian's lips, as he rose and left them. But they made no attempt to follow him.

Jumping the Theatrical Hurdles

Continued from page 14.

"The Daughter of the House?"
"Hellup!"
"Woman and Superwoman?"
But Mr. G—— had fled.
Miss Haswell decided on the "Daugh-

Price Before the War $650
Price After a Year of War $530

Why Are We Proud To Advertise This?

On the very day that war was declared the price of the Canadian Ford car was reduced $60.

But don't mistake the reason for this reduction. It was made in spite of the war—not because of it.

To understand this reason properly requires a knowledge of how prices of Ford cars are decided upon.

These prices are based on the estimated production for the coming year—never on the profits earned the preceding year.

For instance, some time before August 1, 1914 the Ford Canadian executives decided that the demand for Ford cars for the fiscal year starting Aug. 1st., would be about 30,000 cars. With this production it would be possible to reduce the price $60.

So an announcement was made to the public at large that the prices of Ford cars would be $60 less for the coming year.

It must be admitted that this was a remarkably sincere and substantial expression of faith in the prosperity of Canada and the Empire that prompted this Canadian firm to stake their entire business, on the continued prosperity of their country.

Yet the Ford Canadian executives did not allow the war to interfere with their plans in the slightest degree. They considered the prosperity of Canada and the victory of the allied cause as assured.

This was emphasized a second time last August when the prices of Ford cars were again reduced by $60.

Profitably to manufacture the Ford Canadian car at this lowered price requires a production of 40,000 cars during the year ending Aug. 1, 1916.

To quote from General Manager McGregor's own statement:

"If this company is able to manufacture and sell 40,000 cars between August 1, 1915 and August 1, 1916, we know that our buying capacity, the production efficiency of our manufacturing plant, and the distribution of overhead expense over a volume of this size will enable us to reduce our prices $60 per car and still make a reasonable profit for the company on this volume."

"If we are only able to manufacture and sell 20,000 cars, the reduction of $60 per car would not be warranted and this company would be operating at a loss. It is the profit on the additional 20,000 cars which makes the price reduction of $60 possible."

Although to build 40,000 cars means doubling last year's business, the Ford executives firmly believe that prosperity in Canada will be of such proportions this year as to create a demand for fully this much increased business. And the sales to date and the prospects for the next few months prove that they are correct in their belief.

Moreover, this action becomes increasingly significant when the advance in price of raw materials is taken into consideration. At least one automobile manufacturer has been obliged to increase the price of his car on this account. And the Ford Company again have an added burden in the increased duty on the few raw materials that they are obliged to buy in the United States. But all of these increases have been absorbed into manufacturing costs by the Ford Company as part of its obligations and its duty in times such as these.

It is another significant fact that while prices on other products have so generally been increased, the prices of Ford cars have been decreased.

So the Ford Company of Canada, is proud to advertise this reduction in price of Ford cars because it is a substantial, material proof of its faith in Canada.

The Ford Motor Company of Canada, Ltd., is a Canadian Company owned in great part by Canadians, and as such believes in Canada. It believes in her prosperity. It believes in her final triumph and the triumph of the Empire in this tremendous struggle that is now demanding so much from her manhood and from the faith and support of her people.

And this Company is willing to back its belief to the last cent.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Ford, Ontario

Ford Runabout	$480
Ford Touring	530
Ford Coupelet	730
Ford Sedan	890
Ford Town Car	780

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

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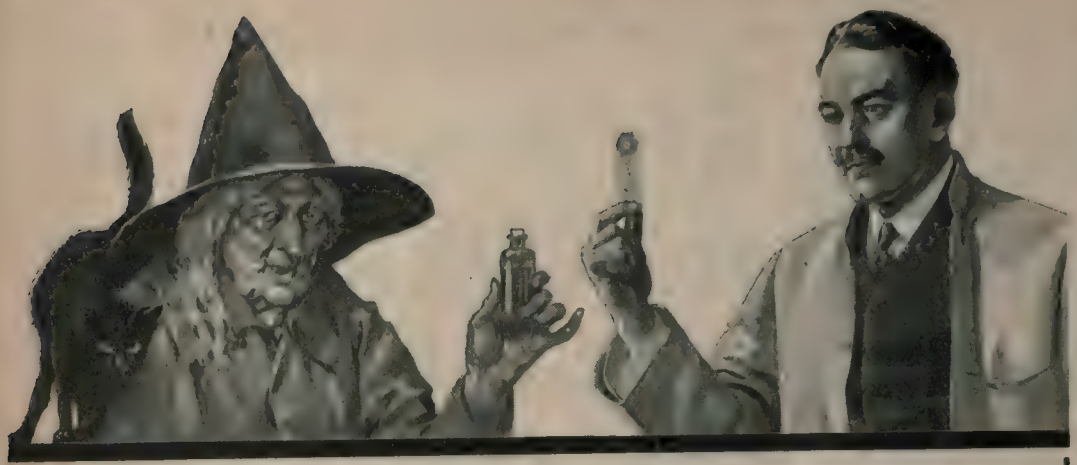
All cars completely equipped, including electric headlights. Equipment does not include speedometer.



Witchery or Science
For That Corn?

WILL you use something ancient as witchcraft—methods harsh, uncertain and unscientific?

Or the modern way—gentle, sure and final—devised by a chemist who spent 25 years on corns?

Blue-jay is the method used by doctors —used by experts—used by millions who have tried it. It's a thin little plaster which applies to the corn the wonderful B & B wax. 91% of all corns go with the first plaster. The stubborn 9% yield to the second or third.

The pain ends instantly. The corn ends in 48 hours.

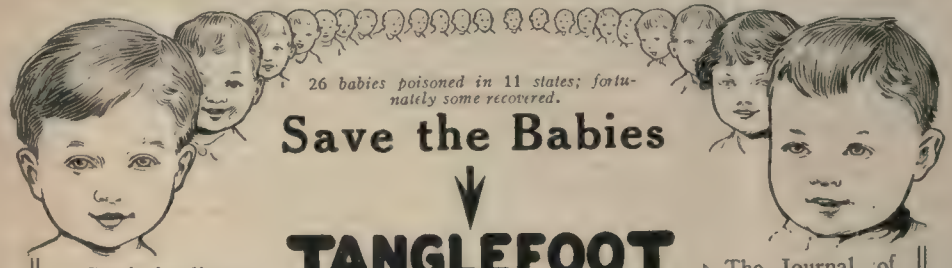
A million corns monthly disappear under Blue-jay. Your own friends employ it. Countless people around you—users of Blue-jay—never let a corn ache twice.

We urge you to try it. Prove the quick relief, the permanent removal. In this day corns are needless.

Blue-jay Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.



26 babies poisoned in 11 states; fortunately some recovered.

Save the Babies

TANGLEFOOT

Catch the disease carrying fly that strays into your home with *safe, efficient, non-poisonous TANGLEFOOT;* not arsenic poison in an open saucer set within reach of the baby, or a can from which a poisoned wick protrudes, sweetened to attract both flies and babies.

Flies kill many babies, and fly poison more than all other poisons combined—

—But in homes where careful mothers have protected their babies from such risks by using only TANGLEFOOT, both dangers are avoided.

The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society reports 26 cases of arsenical poisoning from fly destroyers in 1915 in only 11 states; in 1914 there were 46 cases in 14 states.

It states editorially:

"Symptoms of arsenical poisoning are very similar to those of cholera infantum; undoubtedly a number of cases of cholera infantum were really cases of arsenical poisoning, but death 'if occurring, was attributed to cholera infantum.

"We repeat, arsenical fly destroying devices are dangerous and should be abolished. Health officials should become aroused to prevent further loss of life from their source. Our Michigan Legislature, this last session, passed a law regulating the sale of poisonous fly papers."

Made in Canada by THE O. & W. THUM CO., Walkerville, Ont.

American Address: Grand Rapids, Mich. (65)

ter of the House," and just then Fred Tiden arrived from New York to act as the company's leading man. Tiden was a widely travelled and broadly educated man and I was very glad when he took "The Feminist" to read it. I felt that his suggestions would be valuable.

"My dear Bax" said he, after he had read it, "You've got a cracker-jack play here but you're all twisted in your stage values. For instance who's your male lead, Forest or Hardy ?"

"That," I explained, "Is the subtlety of it. Forest plays opposite Dorothy in love interest and is to all intents and purposes the leading man, but in reality Hardy dominates the whole play after his first entrance, by the force of his unique personality."

"But my dear fellow" Fred smiled depreciatingly "the leading man has got to play opposite the leading woman in love interest."

In spite of his education and cleverness, Tiden was a firm believer in the traditional drama. To his mind a successful play must be composed of the following ingredients,—

Male		Female,
Hero	in love with	Heroine
Juvenile lead	in love with	Ingenue
Funny man (probably a butler)	in love with	fat woman (probably a cook)
One villain in love with nobody, Two or three sub-villains, one benevolent elderlyman ,always a widower or bachelor uncle,		One elderly lady, either a widow, or maiden aunt.

(These last two must on no account be married. It would rob them of sympathy).

Mix these ingredient parts, sprinkle with a snow storm scene, carefully remove all foreign substances such as wit or subtlety, and when it is seen that virtue is triumphant and the ending is happy, remove from the pot and serve to the American Public,—one successful play.

And Shakespeare had the absurd idea that the stage should hold the mirror up to nature !

Miss Haswell did not agree with Mr. Tiden and we refused to adopt his suggestion. Mr. Fried, the stage manager, was then given the manuscript. Mr. Fried was a neat looking New Yorker and though rather crude in his speech was a very clever theatrical man.

"Nothing doing," was his comment, "It can't be done."

"Why ?"

"Why ? Well for one reason it's got a mob scene in it."

We reminded him that Shakespeare used mob scenes.

He said that Shakespeare was Shakespeare, which ought to forever clear up

the suspicion that Shakespeare was Bacon.

Miss Haswell decided to produce it during the third week in May. If it turned out to be a success she would try and make arrangements to go on tour with it after her Toronto season. Rehearsals were called for Tuesday morning of that week. Mr. Fried went back to New York. On Monday, preceding the first rehearsal, Miss Haswell, Mr. G—— ,and myself lunched at the Prince George Hotel to discuss arrangements and choose the cast.

The next morning we met at rehearsal. Mr. Fried having left the company the duties of stage director devolved on the author, assisted by Mr. Tiden. It was by no means an uninteresting experience. We fixed up a dummy stage with exits and entrances and a few "props" and started in at ten o'clock.

Mr. Jack Amory the genial comedian who later made such a success with the Robins players, came up to me.

"Have you got my part ?" he asked.

I handed it to him. He looked at it.

"I hope it's funny" he said with a rueful glance at the script "You know, no matter how serious I try to be they always laugh at me."

He was genuinely woe-begone.

"It's the news editor's part" I said, "It really doesn't matter how you treat it. It can be either funny or serious." I was beginning to realize how difficult it is for an actor to give the author's conception.

All day long we rehearsed. If only the dear little sixteen-year-olds who swell the matinee receipts could attend a week's work of a stock company there would be fewer yearnings and less sighings for the footlights. Stock acting is work, incessant dreary work with very little illusion about it. One thing that pleased me very much was that Miss Haswell's daughter, Miss Fawcett, rehearsed with us. She intended to play one of the roles and it would have been her first appearance in Toronto.

That night Mr. G—— beckoned to me mysteriously and took me to the front of the theatre.

"Behold !" said he.

The bill boards smote me in the eye,—

A new play by a Canadian Author,—

"Woman and Superwoman," by Arthur Beverly Baxter.

I blushed a deep crimson, untheatrical blush.

"Where did you get the name ?" I gasped.

"It was your own suggestion" he answered.

I shivered. I could see the lurking grins of my friends. First there was Shakespeare, then Bernard Shaw and then——me.

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¶ Has the delicious flavor of well cooked food, made from whole milk. The Condensed (sweetened) saves half the sugar in cooking.

¶ All the food value of rich whole milk with the water evaporated, making a creamy product that surpasses ordinary milk.

¶ Keeps sweet until the can is opened and for several days afterwards.

CREAM TOMATO SOUP FOR SIX

1 large can tomatoes
1 large onion chopped
Spring chopped celery
Teaspoonful of sugar
Teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful soda
¼ teaspoonful black pepper
Dash cayenne pepper

Boil this twenty to thirty minutes, strain through colander. Add half can of "Canada First" Evaporated (unsweeted) Milk diluted with an equal quantity of water. Bring this to a boil and serve with croutons of squares of toasted bread.

¶ Don't depend on the milkman—

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"CANADA FIRST"
in the house.

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BAKER'S COCOA

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The Original and Only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

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"That title" said Mr. G—— impressively "will draw fire."

I assured him I didn't doubt it.

"We were going to play 'Man and Superman'" went on Mr. G—— "But the censors wouldn't let us. They don't know enough about plays to tell the difference between this play and that one. We'll have the censors trying to hold the show up and it'll be a great send off for it."

Of course it is a well known axiom that some have greatness thrust upon them, but if I was going to run amuck of the censors I would prefer to give them some reason.

"Why didn't you call it 'Soup and Superwoman'" I growled.

Mr. G—— scratched his head. "Well now" he said "that isn't a bad title, either."

I went home.

The next morning we resumed rehearsals. Then came the big shock. Owing to the fact that my play required two leading men and as Miss Haswell's company possessed only one, we had been forced to allot Forest's part to a prominent Toronto amateur. He had rehearsed with us all day Tuesday. On Wednesday he sent word that his firm had sent him out of town.

Miss Haswell burst into tears. Mr. G—— burst into profanity.

The rehearsals were called off and Miss Haswell announced that she would bring a professional actor from New York for the part and produce it the following week. The next day Miss Haswell's brother-in-law, Allan Fawcett, died. He had been a great favorite with her and I know his death took a lot of the fight out of her. She ended her engagement with "Out of the Fold" and went back to the States.

Fred Tiden stayed in Toronto in order to suggest some changes in the play. He felt sure that it would succeed if certain changes were made. We adjourned, with the 'script, to the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. The tennis courts lay green and inviting beneath our gaze. We forgot the play and donned our flannels. Fred beat me three straight sets.

The next day, with grim determination in our eyes, we again sought the Club's verandahs. Things were much better that day. I took two sets out of three from him.

The following day it rained and Fred outlined the changes he thought necessary, and also gave me letters of introduction to two of New York's biggest producers.

At the end of the week I went to Atlantic City and rewrote the play. It took three weeks to do it. Of course it wasn't entirely the fault of the play that it took so much time,—there was a charming little brunette who—but then who ever went to Atlantic City who didn't meet a charming little brunette? She told me she was a Grand Opera singer and I told her I was a playwright. I think I offered to write her an opera and she offered to star in one of my plays. I used up a year's royalties in Chair-rides but it was worth it. We both knew we were lying but then she had such glorious eyes and I,—well I had a suit of flannels that were of rather a fine cut.

Between prevarications I rewrote the play. I put in a prologue six years before the first act. I made a villain of the innocent Forest, in fact caused him to commit forgery and then put the blame on Hardy who of course did not deny the charge,—Forest had a mother and Hardy was such a noble soul. I reduced Lucy to a nonentity and gave Hardy and Dorothy about six strong scenes. It was so much like every other play I had ever seen that it seemed certain of success.

We went to New York,—no, no, not the brunette and I,—the play and I. We met the heavy artillery of the Theatrical Producers. They were exceedingly courteous. In fact, I consider theatrical managers a very polite body of men considering their trials and tribulations. They never know when they are going to be assaulted in broad daylight by a rejected author.

They were busy with rehearsals (this is the stock excuse of all managers), but would read the play in the very near future and send it back,—that is, they would let me know. Alone I returned to Toronto and pondered.

The original idea of the play was practically demolished. Any attempt at originality of style or subtlety of language had been "cut," as it delayed the action. Some day the modern stage manager will have to realize that action is not the most important thing in a play. The "Movies" are infinitely superior in action. What the drama must fall back on is dialogue,—clever lines, or sooner or later there will be no drama.

Two letters came from New York practically at the same time. The first one said,—

"Your play contains much that is good but it does not interest us enough to produce it. We would be glad if you have anything else to have you submit it to us." That producer paid me the most sincere compliment I have yet received on behalf of my work. He prepaid the postage on the play, amounting to forty-four cents.

The second one said,—"I am returning your play and will write you in the course of a few days suggesting some changes."

Changes?

"Gord!" as Mr. G—— so feelingly remarked.

A Freight of Currency

Continued from page 23.

the stuff. I never knew what he gave for it; any how he would be on the safe side as he was a hard nail in a deal o' that kind. I had the jewellery valued ten year ago by old Attenborough and the British museum chaps. The pawnbroker offered me four hundred pound for the lot, and the museum men said it was worth three times as much to them. But I didn't sell an' there it is.

"Those gew-gaws were the wife's property and they now belong by rights to her only living child. An' so I want you, Sam, to take it to her along wi' the whole contents o' that there box. It's a tall order, I know, but I've no faith in a living soul to do the job except yourself old sport.

"But I'll recompense ye allright, Sam. I've a bit by me besides what's in that pot, an' I'll give ye the price o' a good freight to Halifax an' back if the *Mermaid* has to go an' come in ballast."

Sam's eyes dilated like the searchlights of a battleship at the crazy proposal, and for the moment was dumfounded. Windlass continued to talk and to sweep away all sorts of real or imaginary difficulties that might be exercising the skipper of the *Mermaid*, but it looked for a long time as if Sam's jaws were finally sealed against every device to open them.

He sat as one in a trance. It was not the habit of Sam Slimber to spend his waking moments in chasing butterflies, and for a full ten minutes he brooded in silence on this fool scheme. At last he woke up. Ejecting a quid upon which he had been ruminating, he bit off a fresh piece of Navy Plug, stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat and proceeded.

"Windlass, I allus thought you would come to this, an' I'm beginnin' to feel real proud o' ye, mate. You've admitted that ye 'avent done the clean thing by Elsie, but that's all over now. Let by-gones be by-gones an' I'll do the job for her sake. I 'aven't been in Halifax harbor for well nigh five year, but the old ship is as taught as she was the day she first left the slips, except for a bit o' copper here an' there on her bottom, w'itch we'll see to. When would ye like me to sail ?"

"Soon as ye can, Sam; sooner the better, an' I want ye to take Sonny with ye. I'll be a dead man in a day or two an' who's to look arter him when I'm gone ? Besides, if I were to live twenty year longer, what chance is there for the boy livin' in a hole like this with an old curmudgeon like me ? Elsie is his dead mother's sister, an' she had as much to do with draggin' him up as his mammy had afore she died. I know Elsie's fond o' the lad for she never writes but she axes all about him."

"Ever seen the doctor about ye' self, Windlass ?"

"No ! What's the use o' a doctor to me ? It would only be throwin' good money after bad, an' I'd rather save it for Sonny."

"Well, Josh, I've known ye all them fifty year now, an' I know it's no good argifyin' a point wi' you when you've made up your mind. Seems as if nothing but the ghosts o' dead folks or a stummick full o' canned lobster larst thing at night, will ever shake ye out o' an opinion. An' that minds me. D'ye know it's one o'clock to-morrow mornin' an here we are settin' jawin' as if it were a'ter Sunday mornin' breakfus ? Nice state o' things for a man wi' one foot in the grave an' another holdin' down his filthy lucre in case it gets blown away or pinched !"

"You're right, Sam. Let's sleep over it," and the sick man carefully repacked his treasure chest which the other replaced and interred as he had found it in the coal-bin.

On every out-of-doors day—

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TORONTO

Try It, Madam

A bonbon dish, filled with these airy tit-bits. You'll find that you can't resist it.

The writer keeps Puffed Grains on his desk—Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Within an hour it's empty.

So, Mrs. Housewife, it will be with you, if you place them on your writing desk.

For these bubble-like morsels, crisp and flaky, are real food confections. They taste like nut meats puffed.

Bonbons for Breakfast

This is a plea to serve these bonbons for breakfast, oftener than you do. Let them make more meals delightful.

There are two Puffed Grains, each with its own fascinations. There are many ways of serving.

They are so dainty, so flimsy, so flavory that the meals which bring them seem like festivals.

Yet they stand supreme as scientific grain foods. Prof. Anderson's process explodes every food cell. Thus every atom digests and feeds.

Puffed Grains seem like tit-bits. But they are super-foods. No element in them is wasted.

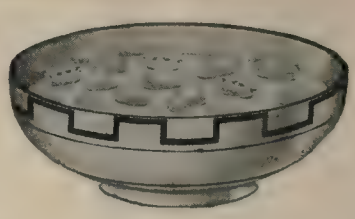
Puffed Wheat	Except in Far West	12c
Puffed Rice		15c

As foods, serve with cream and sugar, or in bowls of milk, or mixed with any fruit.

As confections, use in candy making, as garnish for ice cream, or for eating dry like peanuts.

Use them as wafers in soups.

These are perfect grain foods, which look and taste like sweetmeats. And they can't be served too often.



It's too bad that more grains are not puffed.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. **Saskatoon, Sask.**

[1280]

Windlass, whatever his ailment, slept soundly that night if the act of snoring like a hippopotamus were any symptom of somnolence, but the blessing of sleep did not visit the pillow of Sam Slimber. The job he had rashly undertaken and the hundred and one things arising out of it crowded his brain all night long, and it was broad daylight when he finally dozed off into unconsciousness.

After breakfast (which the nearly-dead man partook of in bed) the skipper took himself off to see how things were going on at the docks. He promised to return to the mid-day meal but arrived unexpectedly while it was still in preparation, bringing with him a stranger whom he introduced as his friend Doc' Macpherson.

The Doc' was a red haired person and "took" the eye of the chandler the moment he entered the room, sailin' in as he did with a free and easy manner altogether at variance with the usual demeanour of the consulting physician. He was invited to join in the homely meal of "sassiges an' mashed" which happened to be the only item on the menu for that day, and he attacked his portion as if he had not broken fast for fortyeight hours.

"Well Windlass," said Sam, as they sat down to a pipe afterwards, "I've been giving the Doc', here, some o' your symptoms an' he wants to have a look at your tongue an' perhaps feel your pulse. Ye don't mind that d' ye ?"

"O, no, but *that* won't help 'im. Besides, I don't want no medical advice from anybody. I know as well as we're settin' here that my charter party has run out an'——"

"That's all very well," chipped in the Doc,' "but there's no greater fool, my friend, than the man who is his own lawyer, 'cept it is the chap who tries to doctor himself. I haven't come to bleed ye either of your money or yer gore. Sam, here, is an old friend o' mine, an' I'd do anythink for a friend o' Sam's. This is purely a friendly consultation, an without even lookin' at yer tongue or poundin' yer chest, I can see yer case as well as if I had been attendin' ye for six months. Ye've got a touch o' *Lapis-lazuli*, an' ye'll never get well here if ye *wanted* to get well. It's a pecoolar thing is the lapis. Medicine ain't no good for it. Sea air an' winkles is the only thing—onless ye can take a long sea voy——"

"But I'm not——"

"No I know ye ain't; but if the sanitary authorities knew about this stink-hole" (looking disgustedly around upon the chaos of grease and grime) they would give you some trouble I can tell ye. I'll tell ye what Sam an' me have been thinkin' of.

"There's a nice little convalescent

horspital down at Deal lookin' square out on the Downs where ye could get a nice whiff o' the clean salt air what ye used to breathe, and ye'd come home well, in a week. Lock up yer rubbish, set traps for the mice, an' tell the milkman ye won't be round for a fortnight."

"But I tell ye, Doc,' I'm a dead man, already. Haven't I told Sam, here, that I saw a vision——"

"Josh ! There ain't an old washerwoman in Rotherhithe that can beat ye for downright want o' pluck," protested Sam. "Ain't it yer dooty to keep livin' an doin' something if ye can ? Besides, ain't it better to die comfortable among mates an' clean clo'es than kickin' the bucket all alone in a place like a sweep's back yard ? Anyhow, if ye don't take the Doc's advice, I back out o' this Halifax job. How does that suit ye ?"

To be continued.

An Understudy for Hannah

Continued from page 17.

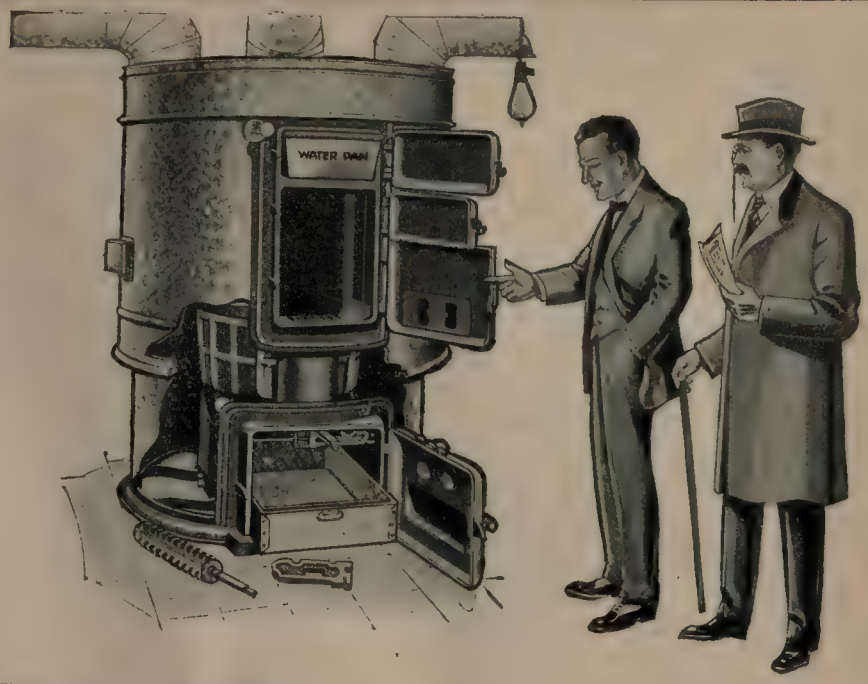
if endowed with the hearing denied to deaf ears, waited and released their hold. Old Isabella stood unheld above the little bush. Her beautiful face quivered with delight. She bent slowly and ran her fingers lightly over every little branch and leaf, almost every little petal of pink. There were six of the roses; she "looked at" them all in turn and made little comments on them in her low voice. This one was perfect, perfect ! This little bud would burst very soon—this leaf and this and this, poor things, some insect had eaten ! This rose——

"I will have this one," old Isabella said, and broke it off with gentle fingers. Then lifting herself, she yielded without impatience to the steadying hands again. They led her safely back to her chair on the porch.

"Thank you," began old Isabella and then remembered. "I will ask Maria to thank her for me," she thought. For certainly it had been kind in the new Hannah.

Yes, she would tell Maria to thank her. It must be a great affliction to be deaf—a great affliction. To old Isabella with her keen "earsight" and her lore of friendly voices and all of nature's sounds, the affliction loomed gigantic. She felt newborn sympathy for the new Hannah. As she swayed back and forth in her cushioned rocker she fell to making kind little plans for establishing communicaion with the deaf maid. She would like to be friends with her, she told herself—to do her some helpful, pleasant turn.

"I will ask Maria," was her final decision. She had been asking Maria all the years of her life. Maria was four years her senior.



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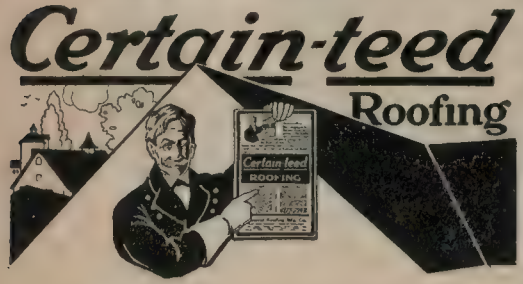

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At noon the heat culminated in a terrible swelter that drove indoor people out of doors and outdoor people in, in vain search for comfort. The world seemed steeped in pitiless sunshine. The new Hannah spreading out her dainty lady's dainty linen in the back yard sat back suddenly, faint with the hot beat of it on her flopping pink sunbonnet. She was very tired indeed. Very gently she swayed sidewise until she lay a poor, curled heap on the grass. The pitiless sun beat down steadily on the heap.

Old Isabella dosing uncomfortably on the front porch felt something warm and lively thrust suddenly into her arms and heard a breathless young voice:

"Take her quick! It's the baby—I didn't dare to leave her at home alone. Where is your sister? Oh, quick! for something has happened to your maid! She's fallen down in the back yard—I came as soon as I discovered her—I must find your sister"——

Old Isabella sat up, pale and startled, the baby clutched against her breast. Her sightless eyes strained wide open as if in a piteous attempt to see.

"Maria—I don't know where Maria is," she trembled. "She ought to be in her room at the top of the stairs."

But she was not there. The frantic young mother hunted through all the rooms and called shrilly, "Maria! Maria!" quite oblivious to form and ceremony. Maria did not seem to be anywhere. In despair at last of finding her, the young woman went shrinkingly around to where the poor curled heap lay in the sun. She bent over it in a daze of horror, her lips white and set. There was no distinguishable flutter—it was terrible!

"She is light. I must get her out of the sun. She must not stay here," ran through her mind. She put her hands gently underneath the limp arms and dragged. It seemed a long time before the shade was reached. Some one came and stood beside her. It was old Isabella. She could not have told how she and the baby got there.

"I've laid it down in a soft place—right here, see? I had to come—I knew you couldn't find Maria. You get some water—I'll take off her sunbonnet—go, go. I can see to do it!" Her fingers were busy already with the calico strings. When the young person came back the new Hannah's worn, plain face lay peacefully upward, uncovered to seeing eyes—and unseeing ones. For old Isabella knew already.

"Why!" the young person breathed, and "Oh!" helplessly.

"Yes, it is Maria," old Isabella said with the calm of necessity. "I will bathe her face—can you find some

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one to get a doctor? She is breathing!' With sudden fierceness: "She is not dead! Maria is not dead!"

She should not be—could not be! The delicate old hands worked with desperate speed at their rubbing and bathing. Her frenzied thoughts kept pace with them. A little way off the abandoned baby rolled luxuriously in the shade and dug soft fists into the grass. A faint, pleasant sound came to the new Hannah as she opened her eyes. For the new Hannah now could hear.

"That sounds like a bab——why, Bella!" She tried weakly to rise, anxiety coming to life in her still face. "Bella! Bella, *how did you get here?*" she whispered.

Old Isabella leaned down and kissed away all the rest she would have said. They had never been demonstrative sisters. No Weatherbee had ever been demonstrative. The kiss told Maria all there was to be told. She knew in a pleasant, indefinite way that there would be no need for explanation, and in the relief of knowing it she fell asleep. She was in her own bed when she awoke again. She felt comfortable and happy, especially her thin old lips that had been kissed. Bella was groping fussily about the room, waiting upon her. Bella waiting on her! It was the beginning of a new order of things, it would seem.

"I am going to do things, too, now—we are going to do them together," old Isabella announced calmly. "I have been practising getting about alone. I find I am very handy—the Weatherbees were always smart enough when they chose to be and I choose to be. You will see, Maria!" smiling splendidly. But in old Isabella's heart dwelt tears. The memory of the new Hannah always found them there.

The youngest neighbor was discreet and the two old sisters were Weatherbees. The new Hannah and her shielding sunbonnet slipped out of being quietly, as they had slipped in. Between the sisters nothing was said save one remark of old Isabella's that did not require answering. They were together on the porch in the cool twilight. Both had been oddly silent. Out of the silence came gently old Isabella's voice, quoting: "Whereas I was blind, now I see." Her fingers sought and found Maria's with a swift, truncaresslike motion, but it was a caress. Maria peered happily through the dimness.

"Maria, we can get along very well without Hannah. Oh, very well!" old Isabella said briskly. The tears behind her voice fought for a chance to get through. She held them back. "I think on the whole we can get along better alone—don't you, Maria?"

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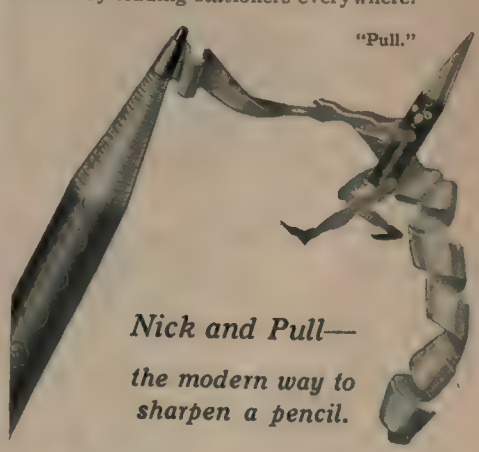

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The Spirit of a People

Continued from page 25.

ding would begin. Shares ranged from one-quarter of a cent up to eight and ten cents on a par value of one dollar. While we watched one man "made" $5,000. Somebody lost.

Gambling of this sort gets into the blood. The temptation to buy is nearly irresistible. The stock looks as good as any that is worth real money. There may be oil in your favorite "buy." Nobody can prove there is not. And if there should be!

"Gamble a tenner, Bill! It won't break yuh!"—But it does.

On the National Spirit

To us, visitors in a land so like our own that only the Canadian ensign floating from the flagstaffs marked any outward difference, it seemed as though we never could get away from the deep-toned throb of the British drums. Unheard by human ears the war cry of the Empire had traveled across sea and land and down the millions of memories, tingling along the nerves of business and pleasure, tensing the home ties, stirring the people into conscious accord with the Britons beyond the seas. The American jingo need not fool himself. Canada is not a mental, industrial, or political lean-to to the United States. Neither does Canada belong to Great Britain. She is part of the Empire, and a blow struck at Whitby is answered by a clenched fist in the smallest of the newborn villages of the Nechako. The average Canadian is friendly to the United States, but for us to imagine for an instant that he would prefer America to England is folly. He prefers neither. He and his nation are an integral part of the world-circling Empire, and he steps forward to assume its burdens, and through all the tides of his being the drums are calling—calling—calling!

I could wish we had a nationality like that. I believe we have. I believe it is here, and only hidden for the time. I believe that if the hour of trial came we, too, would hear the drums, and answer with all we have. I believe we would stir ourselves out of our dreams that we still are British and German and Italian and Scandinavian and Polish and Hebrew and Greek. I think that under battle stress we should know ourselves for Americans, first, last, and all the time. Some of us would, I believe, be even better Americans than the rest, because some of us were not Americans, but purchased our Americanism at the great price of separation from country and home and kindred, and to this land of our choosing belongs a loyalty beyond all measure, even of life itself.

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And as I sit here thinking of my friends of the many years, men and women out of every country—of Ishimoto of Japan, of Joe the Turk, of Fritz and Ole and Thomas and Evan and Jean, Americans all—I cannot help wondering why it is that here and now, with peace within our borders, with the world's civilization entrusted to our keeping, we should quarrel among ourselves and claim membership among the peoples we have left rather than with a nation of which we are a part. The mysterious forces that have led us out from the lands of our fathers and have blended us into one people beneath one flag control our being. We cannot stand aside and say "Let the Americans do it!" We need to grip hard the fact that we are the Americans—*we are America*! And it is high time that we ceased to use America as an instrument for one side or the other in the world struggle now going on. We ought to be willing to be loyal to our land—to the ideals it stands for—or we ought to leave it to those who are loyal!

All day long the valleys had been closing about us. All day the dark green of the forests had deepened. The smoke of fires before which the rabbits and the larger game ran confused grew denser, became a sheet of flame, was passed, and once more the distant mountain tops glittered in the sun. The Nechako was far behind us, a memory of rich fields and flashing streams, and friendly folk. Deeper and deeper the valleys grew. Higher and still higher rose the walls of the Mother Range of the Rockies. The train rounded a curve, and there, full before us, its front hung with a blazing jewel of a glacier, stood Mt. Robson, its feet in the blackness of night, its summit two miles above in the brightness of day. We sat there in the dusk, alone, and with the Infinite. Then we drew down the shades, and bade each other good night. There was no more to be seen that day, and nothing to be said.

In these stories of a land in the making I have tried to pass on to the readers of Canada Monthly something of the pleasure that is ours in possessing the memories of a month of leisure after forty years of work. I think we came home better Americans, better fitted to teach our children the meaning of America and the things America stands for.

Whether or not we shall visit Canada again I do not know. We have dreams of a trip to the other new lands of the world—to Brazil, the Argentine, Siberia, South Africa—perhaps! But whatever happens, for ourselves and for our children and I trust for the reader, it was well worth while—our month of playtime with a friendly people in a friendly land.

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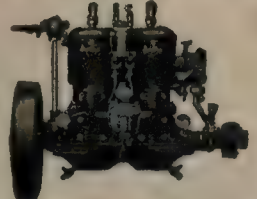

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CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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WHAT is law? How shall it be enforced? Is there a fundamental difference between the "laws" of the long established, well educated community and the "moral code" of the roughest frontier settlement? These problems are the basis of a full-blooded story Madge Macbeth will present to our readers in the July issue of CANADA MONTHLY under the title of *Kleath's Alibi*. It is a story of the Yukon district during the early days of the gold rush that brought the slum and brains of the world to the roughest country God ever made, there to set up their own code of laws and to establish their own rough, although effective, methods of enforcing these laws. A master artist in word pictures, Madge Macbeth has never written a more vivid story than *Kleath's Alibi*.

Statisticians of the United States assert the lumber supply of that country will be exhausted in another quarter century. Our neighboring Republic is even now looking to outside markets for a considerable portion of her lumber. Europe will need great quantities of timber to rebuild the devasted war sections. She will have to look outside for a large portion of this material. It is our boast that Canada will be able to supply the world with lumber products for years to come. In an authoritative article written for the readers of CANADA MONTHLY the Forestry Service of British Columbia points out how this one province alone can supply the world markets with timber products for many years to come.

Mona Cleaver's *Letters of a V. A. D.* will be concluded in the July issue. Yes there is a love affair, as you will guess after reading the first series of the letters from the Voluntary Aid in this issue. Miss Cleaver gives us in the next installment a "peep into the works" of the army of the Allies. Of course part of it is fiction, but there is enough reality to make the whole piece interesting.

The Point of Saturation and *Who Laughs Last* are two fiction numbers which will add zest to the July issue. There will of course be a long installment of *The Son of the Otter*. The romance between Ahteck and Mititesh is fully developed in this portion of the story but like most encounters with little Corporal Dan, the course of the true love between the big Indian trapper and the little woman he plucked from the clutches of starvation, is disturbed by a lasting storm.

These are only a few of the many features of the July issue —one of the best numbers of CANADA MONTHLY ever published.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1916

The Bilingual Issue in Canada	Tom King	73
Strange Oaths Illustrated by W. B. Timlin	James Church Alvord	76
Some Letters of a V. A. D. Illustrated by Norman Hall	Mona Cleaver	79
In Old Cape Town Illustrated from Photographs	J. Wilbur Read	82
Confessions of a Winged Ant Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton	Helen E. Williams	85
A Freight of Currency. Part II. Illustrated by W. B. Timlin	J. D Duthie	88
The Flowing of the Deosongwa Illustrated by Bruce Cameron	Agnes Ross White	91
Applying the Sermon. Verse	T. A. Daly	92
Canada by Mail Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant	J. and G. McNear	94
The Son of the Otter Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant	George Van Shaick	97
How Canada Produces Your Loaf of Bread		111

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New Prospectus from MISS STUART.

The talk topic in the lobby of the Chateau Laurier recently turned to the subject of thoughtless remarks, when this story was recalled by one of the Conservative leaders.

Some time ago John Henry married the beautiful Gladys Maybelle, and the wedding was one of the big events of the burg in which they lived. During the reception that followed the ceremony, John Henry noticed a sad-looking citizen standing apart in another room.

"I say, old fellow," he joyously remarked, rushing up to the sad one, "what in the world are you doing here all alone?"

"Nothing at all," was the lame excuse offered by the other. "Simply avoiding the crush."

"You must come right out here and join the jubilee," warmly declared John Henry. "Have you kissed the bride?"

"I—er—I," thoughtlessly stammered the sad one; "no, not lately."

~

At a dinner party they were speaking of father's fondness for hanging around the cigarstore half the night, when someone was reminded of something along that line.

A bunch of girls were rallying around an ice cream table when one of the party suddenly became possessed of a happy thought.

"Oh, girls!" she exclaimed, "I just heard the most perfectly lovely conundrum! What is the difference between an old maid and a married woman?"

"Give us the answer," said another while the rest pondered. "We couldn't guess it in a week of Wednesdays."

"An old maid," was the smiling response of the first, "looks for a husband every day, and a married woman looks for one every night."

~

"I always make it a practice to hold my wife's coat or jacket," said the young husband of a few months' experience. "It is such little attentions that make 'em happy."

"Huh," grunted a war-scarred veteran, "that's just the thing that has caused more fights than anything. How's a man going to tell whether the collar of her waist goes inside or outside the coat? I get it wrong every time."

Irving Winslow, of Boston, somewhat belated, asserts that Longfellow was not historically accurate in his facts as presented in *Evangeline*, which has to do with an earlier Belgium.

We have no hope in the matter but if William James and W. T. Stead are ready to begin communicating they might induce Longfellow to come across with the facts, not that we are interested.

But if H. W. does get into communication with the earth plane because of this attack we'd like to ask him to tell us the real pronunciation of *Hiawatha*.

~

Myers, the barber in charge of the tenor chair in Old Hank Wagner's shop, has made a discovery. He finds that a talking machine record is absolutely the finest thing on earth for sharpening razors. He takes a piece of a record and rubs the razor on the music side, across the fine lines made by the sound waves, and asserts the result is better than he ever attained with the finest hone.

There is a natural query arising from this:

What tune do you think is best adapted for sharpening razors?

Our suggestion is:

"Hone, Sweet Hone."

~

At the weekly penny ante party Patricia happened to be making an effort to put one over and when she was called she threw her hand into the discard.

"What did you have anyway?" she was asked.

"Nothing but a billy goat," she replied.

"Why do you call it a billy goat?"

"Because it was all but."

~

"I see that Mrs. Smooker has gone to Battle Creek to take treatment," said the lady with the limousine to Mrs. M'Lap.

"So I heerd," said the dear old soul. "But I dunno's I'd like to go and take baths in a little crick where thousands are going every year. Seems like it would be pretty crowded."

~

"Why all these toots as you pass that village?" inquired the fireman.

"Toots is my wife's pet name," explained the engineer.

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In war-time do not waste time and energy on unimportant and unprofitable work. Economize labour. Put off unproductive work till after the war, and, if possible, help in producing something needed now. Let us not waste labour. Canada needs it all. If possible help to feed the Allies. Make your backyard a productive garden. Cultivate it with a will. Make your labour count for as much as possible.

Do Not Waste Materials

There should be no waste in war-time. Canada could pay the annual interest on her war expenditure out of what we waste on our farms, in our factories, in our homes. Every pound of food saved from waste is as good as a pound of increased production. The way for a nation to save is for every individual to save. France is strong to-day because of thrift in time of peace. The men and women of Great Britain are not only "doing" but are learning to "do without."

Spend Your Money Wisely

Practise economy in the home by eliminating luxuries. Wasting our dollars here weakens our strength at the Front. Your savings will help Canada to finance the war. Save your money for the next Dominion War issue. There can be no better investment.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA 5

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The Archbishop of Canterbury was to officiate at an important service in London. The main entrance to the Abbey was opened, and a great space roped off so that the dignitaries might alight from their equipages unmolested. When a dusty four-wheeler crossed the square, driven by a fat, red-faced cabby, bobbies rushed out to head him off.

"Get out of 'ere," one of them called briskly. "This entrance is reserved for the Archbishop."

With a wink and a backward jerk of his thumb the irrespressible cabby replied cheerfully:

"I 'ave the old duffer inside."

~

"Excuse me, sir," said the panhandler, shuffling up to Dubbleigh's side, "but you couldn't let me have $15, could you ?"

"Fifteen dollars ?" echoed Dubbleigh, "Great Scott, man; do you for one moment suppose I'd be fool enough to give you $15 ?"

"No, chief—I didn't," said the panhandler, "but I sort o' hoped you'd regard it as a kind of personal assessment and swear off fourteen ninety, leavin' me with a dime to the good !"

He got it.

~

It was the first time that four-year-old Willie had ever seen a snake; and, as it writhed and squirmed along, he ran into the house to tell of his discovery. "O mother," he exclaimed, "come here quick. Here's a tail wagging without any dog."

~

"Senator, you promised me a job."

"But there are no jobs."

"I need a job, Senator."

"Well, I'll ask for a commission to investigate as to why there are no jobs and you can get a job on that."

~

The class in natural history being asked to state the difference between a dog and a tree, the head boy promptly gave this answer:

"A tree is covered with bark, while a dog seems to be lined with it."

~

"How's vacation, Johnnie ?"

"Bully ! Fell off a shed, most got drowned, tipped over a beehive, was hooked by a cow, Jim Spindels licked me twice, an' I got two stone bruises an' a stiff neck ?"

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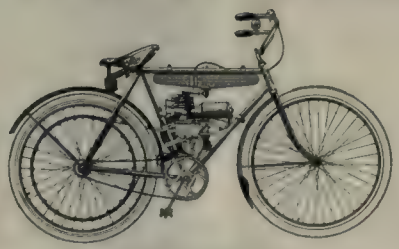

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MADE IN CANADA

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LONDON
JUNE

The Bilingual Issue in Canada

By Tom King

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Among our lawmakers and leading educators, the question of Bilingualism in our public schools, ranks with the problem of raising an army for the defense of the Empire. Most of us know that Bilingualism has to do with the teaching of the French as well as the English language, but few of us know of the intense feeling upon this subject in some quarters. Mr. Tom King, dean of the Press Gallery of the Dominion Parliament, here presents some authoritative facts in relation to this question which will be of moment to every mother and father interested in our school system.*

MANY languages may be and often are spoken by people living under the same flag. Only a small percentage of British subjects speak English, and possibly 10,000,000 American citizens know only the Spanish language. Even in small, compact countries like Belgium and Switzerland all the people do not speak the same tongue. The language question has only become acute in Europe through annexation of territory as in the case of Alsace-Lorraine or Poland. In the United States proper, English has become the universal language, not by legislation but by common consent. Immigrants from Continental Europe learned English perforce and not unwillingly. In English-speaking Canada it has been much the same as in the United States. There are families in Toronto where the father perhaps speaks English imperfectly and the mother not at all. Italian or some other language may be spoken in the home circle but the children all speak English fluently and it is a fair surmise that the grandchildren will speak English altogether and the foreign language not at all.

In the Province of Quebec, however, French and not English has always been spoken by the majority of the people.

No one objects to this, although it may have been anticipated that in time they would all speak English. Economic pressure it was thought would bring this about. There was a steady stream of emigration from Canada to the New England States, and in many Counties south of the St. Lawrence River English was spoken almost exclusively. As a sort of conversational sulphide we used to say that everybody ought to speak both languages. What we really had in the back of our heads was the idea that our good friends in Quebec would gradually come to speak English. It is, therefore, surprising to find the bilingual question more acute and more generally discussed today than it was say ten or even five years ago.

How are we to account for this?

IN THE first place, we must remember that the outflow of people from Quebec to New England has ceased and that thousands of French Canadians are coming back to Quebec from New England. The number of people who speak French in Canada is larger than it was some years ago. That is apparent from the fact that the "Eastern Townships" of Quebec once altogether English are now largely French. And there has been a steady flow of population from Quebec into Eastern Ontario. Prescott County is almost entirely French; Russell is about half and half. Those who speak French as their mother tongue are to be found in large numbers south of the River St. Lawrence and south of the Ottawa River as well.

When the French Canadians began to take up land in the English-speaking Protestant Counties of the Province of Quebec, the school question did not assert itself to any great extent. Speaking by and large the Protestant schools were English and the Catholic schools were French. The people agreed to disagree. The newcomers reared their children to be French-speaking Roman Catholics and the old settlers reared their children to be English-speaking Protestants. In Ontario, notably in the City of Ottawa, the situation was entirely different, because a considerable section of the population were unwilling to face the alternative of having their children reared as French-speaking

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S. M. Genest

These are the leaders of the French side in the legal battle now before the Imperial Privy Council to compel the Ontario Government to rescind the Regulation 17

Hon. N. A. Belcourt

Catholics or English-speaking Protestants. They desired them to be Catholics but they insisted upon their receiving a sound English education, and as a rule had no desire to have them taught French at all. The difficulty was perhaps accentuated by the long-standing feud between the Irish and French Catholics dating back to labor troubles in the forties. Hence for years there were bitter wrangles and controversies among the separate school supporters in the City of Ottawa. As the Capital grew in population, it became possible to have English Catholic schools and also French Catholic schools as well. But friction was not eliminated, as all the schools were under the one school board.

IN RURAL districts of Eastern Ontario, where one school house and one teacher had to do for all, the language difficulty could not be eliminated as in a large city, by giving English-speaking Catholics one school house and French-speaking Catholics another. As the migration from Quebec increased some municipal districts of Ontario became almost altogether French. The school established for that district was a French school and the few English-speaking Catholic families remaining suffered inconvenience if not injustice. Quite frequently they sold out and moved away.

The result was that French schools were established in many places. There were numerous attempts to regulate them and English instruction had been insisted upon more and more as time went by until the "French schools" became known as "English-French" or bilingual schools.

Regulation Fifteen of the Ontario Department of Education passed many years ago provided:—

"In school sections where the French or German language prevails, the trustees may, in addition to the Course of Study prescribed for public schools, require instruction to be given in Reading, Grammar and Composition to such pupils as are directed by their parents or guardians to study either of these languages, and in all such cases the authorized text books in French or German shall be used."

By 1910, in both Eastern and Western Ontario, there were many thousands of children attending the bilingual schools and yet the great majority of Ontario citizens took it for granted that every child in the Province was receiving a sound English education. Out of this impression they were rudely shocked by no less a person than Right Rev. Michael F. Fallon, Roman Catholic Bishop of London, Ont. In the fall of 1910 Biship Fallon declared that the bilingual schools in Western Ontario, especially in the County of Essex, were not giving the children who attended them an adequate education.

He believed that the effort to teach the children both languages resulted in their learning neither. He declared that the Ontario statutes and the regulations of the Ontario Department of Education in respect to these schools were not being observed, and he lamented that so many children, without any fault of their own, were starting the battle of life handicapped for the want of that education to which they were entitled, and doomed to be hewers of wood and drawers of water on that account. It will be recalled that His Lordship did not make any attack upon the French language or upon the bilingual school system if conducted in accordance with the laws and regulations of Ontario. He was dealing with conditions which he thought should be brought to the attention of the government. With that end in view he talked freely with Hon. W. J. Hanna, a member of the Ontario Government. Mr. Hanna reduced the conversation to writing and transmitted it to the Ontario Minister of Education and also to Sir James Whitney, then Prime Minister.

THAT confidential report of a confidential conversation was, through the misconduct of an employe, given the widest publicity and created a profound sensation. The contest then began which is still raging and the bilingual school of which few people had heard up to that time became and has since remained the storm centre of a violent controversy. At the next session of the Legislature, on the motion of Hon. Howard Ferguson, it was unanimously resolved:

"That the English language shall be the language of instruction and of all communications with the pupils in the public and separate schools of the Province except where in the opinion of the Department of Education it is impracticable by reason of pupils not understanding English."

A few months later the Government

appointed Dr. F. W. Merchant to visit, examine, inspect and report upon the conditions and efficiency of the bilingual schools. The task occupied him four months and his report to the minister was filed on February 24th, 1912. Its accuracy, I do not think, has ever been seriously questioned, and the general subject of bilingual education was apparently approached from a sympathetic standpoint. The report, however, disclosed that in a number of schools instruction in English was subordinated, if not neglected. If, therefore, the Government was to carry out the policy affirmed by the Legislature, some action was necessary. Therefore, in June, 1912, Hon. R. A. Pyne, Minister of Education, with the approval of the Government promulgated the now celebrated Regulation No. 17 which, among other things, provides:

"Where necessary in the case of French-speaking pupils, French may be used as the lanugage of instruction and communication; but such use of French shall not be continued beyond Form 1, excepting that on the approval of the Chief Inspector, it may also be used as the language of instruction and communication in the case of pupils beyond Form 1 who are unable to speak and understand the French language."

THE regulation was vigorously assailed as an effort to "proscribe" the French language. In some of the schools it was obeyed, in others evaded and in still others openly disregarded. The Government may have been at first inclined to temporize, feeling that some allowance should be made for a period of transition from the old system to the new, but by the summer of 1913 a violent controversy had arisen. The bilingual issue became sharply defined and aggressive.

Hon. Dr. R. A. Pyne
Ontario Minister of Education, who promulgated the famous regulation 17

Hon. Howard Ferguson, M.P.P.
Minister of Lands and Mines, Ontario

Ottawa was the storm center. The majority of the separate school board, under the leadership of Chairman Samuel M. Genest, openly refused to obey Regulation Seventeen, and they seem to have been warmly supported by the French-speaking citizens of the Capital. The principals and teachers in the French schools refused to carry out the regulation and when inspectors visited the schools, the children walked out in a body. When the contest between the English-speaking and the French-speaking Catholics increased in violence the majority of the board suddenly discharged a number of the English-speaking teachers and many schools were unable to open in September, 1913.

LITIGATION ensued, brought first by the French-speaking and then by the English-speaking supporters of the separate schools in Ottawa, with the tide of judicial decision flowing against the bilingualists. Finally, in 1915, the legislature of Ontario passed a statute affirming the validity of Regulation 17 and transferring the control of the separate schools in Ottawa from the trustees elected by the people to a commission appointed by the Government. Mr. Genest and many others petitioned the Dominion Government to disallow the Ontario Legislation, but without avail.

Continued on page 113.

Strange Oaths

By James Church Alvord

Illustrated by W. B. Timlin

"DRINK!" commanded an unknown voice.

Rupert Hughes obeyed and, as the brandy gurgled down his throat, tingled at once with inrushing strength. His brain cleared; fogs lifted all over him; he sat up, though shakily, and opened his eyes. His ears still thrummed with the sound of battle, the pinging of bullets; though the battle itself roared far away on the horizon where the towers of Rheims Cathedral lifted out of the smudge of it. Then the supporting arm softly withdrew from beneath his head; he was too dazed even to wonder why.

At the crucial hours the outward aspect of nature photographs itself upon our brains, we see old things all new. It was so with Rupert. Below the little eminence on which he lay the familiar landscape drifted as ever, but ruined, tragic. He had fished across Champaigne, year in and out, tramped through it, learned it, loved it; he had loitered down that very avenue of endless lombardy poplars which led so straight across the plain beneath him on and on to the cathedral city. Very wonderful they had been, slim and towselled, lank maypoles crowned with tattered cabbages—now he saw but two long lines of stumps. The trees themselves littered the highway on either side, hacked by unskilful soldiers or mowed by the swish of the artillery; while over all the land he had known merely in its summer brightness lay the sloshy snow, dribbled with meltings, splashed with mud and blood. He stirred and called gropingly.

"Vincent," he murmured, "Vincent!"

"You have spoke because you somethings like would?" It was the voice which had bidden him drink. A hand was laid softly on his head.

Rupert Hughes turned and found behind him a gray-clad German, stooping compassionately over him—an officer—a lieutenant—a youngster of his own age.

"Vincent—I—I—I must find Vincent—I promised his mother that I—that I'd bring him safe from—from the war—I—I—must find Vincent."

"Behold there so many are! How shall we one among so many discover?" Rupert tumbled to his feet, the German flinging an arm about him as he came, and gazed wildly around. He lifted a hand to his buzzing head; the head was bandaged and, when he took it back, the hand was smeared with blood. He felt giddy. He could not think clearly with that bitter throbbing across his temples, the bitten landscape still obsessed him.

"He was right here—right beside me—my brother——"

"He may have on with the battle gone." The tone was very kind and the blond young officer leaned nearer, his blue eyes gleaming, his straw-colored little moustaches quivering with emotion until their trivial attempts to imitate the bellicose horns on the lips of the Emperor became absurd. "What does he look like, the brother—perhaps—" He smiled assuringly.

"He's my brother—my half-brother—and he looks like his mother, dark, Italian, handsome. He isn't one bit like me. Oh, my God—"

RUPERT threw himself down on his knees beside a boy who lay in the pell-mell of the dead, he dragged the lad towards him with sudden terror, ripping off his clothes, listening at his heart. The German dumped beside him in the slush and drooped his ear over that heart-beat. For a moment the two knelt there side by side, the great, gawky, big-featured Englishman and the girlishly German, panting over the insensate body of the lad.

"He lives," triumphed the German.

"He lives but he is badly wounded," mourned the Englishman.

As they worked, silently, rapidly, the dead arose. Groans stuttered out from the heaps of the slain; men lifted themselves and then tumbled back again; here and there some man began to aid those about him. In the far distance ambulances, nurses, groups of gray-clad soldiers, flitted ghost-like over the plain. Presently all drifted onward towards the far cry of the battle.

"You have driven our men back," the Englishman spoke grimly.

"We have—it is too bad, not so?" the German spoke consolingly.

Then both returned to their labor over the boy who babbled incoherently. Once he cried "Mother," then laughed childishly. At that the face of the Englishman grew bleak. The German used every simple remedy his knapsack held.

"I too am of the wounded," he explained, "then I awoke and found you—oh, so near! I have in London lived. I hate not the English. I must fight yet for the Fatherland, not so?" He bent again to his rubbing.

"If I could get Vincent to a doctor—to our doctor—"

"But you are one prisoner, not so? I am so sorry; that you one prisoner are and your brother, he also one prisoner is. I cannot let you go—ah, you must understand that I so sorry am, not so? I hate not the English."

"He must have a surgeon."

"And I also and you also, we must the Mr. Doctor have, not so? Ach, I will to the encampment go and I will return, not so? Shall I a soldier call or shall I your parole take? I can trust you—you are

As they worked, silently, rapidly, the dead arose. Groans stuttered out from the heaps of the slain; men lifted themselves and then tumbled back again; here and there some men began to aid others.

one gentlemans." He lifted his candid eyes, the color of old-blue-Canton, to the Englishman's face and smiled. "It is not bad the captivity. You will eat of the rations of which we eat, the officers. It is not good but it is not bad. I can trust you, not so ?"

"I am a Canadian of English parentage," said the other solemnly, "an Englishman keeps his word and a Canadian never breaks his—you can trust me. I give you my promise to stay here until you return." Rupert looked up and smiled too, for he liked the fresh-faced Prussian. "Besides all that, I can't escape if I try. Your soldiers are on all sides of me."

THE German laughed delightedly, then blushed furiously. He stooped suddenly and kissed young Hughes, first on either cheek, then upon the lips. Rupert flushed scarlet in his turn but did not resent the kiss; his heart warmed even more towards his captor and he watched him limp across the fields towards the trenches far away. It would be hours before he could return. The battle had rushed upwards along the hills which stretch between Rheims and Epernay, the noise of it blurted through the world. He stooped back to his half-brother with a weary sigh.

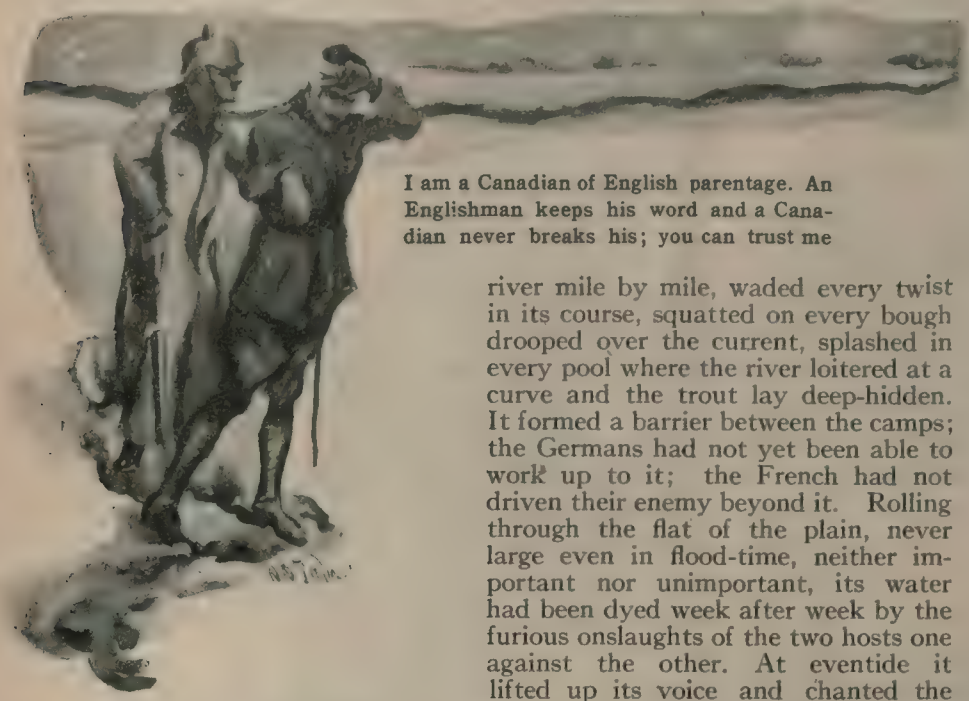
The boy was badly wounded. An exploding shell had cut him cruelly across the chest and the blood still oozed in a purple stream through the torn flesh — what would Vincent's mother say ? Rupert's own mother had died the day he was born and this warm-hearted Italian, with her soft voice and softer ways, had filled the place completely. She had been too conscientious in her step-motherhood, had sacrificed her own lad again and again to his older brother's pleasures, had poured herself out on both unstintingly. Then in her widowhood both had enlisted for their father's fatherland; but the older had been the enthusiast, had swept his brother into the current of the enlisting. At the last hour, as she turned the corner of the gang-plank, the Italian had rushed back to Rupert with that passionate mother-cry, "O, bring him back to me ! bring him back to me ! I cannot live without him;" and Rupert, moved by the madness of the moment, had promised.

RUPERT lifted the boy's head to his breast and the great sad Neapolitan eyes unsealed—they were her eyes. He stroked softly the golden pallor of the cheeks—her tint, thrust his hands through the black thick curls—her curls. He loved the lad's mother as he loved nobody else on earth and next to her he loved the lad. They were Neapolitans. Neapolitans are creatures of the sunshine and the outer air. They die in cages. They must have freedom. Vincent must go home to Halifax, next the purple sea. Rupert drew his brother close with a passionate hug; the youngster opened

his eyes again and again he murmured "Mother."

The older brother forgot everything, his oath, his honor, his own danger, everything but the one overwhelming thought—Vincent must go home.

The day died. Flame from the cannon's mouth had set the sky on fire



I am a Canadian of English parentage. An Englishman keeps his word and a Canadian never breaks his; you can trust me

until it blazed with that grisly scarlet known only to battle-fields; the undulating hills behind him seemed sprinkled with blood as the snow took the color of the sunset down into its very heart and turned to one vast sheet of gore, tremulous under the quivering light, throbbing, surging in waves down to the river and the sea. The tint was gorgeous, vivid, horrible. The river was but a few rods away. The Western bank cast a shadow over the water, which cut its way through that scarlet splendor like a line of ink drawn by a child's wabbling finger-tip right across the landscape. Wabbling as it was its shallow stream ran straight towards Epernay, Epernay with her great French garrison and her sprinkle of English soldiery. But it was useless to think of the river—he couldn't swim that far unencumbered—with the burden of his brother the attempt would be a mere fantasy—he——something caught his tense attention. A shadowy form swept out upon the current, deepened by the melting snow and now fairly bawling its monotone underneath the far-heard yell of war; in a moment the dim sketch of a form fled back again to its covert of rushes and tall sedge-grasses. The young soldier watched intently, his breath gasping as he gazed. After a moment again the long, slim length floated out from beneath the fringe of bedraggled willows, bobbed freely upon the current, then sneaked into hiding with a jump. It was a boat.

WAITING in the fading sunset Rupert watched the oscillations of that boat. He had discovered his escape. He had known the place from childhood, had fished down the shallow river mile by mile, waded every twist in its course, squatted on every bough drooped over the current, splashed in every pool where the river loitered at a curve and the trout lay deep-hidden. It formed a barrier between the camps; the Germans had not yet been able to work up to it; the French had not driven their enemy beyond it. Rolling through the flat of the plain, never large even in flood-time, neither important nor unimportant, its water had been dyed week after week by the furious onslaughts of the two hosts one against the other. At eventide it lifted up its voice and chanted the song of the dead. It formed a perfect path for his escape and the boat a perfect vehicle.

There was only one thing to do now—wait.

HE began to busy himself here and there about the wounded, propping Vincent's head with a heap of coats, making him comfortable on outstretched blankets. The dead were of many nations, the few wounded were French; for the allies had been successful at the first moment of their charge and then been driven, wading waist-deep, as they backed across the river, the Germans following in their wake. As he passed among the living he aided with the supplies he took from German knapsacks, staunching blood, pouring water down parched throats, pulling the wounded from beneath the killed. One young Parisian sat up and began to chatter; he was badly slashed in the arm but assisted Rupert to draw the bandage tighter. Finally the hemorrhage stopped.

The glare dimmed — ceased — the night came on. Rupert stooped to his unconscious brother. Vincent was tall and heavy with big bones and muscles; yet with both arms under his shoulders Rupert started for the river, staggering as he went.

"Hy, there!" called the Frenchman," you told me you were paroled. What are you doing?"

"I will keep my parole—don't fret!"

"But we must show these Dutchmen ——"

"I am caring for my brother—I must —I must. And you—you will keep my secret?"

"I'm not scouting for the Germans," the Parisian half-rose then slipped down with a groan," and I'm not squealing on my pals. Good luck and good-bye!"

Rupert nodded at him over a shoulder. "Of two duties choose the biggest. This is the biggest; but I shan't forget my parole. Good-bye!" he called, then floundered with his burden across the snow.

IT was a peasant's boat, rudely-built, square-cornered, loaded down with straw. Tethered to a stake on the bank it flopped back and forth on the smash of the roaring water; but crept easily to the bank when once the runaway had laid a hand upon the rope. Lifting his brother in, Rupert jumped after him, then clipped the cord with one slash of his knife. Turning he caught sight of a group of lights blinking down the field from the direction of the German trenches; his young lieutenant was returning with a surgeon and an ambulance. He pulled the straw here and there to make a hiding-hole for Vincent and crept in beside him just as the current, catching the boat, flung it out into the middle of the stream. Hidden from sight beneath the straw he lifted a prayer to God as he felt the clumsy craft creep onward toward far Epernay.

For fifteen minutes it bounced along, floating freely for a while, bumping into this bank and then into that, twisting sidewise, wabbling while the waves slid under it with a ceaseless see-saw. Once it struck a snag of roots and hung there—teetering—teetering—while the frantic boy inside reached out a hand after the obstruction. He dared not reach far for fear of being seen; masquerading as a drifting load of straw, he must keep in character. The water was bitter cold. Scrunching, squealing, slithering, by degrees the boat slipped from its anchorage to plunge once more into the flash of the tide.

Ten minutes more and it boggled into a well-known pool where the fish snooze, fat and sleepy, all the plenteous summertime. Here the boat started a new waltz, swinging in gay circles round and round, refusing to leave the pool. A voice grunted from the bank.

"Say, Ulrich, here's a load of straw. 'Twouldn't lie bad under a fellow o' nights. What do you say to jumping in after it?"

"It's too beastly cold—then th' Major'd say things," the voices called

Continued on page 119.

Some Letters of a V. A. D.

Being letters written by Angela Crawford of the Voluntary Aid Detachment to her friend Gladys Winston

By Mona Cleaver

Illustrated by Norman Hall

Steamer Orion,
April, 29th.

DEAREST GLAD—I know you will want to hear something about my journey over so will try to get this ready to post when I reach Liverpool. The trip has been very uneventful, so far, though of course one wonders a good deal about one's fellow-passengers and why they travel at such a time and if no steamer gossip reveals the information one makes up stories to fit the faces.

There is, of course, the usual pseudo—adventuress with tinted hair and pink cheeks, whose mysteries are doubly mysterious in war time. I overheard her telling my neighbor on deck what a wonderful husband she has.

"Why," she declared, "He has a certificate for teaching school in Canada and if you can teach school in Canada you can do anything or go anywhere."

It sounded so simple and easy that I almost wondered if my Kindergarten diploma wouldn't have been better than a passport and a million letters of introduction such as I am lugging about with me.

The real adventuress looks so meek that one seldom discovers her and her vigorious schemes until the last day out but I think I have my eye on the lady already. She's just too downcast of eye and unobtrusive of dress to be possible.

As for the other people, there are a number of competent looking women going over to nurse, a couple of wealthy and not very useful-looking Americans with the same end in view, some young men wanting to enlist, each in some particular branch of the service, a family of English musicians returning from an American season, a young Irishman who boasts of having been blown up on an English ship in the Black Sea and afterwards arrested as a spy in Constantinople, a nice boy from Idaho who wants to drive a motor ambulance at the front, and write stories about it for his home paper.

Then there are two Spaniards who can't—"or pretend that they can't" my neighbor and I whisper suspiciously,—speak a word of English, a tiny chap who is going over, the ship's gossips say to ride in the Derby, some business men, some Canadian wives, and even children, going to join husbands and fathers in England.

I don't think there is anything more to tell you now. Perhaps I shall have time to drop you a line from London before I get settled in a hospital.

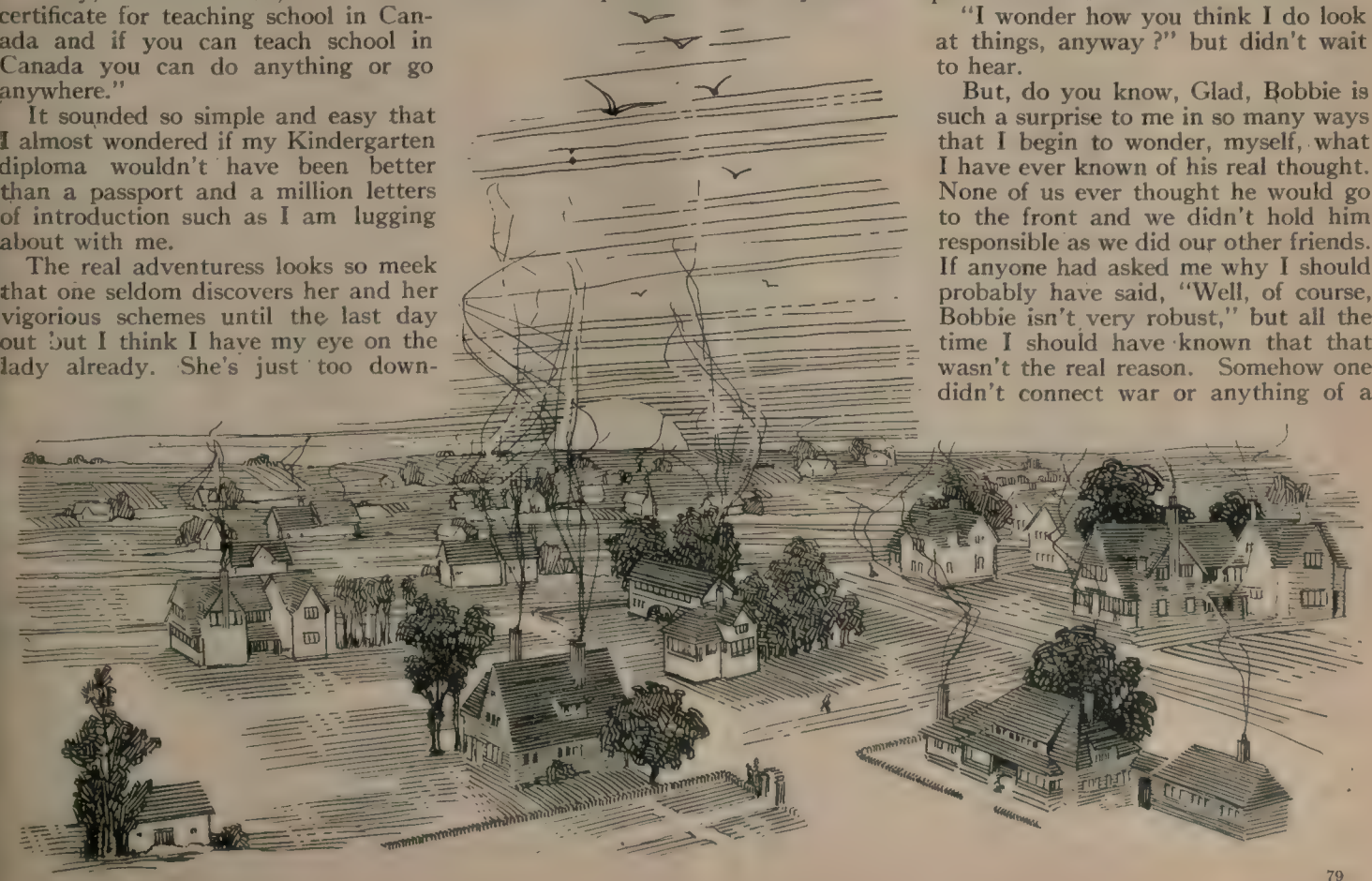
Best love,

ANGELA.

P.S.—My dear, how did you know about Bobbie? Yes, you were quite right but I was utterly surprised and of course, I said "No." I said we didn't look at things in the same way at all and that I'd make him no happier than he'd make me. He said:

"I wonder how you think I do look at things, anyway?" but didn't wait to hear.

But, do you know, Glad, Bobbie is such a surprise to me in so many ways that I begin to wonder, myself, what I have ever known of his real thought. None of us ever thought he would go to the front and we didn't hold him responsible as we did our other friends. If anyone had asked me why I should probably have said, "Well, of course, Bobbie isn't very robust," but all the time I should have known that that wasn't the real reason. Somehow one didn't connect war or anything of a



serious nature with Bobbie. He seemed just to fit his pretty studio and I couldn't have pictured him otherwise than wearing his flowing tie, shell rimmed glasses with the broad black ribbon and his hair the merest trifle longer than anybody else's. He was always tremendously good fun and I must say he laid himself out with the utmost unselfishness to see that other people had a good time, everywhere, but I often wondered to myself if he even thought seriously about anything.

So, when he told me he was going to join the Aviation Corps I simply gazed at him for a minute or two and then said,

"Whatever do you know about aviation?"

"I went up several times," he answered, rather huffily, for him, "when I was in California last winter. Of course, the machines here are different but I guess I can find out about them."

When I heard only a couple of weeks later, that he had responded to that call from England for "experienced aviators," I thought he was mad and when he came to say good-bye the sight of him in his trim khaki made me feel as though I had never known him before. Gone were the flowing tie and the eye-glass, ribbon and his hair was closely cropped. He looked bigger and broader than I had ever seen him and the set of his shoulders were resolute. Really, Glad, I felt myself becoming positively proud of him and rather ashamed of myself.

And side by side with the feeling that Bobbie would never go to war had flourished the much more deeply rooted feeling that he would never get married. He was so devoted to his mother and then—oh, well, Bobbie liked all the girls so well. None of us ever took his overflowing friendliness for anything more serious and we all pictured him, I am sure, when he should get on to his fifties, as being a happy old beau playing about with our daughters and continuing to make life a bit smoother and a bit merrier for every one with whom he might come in contact.

But Bobbie in khaki had an altogether new and unaccustomed quality. I gazed at him soberly and tried to talk in the same old unconcerned way but fell silent and when he seemed to notice the gaze and the silence, Glad, I actually blushed. Can you imagine Bobbie watching anybody blush?

What a postscript! Now I really must run along. A.

London, May 3rd.

My Dear Glad—The last couple of days at sea were full of the interest of watching for submarines. I never took to watching all night, in fact I might have slept quite peaceably had not my cabin been on a corner of two passages, one leading to the smoke room and the other crossing the ship from deck to deck. I could hear the murmur of men's voices as they went to and fro from the smoke room and as they hung over the railing and, I suppose, watched the sparkle of the phosphorus as we drove through the black water.

When I went to bed I put my big wooly coat where I couldn't miss it if I were aroused suddenly. If one should have to spend many hours in a life boat it would be a comfort, I thought. In one capacious pocket I put my little pig skin jewel case and in the other my money bag, then I felt as ready as I could be for any emergency and content to go to sleep, if there had only been less noise.

Before we docked my deck companion, one of the English musicians, had come to my opinion about the Real Adventuress and when murmurs were heard of a passenger who occupied a room near the Marconi room and was found to have a dictograph the girl was sure she must be implicated too.

The dictograph turned out to be the typewriter of the boy from Idaho who was sending back "copy" for his paper.

The Mersey was lonely that day—blue—green and smilingly mysterious with gulls winging across its surface.

When we came to the dock we were all haled into the dining-saloon to show our credentials. The two American would-be nurses were kept on tenterhooks for hours after having stated complacently that they were going "to the front," and the whole process of examining passports was delayed.

One or two Canadian officers who had come to meet their wives were allowed on board and the word was whispered round that the husband of one little woman had been killed in action while she was on the ocean. It seemed as though nobody would tell her and as she strained her eager eyes towards the khaki coats on the dock her fellow passengers looked and looked away and some eyes were wet with a sympathy she did not guess.

We landed at a great cargo dock because the Prince's landing stage was being used to disembark troops. After a long struggle with luggage and customs big railway buses took us through dingy streets between big walls of masonry to the train, which, after an endless wait in the dim station pulled out into the refreshment of the English country, cool yellow, green under the burning copper disc of the setting sun. War seemed unbelievable out there, and even more so in the towns we hurried through, where, from thousands of tiny houses with their squares of green and their neat box hedges, rose a motley array of chimney pots all smoking cheerily after the evening meal.

But when it grew dark our attention was called to a sign asking us to pull down the window shades. There was also a long shade for the door opening into the corridor. The air was chilly, the light was dim; we were travelling darkly to escape the notice of Zeppelins and war seemed much closer and more real.

A pleasant hotel, a chintz bedroom, a hot drink and a warm bed have wondrous power to revive drooping spirits, however, and I found all of these awaiting me.

You'll doubtless hear from me again soon and I shall certainly let you know when I am settled in my hospital. The changed aspect of many things here—and the even more astonishing accustomedness of others—is wonderfully thrilling and keeps eyes and brain leaping but I am longing to get to work and to feel that I have a part, however small, in such tremendous doings.

Lovingly,
ANGELA.

Red Hart Hotel,
Highfield, May 7th.

My dear—This is the loveliest country and this the most irrestible vine-clad inn you ever, ever saw. And it is full of old mahogany and pewter and brass that would make you ache with envy.

My few days in London were full of interest. Just to ride on the 'buses and look at the recruiting posters and gaze down at the sprinkling of khaki everywhere—not failing to search eagerly for our own Canadian khaki and to swell with pride over the fineness of our men—was thrilling at a time like this.

I suppose you remember Cyril Fenwick. Imagine having a name like that! I don't believe he is an atom oppressed by it, either, and that isn't the worst of it—it's Cyril Montgomery Fenwick. If one of my brothers had been cursed with such a name I'm sure he'd have died of mortification in the school room. But Englishmen somehow, are able to rise above such trifles and to be apparently even unconscious of them. Anyway what I started out to say was that Cyril had been very nice to me, showing me the things he knew I would be interested in and we even went to the theatre. Coming out under the ghastly blue lights of the exit he asked me,

"Have you seen Piccadilly Circus in war time?"

"No," I answered.

He nodded towards one particular

section of the prevailing gloom and said,

"That's it—that dark thing over there that you can't see."

I came down from London on what they call here "the tea train." That means that the train has a coach devoted to the serving of afternoon tea at six-pence each. Think of it! What would our hard-headed business men at home think of devoting a car to afternoon tea and then naming the train after it?

But I did enjoy my tea and the country through which we passed was ravishingly lovely. The sunlight, even in the late afternoon, was still pale gold with springtime and it fell on undulating stretches of yellow-green meadow with yellow patches of cowslips and buttercups. It fell on planted fields of silver green and on other fields still purple from the plough, on clumps of trees that cast long shadows and on little thatched cottages.

Here and there willow trees that had had their tops levelled off burst skyward in a green flutter of remonstrance, stretching out a myriad tender twigs tipped with delicate green. The elms, with their summer garb still incomplete showed black birds in sharp contrast with the new green shoots. The poplars breathed incense up to heaven in slender flames of verdant yellow.

And each village and little town was a new delight with its winding lanes, tree-shaded streets and slender church spires.

Orchards everywhere were all abloom with pink and white blossoms and we passed two florists' places where long gorgeous strips of tulips, hyacinths and gilly flowers spread color and fragrance.

A tiny tot in the same compartment was evidently just learning to count and after having counted everything from the buttons on her mother's coat to the tacks in the upholstery she turned her attention outward, spied the flowers, and with a gasp of astonishment cried,

"Oh-h-h! one, two, five, seven, nine, *tin* flowers!" "tin" being evidently the limit of all numbers to her baby mind.

Towards the end of the journey much of the country was devoted to hops which clung to their slender stakes ripening for the kilns whose pointed roofs clustered picturesquely among the trees. And soon the scene was filled with a new significance by the presence of soldiers—groups of them by the railway, barracks full of them on the hill-tops and marching columns of them in the roads while drifts of white tents, like gigantic daisies flecked the green hillsides everywhere.

I thought it best to come down here and present myself and my credentials in person to the medical officer in charge of the King's Canadian Hospital. The result is that I am to take the place of a V. A. D. who is leaving to-morrow and I am staying in this lovely inn while I wait.

And who do you think I have been tramping the country lanes with this afternoon, ending up for tea at an even quainter hostelry than this? Who but Bobbie. He has a test to pass before he is adjudged that "experienced aviator" he claimed to be and to-morrow has to go up in a machine quite different from any he has ever seen before and to come back to earth at a given spot. If he can do that he will be sent to France. But how can he do it, Glad, when he knows practically nothing about aviation? I'm sure something dreadful will happen to him but he seems amazingly unconcerned.

"The 'planes I went up in at home were quite different from the Californian ones," he said, "but I soon got onto them so I guess I'll manage this kind."

Now I must go to sleep and be fresh for my new duties to-morrow.

Yours as ever, ANGELA.

It was plunging earthward like some wounded creature.

King's Canadian Hospital,
Highfield Park,
May 9th.

My dear—Here I am securely installed as a V. A. D., I know my installation is secure for I can brush

Continued on page 113.

In Old Cape Town

A Travelogue to the capital city of United South Africa, giving a close view of the people who have followed the British flag to this new country and something of how they live

By J. Wilbur Reid

Illustrated from Photographs

UNDER the shade of Table Mountain the East and the West meet and dwell in harmony, while beside them the natives and the bastard race of the Dark Continent assimilate the vices of two different civilizations and suffer as the result. When the Dutch East Indies Company established a port of call and supply station here the witch doctor of the Bushman practiced his arts. To-day Christ and Mohammed compete on an equal footing for supremacy. On one side of the street the caucasian worships the Gallilean, while on the other the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer. For the follower of Christ the law says one wife must suffice, but to the Faithful it allows as many as he chooses to acquire. In the background stands the Bushman, taking one or more as he pleases, as the white man often does, it must be confessed, although he does it without the law's sanction or official stamp. In the forefront stands the Cape Boy. This is the bastard race that is the result of the early Dutch settlers having taken Bushwomen for wives. They are nominally Christians, but the assortment of vices they possess can hardly be excelled by any race on earth for variety.

Viewed from the deck of an ocean liner entering Table Bay the scene is one never to be forgotten, and no matter how often one travels between the Cape and England it never becomes commonplace. In the foreground lies Table Mountain, on which nature lays a cloth of clouds, four thousand feet above sea level. On the left is the Devil's Peak, slightly higher than the Table. To the right is the Lion's Head, so called because of its resemblance to the head of a recumbent lion. Beyond, following the coast line, is the mountain range known as The Twelve Apostles, rearing its serated peaks sky-

ward to a height of three or four thousand feet. Never could I see anything apostolic about this range. To my mind it appears to be nature's saw, discarded after the work of creation was finished and now badly in need of filing. Africa has been justly termed "The land of flowers without perfume and birds without song." To me it has always seemed that the creator did his first day's work in Africa, the result being an amateur's product, or on the other hand he finished his job there, using the material he had left over after having completed the balance of the world. He was short of some of the necessary requisites and he was also weary, so he threw the remainder together roughly, the result being a land unlike any other upon the face of the earth, but one to which people from all over the world—people of all races and nationalities always return, although they usually curse it up hill and down dale while they reside there.

Groote Schoor, the late home of South Africa's greatest man, Cecil Rhodes, now a National Museum in which are many valuable collections

Cape Town is the legislative capital of United South Africa, which came into existence in 1910 when the Transvaal, the Orange River Colony, Natal and Cape Colony, the mother of the brood, were federated under one government, the administrative capital being located at Pretoria, the seat of government of the erstwhile South African Republic. Parliament sits in the House of Parliament, where the laws of Cape Colony were made before the former republics came into existence. At the Cape all males of twenty-one years of age, irrespective of color or race, possess the franchise, provided they occupy property worth twenty-five pounds sterling, or have a yearly income of fifty pounds. In the other states only the white man is allowed to vote, and in none of them is woman given the ballot.

Cape Town is the principal port of South Africa and also the oldest. Since the war its shipping has fallen off to some extent as the result of competition by Port Elizabeth, Durban and Lourenco Marquez, the latter being the port nature intended for the Transvaal, lying closer to it than any of the others. Over it flies the flag of Portugal, hence it is handicapped to a great extent in its dealings with the land that leads the world in the production of gold.

Facilities for handling the largest steamers afloat are provided in the harbor of Cape Town, where the dockage can accommodate many of them. Since the war an immense dry dock, the work of convicts, has been completed. It will cradle any of the vessels calling at the Cape and needing repairs.

Under the Southern Cross, at the base of Table Mountain, in the oldest city founded by the white man south of the equator, the Dutch and British have dwelt in harmony for years. They have intermarried, but the racial characteristics of the two people have not been obliterated, and will continue to exist for many years to come, although it would seem that ultimately a new race must be the outcome of the fusion of the two. But it may be that the Dutchman will always be a Dutchman at the Cape, as the Irishman always remains an Irishman in the States, irrespective of the number of generations born there. Across the line a new race has been developed by the fusion of the Hollander and the Britisher, the American being the result, hence it may be that United South Africa will eventually produce a new people possessed of characteristics all their own.

In the new U. S. A. the Church of England is the state church. The Cathedral lies at the top of Adderly Street, and not far away is the old Dutch Reformed Church, where the Dutch continue to worship as they did before the Union Jack was hoisted. This is the Westminster Abbey of South Africa, where some of the old Dutch governors lie buried.

Adderly Street is the Strand and Fifth Avenue of Cape Town. Here are located the big retail stores, the banks and business houses of the Cape. An electric street car line traverses the street where men and women of wealth rub elbows with the Cape Boy and the Malay. The women are as well dressed as those of old England, as also are the men, and both sexes are as punctilious about dressing for dinner as in the home land. In the afternoon the tea rooms are well patronized, many of them being located on balconies overlooking the street. Automobiles and motorcycles are as numerous as in this part of the world, and while the most of them are of English or French manufacture it must be confessed that the celebrated "Tin Lizzie" is more numerous than any other make.

Loop Street is the cheap street, or rather the street of the cheap stores of the town. Here Jew and gentile compete for the trade of the working man, his wife and children. Although practically all manufactured goods are imported, living is as cheap at the Cape as it is here, and many commodities can be purchased at prices that compare favorably with ours, in spite of the fact that they have been transported thousands of miles across the sea. This applies to the necessities of life, however, the luxuries being more expensive than in the land of their origin.

Market day on The Parade brings out the Jewish dealers who auction off all kinds of commodities. Here congregate all classes except the best. Black, white and brown, they bid for stuff that often is not worth carrying away. Unheard of prices are frequently secured for goods of this kind, but on the other hand real bargains are often obtainable when articles of considerable value are sold for little money. But here, as everywhere else the buyer usually pays full value for all he obtains. Live stock is sold on the lower end of the Parade and here the horse dealer puts the equine through his paces, a Cape Boy showing his action while the auctioneer conducts the sale.

On The Parade the Cape Volunteers are drilled. They are as fine a body of men as can be found in any part of

the Empire. During the Boer war they did their part, as also during the rebellion under DeWett and the invasion of German West Africa. They are now taking orders from General Smutz in German East Africa, which soon will be a part of the Empire.

In Cape Colony the colored man is allowed to use liquor; this is denied him in the other states of the Union. A Cape Town bar is really three in one, as there is a separate room in those of the better class for the Cape Boy and Malay, another for the working man and another for the business man. In many of them there is also a private room where a man can take his wife or sweetheart for a "nip." As in England, so also in South Africa, a barmaid dispenses liquor, mixing it with her smiles and merry badinage.

Much wine is produced at the Cape. It can be found in practically every home, and in many of them Cape "Dop" is also a familiar sight. But the cheaper dop, as Cape brandy is termed, is not the healthiest drink in the world, although it must be confessed that it is most effective, for one can become intoxicated on very little of it. On the other hand the best dop is probably the equal of any brandy in the world.

At the top of Adderly Street lie the Gardens and in them is the Museum. Either would be a credit to any city, for they are well stocked and well cared for. Above the Gardens lies that part of the city known as The Gardens, where may be found the homes of many of the better class.

At Salt River, three miles from the station, on the road to the Transvaal, the railway shops are located. The government owns and operates the railway, and it must be confessed there is room for improvement, as freight rates are high and the service is not equal to that obtainable here. It must be remembered, though, that the country is sparsely populated, while the "feeders" to the line are few and far apart.

Cape Town has its theatres and amusements, and is not confined to the exploitation of local talent, for the world's great dramatic and musical artists may be seen here at intervals.

Here, as in whatever part of the world he may inhabit, the Briton is a true sportsman. Cricket, foot-ball, tennis and horse racing all have their devotees, many of whom are far from being second raters. There are enough "Yanks" to make base ball familiar, but this is better known at Johannesburg than at the Cape.

On Boxing Day the Cape Boy indulges in a riot of sport. Dressed in grotesque and fancy costumes he parades in companies, singing and playing musical instruments. The rivalry between different organizations is keen and some excellent displays are made, this being true of both costumes and music.

Two years ago the new Municipal Pier at the foot of Adderly Street was completed, as also the embankment along the water front. Here amusements and refreshments are provided for the idler and both are a credit to the city. The statue of Van Riebeeck, the Dutch Governor who founded Cape Town in 1652, which formerly stood at the foot of Adderly Street has been moved to the entrance to the pier over which it stands guard, facing the city.

But wherever one goes in Cape Town, or its suburbs the Malay is present. It was under the Dutch government that the first of this race arrived, and to-day their descendants are numerous, but strange as it may seem they have not scattered throughout the country. Cape Town is their home and there they remain. They are the fishermen of the Cape and also the fish peddlers. Riding through the streets in a little cart drawn by a donkey, accompanied by a boy who blows a horn to advise the people that the fish monger is coming, the Malay sells his fish. The housewife stops the cart and secures such as suit her fancy, and she has several kinds to choose from, for the sea is kind to the Africander.

The Malay is also a peddler of fruit and vegetables, but he stands out preeminently as a mattress maker, using coir, the fiber of the cocoa-nut, for the stuffing. Old mattresses are re-made at intervals, the coir which becomes matted by use, being beaten apart, thereby eliminating the dust which accumulates from usage.

When clothed in native costume the Malay of either sex is a picturesque individual, but it must be confessed that he is none too cleanly about his person or in his habits. He is a worshipper of Mohammed and faithfully answers the call to prayer, turning his face towards Mecca while practicing his devotions. He is a polygamist, often having several wives which the law allows to the follower of the Prophet, irrespective of his race or origin. There is no danger of race suicide among the Malays, for their children are numerous. The women are great lovers of color and know how to combine different hues to achieve the best effects in their clothes. They are inordinately fond of jewelry, and like the native of India have a habit of turning their surplus wealth into gold which they make up into bracelets, anklets, rings and ear-rings. One of the suburbs contains a college, maintained by Malays, where their professors instill learning of their own manufacture into the minds of the young. Around it lies a cemetery where generations of Malays await Mohammed's call to rise from the grave and live again.

Rondebosch is the Mecca of all visitors to Cape Town. It lies seven miles from the station, but is a part of the municipality, and is well within the city limits. Groote Schoor, the home of South Africa's greatest man, Cecil Rhodes, is located there. Since his death it has been administered by the government, it having been left to the country by Rhodes. It is now what might well be termed a national museum, the house containing a varied and valuable collection of relics of the

Continued on page 106.

The South Africans have been quick to recognize the great work of Cecil Rhodes in their behalf and have erected a great memorial to one of Britain's greatest men

Confessions of a Winged Ant

By Helen E. Williams

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

IT all started from my having what Louis calls a *furor scribendi*. At least I have it part of the time. It comes and goes, like the craving for chocolates, or the red circle in that play being screened. But when it comes—well, the only way to make you understand how serious it is, is to go back to the beginning, and then you will see why the family is so relieved that it has turned out as it has, or rather that Marmaduke Reford turned up when he did.

The very beginning, I suppose, dates back to that winter I got pneumonia pretending we were church-yard poor. When mamma discovered me the bed clothes were off, the window up, and I was chattering in an old nightie I had resurrected from the rag-bag: "Drawing her scanty shawl more closely around her slender shoulders, Lucinda went *shivering* down the street."

I remember, a few years later, earnestly telling my beloved paper dolls that though, as a concession to the whims of my elders, I must go away to school daytimes, every night as long as I lived I would return to them. When I weeded the big strawberry bed, or picked currants, or went raspberrying, I summoned my dream people to keep me company, But it was only when my eyes refused to focus on school books—Louis said that they seemed to focus on story books O. K.—and I left school, when I began to write. It changed everything—and *me*..

"Sometimes I wonder, Eleanor, if you are quite right in your head," Mamma said once. And another time she admonished me that "When God wishes to destroy an ant, he gives it wings."

I told her I was only obeying Robert Hichens' behest. "At the beginning of your career learn to range freely over life." But she retorted that it would have been as well if Hichens had not "ranged" so "freely." So you see that sweet and dear as Mamma is, she doesn't understand the artistic temperament. And as Zola says "Realism consists of the facts of life seen through a temperament," it's my duty to cultivate facts.

All this preamble is merely to show you why I did some of the things I did, and suffered the discomforts of a winged ant with such fortitude. Hadn't Robert Hichens said to study your sensations, to analyze pain and humiliation, to be an opportunist, anything, everything but tame? I wasn't tame, but there were times when—well, the night my Rayo lamp set fire to the lace curtains in my room will illustrate what I mean.

I watched the flames crinkling upward before I screamed "Fire!"

I had got in about twelve from a corn roast at the club house, and really the beginning *was* accidental. But I watched the flames crinkling upward longer than I needed before I grabbed the comforter and screamed "Fire!" And something in me stood apart and watched, as I flew over to the neighbors. When I got back Mamma was just coming in with another pitcher of water, Papa was limping through the drenched debris of my overturned desk, in his pyjamas, and Louis, his white ducks spattered and smudged, surveying the scene of devastation with a humorous eye.

"Where were you all the time, Eleanor?"

Before I could answer Mamma, through the window came a far-off cry: Fire....Fire....*Fire*!

"Eleanor, you surely didn't give the fire alarm?"

Louis broke into a laugh, and slapped his knee.

"Trust Nell for making a bally scene of it!"

"Louis do go and stop them. They will be bringing the reels here!"

"You bet they will! There's the whistle now." And Louis plunged downstairs.

"How did you manage to accomplish all this?" Papa wanted to know, irritably.

"It just—caught. Did you burn your self badly, Papa?"

"I can walk," he answered stiffly.

"Did he?" I inquired of Mamma, as he limped away and could be heard in his room, rattling bottles and pulling out drawers.

"Not as badly as he thinks he did," said Mamma, "but I'll go and see that he has everything."

A few minutes later I heard Louis come upstairs and stop at my door.

"I say—Nell?"

"What is it?"

"I set fire to my room in town once. Threw a cigar into curtain instead of thingumbob, and had to put the illumination out with my hands. Thought I'd tell you."

"Thank you, Louis."

He went whistling off to his room.

GOOD old Louis! It was his way of comforting me. I sat down on the spring—the bed-clothes had been thrown out in the hall—and stared at my soaked and blackened manuscripts. Then I reached for pencil and paper, and my fingers began to move. The next thing I knew it was day and Mamma was standing in the doorway quoting that Arabic proverb about winged ants. But the editor took my story. You see it was fact seen through a temperament.

It is the same with writing, however, as it is with poultry. One bird fancier will tell you one thing, another something diametrically opposite. And after sacrificing myself in sundry ways on the altar of realism, I came across Oscar Wilde's dictum: "Whatever actually occurs is spoilt for art." I knew that Guy de Maupassant was called the king of short story writers. I remembered reading somewhere that he saw the world as the Dutch painters saw it, that one read him hurriedly, without lifting the eyes from the page. I sat down and ordered him, in all the splendor of an *edition de luxe*.

All in good time the books arrived, ten volumns beautifully illustrated. At first I contented myself with just turning over the pages. Then I read a scattered description here and there. At last I chose a title, haphazard, and started in to read. As I proceeded, the pleasant glow of anticipation was succeeded by puzzled dismay. "Queer story," I muttered, as I rather hastily finished it. "Better luck next time." And with somewhat more circumspection I picked out another, whose heading sounded good. That I did not finish.

"Mamma," I called, "I wish you'd just come here and read some of these, too, and see what *you* think of them."

Mamma got her spectacles and came.

"Nice bindings, Eleanor."

"Yes, the bindings are all right," I returned, scanning titles and beginnings dubiously. "Well, what do you think of them?" I inquired after a pause as I reached for another volume.

Mamma's face was rather pink.

"My—my—my! Eleanor! I never read such a story! It's called—"

"Don't tell me," I shuddered. "Perhaps some day I shall be able to forget what I have read. I don't know. Arthur Symons says '*Boule de Suif*' is his masterpiece, and I suppose it has what Gosse calls robustness, and somebody else vividness of detail. But I can't appreciate it and I don't want to."

"We'll make a little paste," suggested Mamma, brightening, "and paste the leaves of this one all up so no one can read it."

"We'll have to paste 'Roger's Remedy,' too," I sighed. "In fact I haven't come across any yet that I don't want pasted up. I feel cobwebby all over, and I want a bath."

IT might have been the rebound from the highly-classic Maupassant that set me off on my next tack, journalism. It was the foot-path many eminent authors had trod to fame. *I* would tread it. Would begin humbly as a news reporter. Would tell no one—no one that is except Cousin Gregory, who was instrumental in getting me placed on "The Morning Mirror" staff.

"Who's the reporter for Maple-town?" Louis inquired one week-end. "He's hunted down every old son of a gun within a radius of five miles, and set him trekking."

"It *is* ridiculous—the people those reporters put in," I agreed, craftily. "I suppose you are conspicuous by your absence," I added, though I remembered his paragraph perfectly. People I liked I differentiated from the proletariat by subtle little niceties of speech.

"Oh, he's got me, and of all fool things the very darndest is to say a fellow is the guest of his parents. *The guest of*! Jove, that is rich!"

"What is wrong with it?" I asked, nettled.

"Well, in the first place, it's obvious untruth. He isn't a guest. To prove it I have only to enumerate some of the odd jobs reserved against my coming home. Not to mention——"

"You put too literal a construction upon things," I interrupted.

But the conversation recurred to me, when I was writing my next report. And a few weeks before one of the girls had said she was going into the city and I duly itemized her among that week's departed, and then some trivial thing turned up and she didn't go, after all. It was very provoking. If I could only make up names, they would be so much more reliable, and they wouldn't criticize the manner of their appearing in print. I could make them go to real worth while places, instead of this monotonous Saturday-to-Monday see-saw to and from the country. Could give them good patrician names in place of the plebeian nomenclatures they affected. The report was short an item this week—what could one expect of a Perkins or a Jones?—suppose, just for once, unhampered by the restrictions of truth, I create a really good item? No "arriving" or "returning," but a passing through to pastures new. Such of my friends as had made the grand tour had spoken with a studied carelessness of sailing at daybreak. *He* should sail at daybreak. It had better be a "he," so as to eliminate the necessity of manufacturing escorts, which would tend to give the excursion a Cook-ish sound. And now what should "he" be christened? After some reflection and more application of the books of shareholders of the bank of which Papa is one of the directors, a name came into my mind ready-made, so to speak.

"I am not such a winged ant, after all," I said aloud, beginning to tap the typewriter keys.

ABOUT a fortnight later I was returning from a search after local color for a pioneer story I was writing—Cousin Gregory had written my talents were wasted reporting, so I was a free

lance again. For miles I had seen neither house nor man nor stir of life, only woods, woods, — everywhere woods. Sometimes little bays of clearing crept up into them, but they soon fell back, discouraged. Sometimes a fringe of willows marked the course of a river, as it hurried through and escaped. The tense quiet at last grew oppressive, and I was glad when I struck on to the main road. Motors began to pass me, and in an incredibly short time I saw them fussing up hills a long way ahead. They seemed like winged things, while my legs felt as if heavy weights were around them. If only one would stop! I began to pretend that one had, and that I was in it, miles ahead of myself, nearly home. But when at last one did, I was so surprised at the miracle's actually happening that I did not reply at once to the young chap's offer of a lift.

"You seem leagues from everywhere, and since I am going your way and there's an empty seat in the second class—?"

"I'll take it," I said, getting in with alacrity. "But why do you say second class?"

"Well, a Cadillac is not a—Packard," and he laughed, as if something amused him.

"It seems pretty good to me," I sighed leaning back, as we shot ahead.

"From the city? I suppose I should say sojourning here during the summer months," he caught himself up with another of his pleasant laughs.

"No."

"From the Old Country?" he hazarded.

"Bet he takes me for a maid," I thought, his last phrase being associated in my mind with arriving domestics. "Believe I'll pretend I am." Aloud I answered in a voice purposely inflected to foster that illusion, "No, I am native born, but girls round here can get just as good places as though they had crossed the Pond."

"Oh, I dare say," he said, turning and giving me a long look. "Yes, I dare say," he repeated, absently.

"I had ought to know, and what I always say is that if a girl treats her folks square, they will treat her square."

"Sure. *Noblisse oblige*, and all that sort of thing. Hello! What's that?"

"I didn't notice anything," I said, forgetting my role.

The car came to a standstill, and he jumped out and began investigating the exhaust valve, etc., muttering darkly the while, "May be nothing—may be pretty nearly everything. Now if I had only been in my Packard!"

"Oh, have you a Packard, too?"

"No, I said *if* I had only been in it."

"Then you must have one."

"Not at all, but if I had only been

"You seem leagues from everywhere, and since I'm going your way and there's an empty seat in the second class—?"

in it, and not 'passing through en route for New York—' "

"You can stay at Mapletown till your car is fixed, can't you?"

"And 'sojourn?' " he said, reproachfully. "No, no. I've got to 'pass through,' and 'sail at daybreak,' and sojourn in London, preparatory to touring the Continent'— What is the matter? I hope there is nothing about my itenerary to alarm you?"

"No. Oh, no. Nothing."

"Possibly it strikes you as it did the friends who read the notice of my prospective tour in "The Morning Mirror," and came to inquire why I was funking active service?"

"What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say, but it's Reford. *Lieutenant*—not *Mr.* Marmaduke Reford. What are you laughing at?. . . . . Really you will do yourself an injury, if you keep on like that. . . . . I say, hadn't you better stop!"

"I c-c-can't," I gasped, and immediately did. "Cousin Gregory told you! He did—he did!"

"Well, I pitched into him about that notice. That's easy. But what I

Continued on page 110.

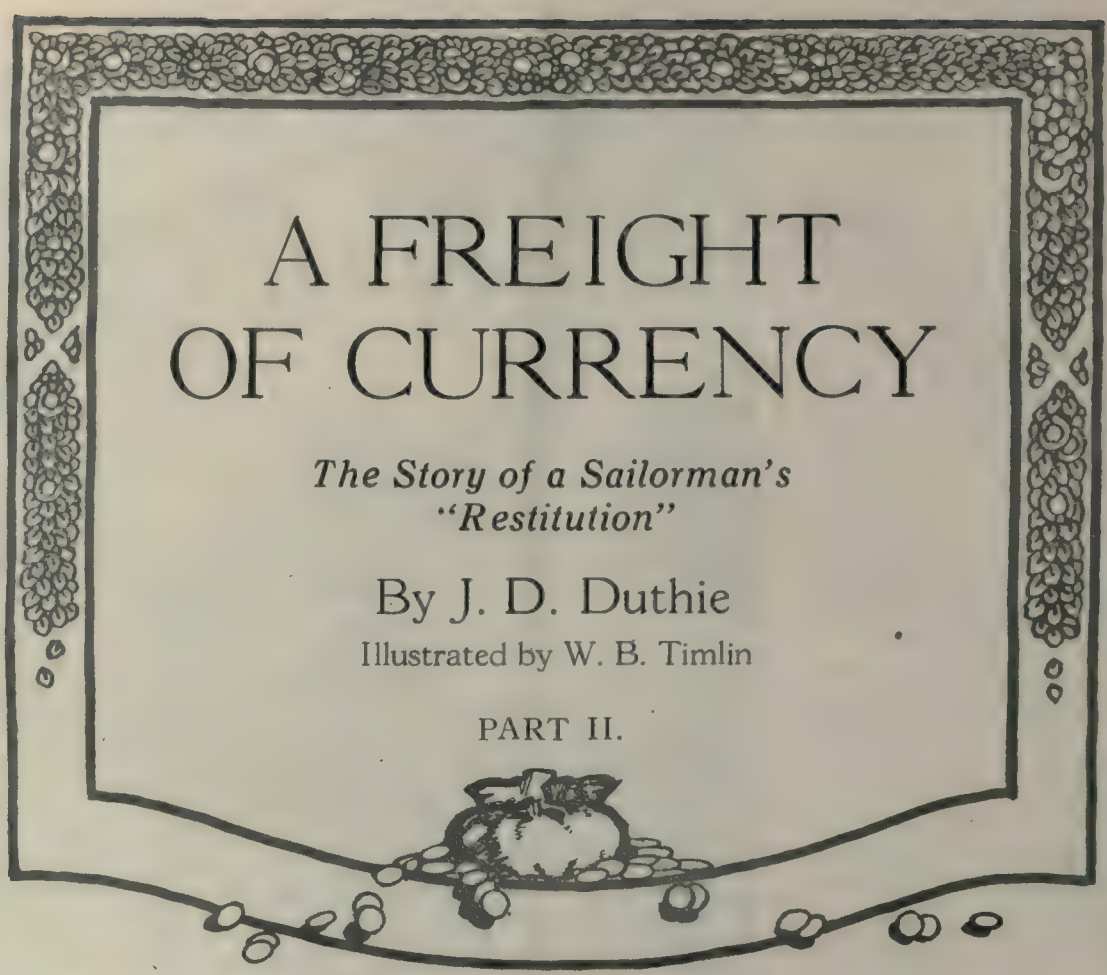
A FREIGHT OF CURRENCY

The Story of a Sailorman's "Restitution"

By J. D. Duthie

Illustrated by W. B. Timlin

PART II.



Josh, for a space was silent and looked the image of hopeless discomfiture. At last, brightening up a bit, on second thoughts he meekly acquiesced in the scheme to get him out of his den, and added that he "guessed they was doin' it all for his good;" an besides, he could not "have the sass to set up any whim of his agin the advice of a professional man."

Two days later, Sam gave Windlass a receipt for the custody of a certain receptacle, contents as described, and a "Charter party" was drawn up between them in which the aforesaid Samuel Slimber covenanted to make safe delivery of the property entrusted to him to one Elspeth Windlass or Allan, now living in or near the village of, Islay in the Province of Alberta, Canada; and to take all risks other than that arising from the Act of God, the King's enemies, etc., etc.

About the same time, the bed-ridden Chandler seemed to pick up sufficiently to get himself into garments he had not worn for months, and which had not tasted the flavor of soap since the previous New Year's eve—the captain's last general washing day.

Having seen him safe under the wing of the homely old matron of the Deal "horspital," Sam returned to duty and hurried forward arrangements for sailing the day after Christmas.

In less than a week Cap'n Josh became so enamored of his new surroundings and so sick of his old consortments that he determined to sell out right away and give his friends a little surprise on the day on which the *Mermaid* was billed to sail for Halifax, N S. He found his way back to London on the Monday following the date of his coming to Deal, saw a broker with regard to the sale of his junk-store as a going concern, and within forty-eight hours had closed the deal and returned to the home of his adoption—Sam having not the slightest suspicion of what had taken place.

Sonny had been his one companion at the sanatorium of "sea-air and winkles" and the captain was no longer a sick man. Imagination, foreboding, a guilty conscience had been dogging his heels for many years, but relief came the moment he set his face towards the business of bringing sunshine into the lives of those who had been the victims of his ingrained "cussedness."

The *Mermaid* had been refitted for her trip across the Atlantic, — was ready to sail some days ahead of sailing date, and was now moored off Gravesend. The crew, besides the captain, consisted of eight men, and Sonny was entered as cook's mate and cabin-boy.

Christmas day was celebrated on board and it had been decided that it would be a good omen to start out on the night of Christmas. Flood tide was at ten minutes to eleven and anchor would be weighed half-an-hour or so thereafter with the first perceptible sign of the ebb.

When the time came for parting and all visitors to get ashore, it was observed that Captain Windlass suddenly developed strong symptoms of irritation and restlessness and a distinct reluctance to get into the waiting wherry in which every long-shoreman except himself had taken his place.

"*Mermaid* ahoy !" came from somewhere between the ship and the nearby wharf, and at the sound, Josh sprang to his feet.

"Sam !" he cried," I'm going with ye an' them's the boys with my baggage—blawst them, they ought to have been here an hour ago."

The announcement was greeted with yells of delight and the boy hugged his grandfather in a transport of affection, for whatever the old crank's shortcomings were, he certainly loved the lad and had treated him with the tenderness of a mother.

The baggage of the unexpected passenger was hauled on deck, and with himself, bundled without ceremony into the cabin. Just before retiring

for the night, he was regaling himself with a pipe in the company of Sam when a heavy foot appeared at the top of the companion way, followed by another, and finally the completed form of Doc' Macpherson stood up to the astonished gaze of old Windlass.

"Hello, Doc'; you going with us too ?"

"Looks like it, don't it ?" said he, squinting a confidential wink in Sam's direction.

"*He* ain't no doctor, Josh: he's no more a doctor than you are a South-sea-Islander."

"What ! an' you palmed him off on me as a full-blown medical man from the horspital ?"

The parties to the rank deception looked the personification of condemned men listening to the commination service as Josh glared first at one and then at the other, wondering the while whether he was not the victim of some foul kidnapping conspiracy.

"Well, old sport," pleaded the Doc' (who was no other than the ship's mate) "if I ain't a Doc', I didn't give ye bad advice—did I ? You took it like a glass o' grog—didn't ye ? An' I didn't charge ye anything for it—did I ?"

Josh was in no mood to harbor resentment against a living soul at that moment. He saw through the kindly trick that had been played upon him and entered into the spirit of it right up to the hilt. A glass of grog capped the harmony of the evening and all hands slept the sleep of the just on board the *Mermaid* that night.

The long sea voyage was covered without incident of news value, except a few pot shots one day in Mid-Atlantic which Sonny took at a school of porpoise with an old horse pistol belonging to Sam. This famous weapon enjoyed the distinction of never having taken a life and of probably saving a few score on the one occasion on which it had previously seen service. That was when, as chief officer of the *Northfleet*, Sam held a crowd of panic-stricken Italians in check till the women and children were all in the boats when his ship was run into by a Spanish Collier.

Josh had parted good friends with all old acquaintances. He had even been at some pains to find out the ex-convict—Dick Harris, leaving him a donation of fifty pounds with some good advice, which, however, as will be subsequently explained, he did not take in the spirit in which it was given.

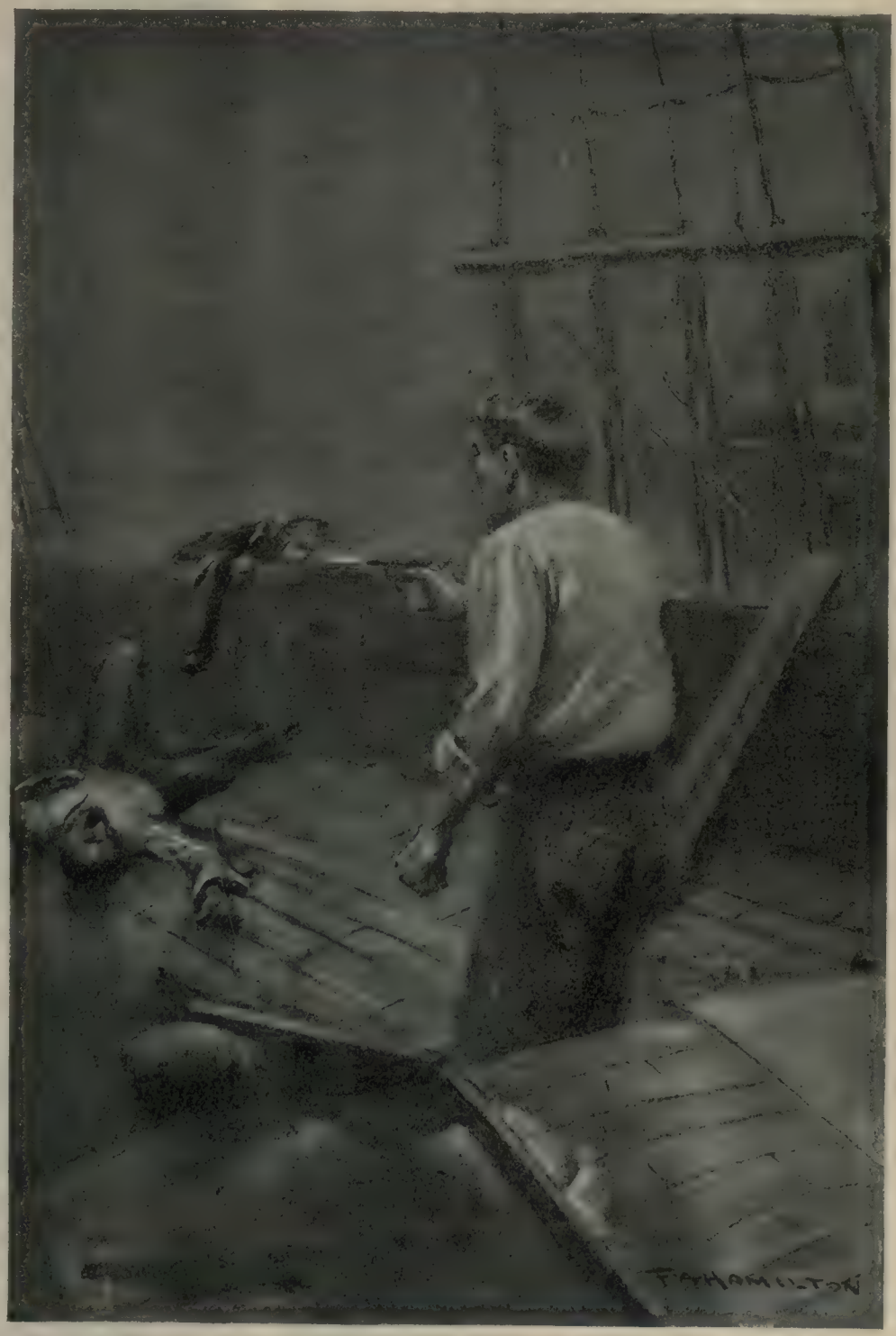
The first night in Halifax was a somewhat uncomfortable one for the skipper of the *Mermaid*. Rarely deprived of his modicum of sleep, for some unaccountable reason he found the utmost difficulty in closing his eyes that night. Finally he gave it up and got on deck just as a nearby clock struck the first quarter after midnight.

Everything was still as the grave—not a soul astir except a lonely night policeman in the distance. There was another vessel between his own craft and the Quay and her greater height above the waterline threw the *Mermaid's* starboard side into shadow from the three-quarter moon shining from a clear sky.

After pacing up and down for a brief space, Sam threw himself down on a coil of rope and gave himself up to his constant companion "Lady Neotine." He could not tell how long thereafter, but in tracing the filmy clouds from his pipe, he was startled by the sight of two figures stealthily climbing the bulwarks of the neighboring ship with the evident purpose of getting on board the *Mermaid*. Sam sprang to his feet at once, and the moment they saw him they halted.

"Are you the *Milwaukee* ?" from a strangely familiar voice.

"No !" was Sam's curt reply without vouchsafing the information as to who he was, and with an apologetic grunt



Sam turned in the direction of the shot, and, to his amazement, there stood the boy, the smoke from the shot that had found its mark still circled his head like a ghostly halo

from the speaker, the pair sheered off and were quickly lost in the shadows cast by the intervening masts and rigging.

With a strange dread in his heart, Sam sought his couch and after another hour or more listening for any movement on deck, he gradually dropped off and was not disturbed till awakened at the breakfast hour.

Not a single reference was made to the incident of these midnight prowlers, but after supper, Sam took the mate into his confidence and they decided to set a watch between them that night.

It still wanted half-an-hour of midnight when the entire crew, barring the cook after a lengthy sojourn ashore returned to the ship more or less in a maudlin state from excessive drinking. This circumstance was inexplicable, unless it formed part of some sinister purpose, as he knew these men to be a decent lot of fellows who rarely indulged as they had evidently been indulging that night. They all went quietly to their quarters, however, and were soon sleeping like hogs in the fo'c'sle.

Shortly after twelve had struck, Sam was in the act of calling the mate to relieve him when he saw what he took the to be the missing cook stepping over deck of the inside craft. He appeared to be perfectly sober; at all events he walked steadily and wavily directly towards where Sam stood.

"Hello, Jenkins! What does this mean? You've—"

He got no farther. He was seized from behind, and in an instant the cook had him gagged and bound while two pairs of powerful arms pinioned him beyond all possibility of helping himself.

Having trussed and roped him to their satisfaction, the ruffians flung him in a heap on the deck. He never lost consciousness, however, or one ounce of his resourcefulness, and in a short time, by rubbing his head against the deck, he was able to dislodge the handkerchief that bound his mouth and eyes and could follow the proceedings without difficulty, but he deemed it unsafe to make any noise at that critical moment.

Keeping guard over the entrance to the cabin was a tall, heavily built man as to whose identity he had no doubt. It corresponded exactly with the voice that had challenged him on the previous night, and he was now equally certain as to the object of the attack.

After moments that seemed hours of horrible suspense as he thought of his sleeping shipmates in the cabin, two men came on deck, one carrying the plunder which could be no other than the entire "freight of currency" as described in the charter party.

One man had cleared the bulwarks and was already dropping onto the deck of the next vessel. A second (he who was loaded with the booty) was doing his best to scramble over, while a third party halted a little behind as a sort of rear-guard. Number two with his impedimenta came to grief in trying to get over, and just as he was preparing for a second attempt, he came sprawling again to the deck with the solid weight of Macpherson on top of him.

The third man—he who had stood guard at the Cabin doorway—made a dash to save his mate, and what was of far greater consequence to him, the precious swag.

He sprang behind Macpherson and was in the act of felling him with some ugly looking bludgeon when the sharp voice of a well-known weapon shattered the night's silence, and with a groan and a curse, the gigantic form of the would-be murderer crashed on the deck.

Sam's eyes instinctively turned in the direction of the shot, and to his amazement, there stood the boy, or his apparition, for he was clad only in his night-garments, and the smoke from the shot that had found its mark still circled his head like a ghostly halo.

"Look for the old man, Sonny—quick! and shake up the boys in the fo'c'sle."

It was the mate who spoke, his voice hoarse with excitement and indignation, but it put nerve into the brave little fellow and his wits sprang to his command at the instant.

"Unc' Sam!" he cried in terror when he found the prostrate form of the skipper, but another shout announced his joy as he found him alive and apparently in possession of every faculty saving the power of locomotion.

He was quickly cut free and sprang to the help of the mate while Sonny roused the drink-sodden crew. The mate's prisoner having been fairly secured, the wounded man was taken in hand. Lights were fetched, and as these were turned full on the prostrate villains, two members of the harbor police came on board, attracted by the gun-shot, and matters were quickly explained to them.

Old Josh had been roughly handled. The scoundrels had stunned him the moment he had shown signs of disturbing them in their search, but from the keen interest he took in all that was going on, it was evident that the time had not yet arrived for paying in his checks.

In the thick of the melee, Number one of the gang (who was no other than the treacherous cook) returned when he saw what was taking place and was quick enough to secure the treasure while Macpherson and his adversary were at death-grips. It was apparently this crowning disaster that disturbed Sam far more than any "Soreness" he felt in consequence of the shaking up he had received.

When old Josh began to make inquiries about the sacred vessel, Sam compassed him with lies and dodged every inquiry with rare skill lest the shock of its loss might kill him.

One of the crew in guiding the operations of the police flashed a strong shaft of light on the face of the victim of Sonny's pistol. Its ghastly aspect

Continued on page 106

Get on your best togs, Windlass; I'm going to take you and Sonny with me to see the sights o' Halifax. Iv'e got to call on some swell friends and we mustn't so much as smell o' beer or bacca

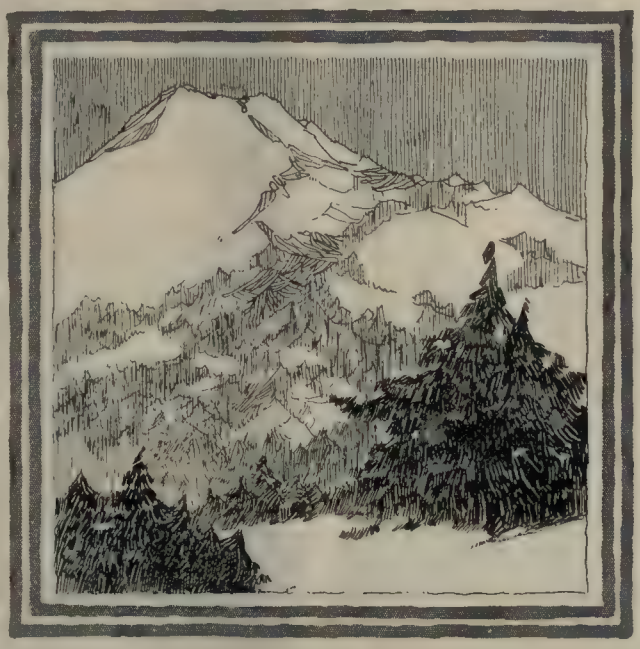
The Flowing of the Deosongwa

By Agnes Ross White

Illustrated by Bruce Cameron

AWAY in the North, in the old land of Hochelaga are the Hills of the Beautiful Plain, low and rugged for the most part but scattered here and there at wide distances, so that each, in its isolation, seems of mighty mass and imposing height.

But for all their seeming mass and height, one there is on the edge of the Plain which is easily king of them all, even though the brood of straggling foot-hills behind it seem ever striving to drag it down to their own puny level. There it is—old Mighty-Wind—big and grand, lording it over all the Hills of the Beautiful Plain, for all the harrying pack at his heels, and in his crown, like a hidden jewel, lies little Lake in the Sky, so tiny from side to side that the shadows of the treetops just fail of reaching across it, but very deep—so deep no one can guess at the measure of it, and very clear—so clear that the deeps of it seem like black nothingness, even as the heart of the crystal seems to the eye of the gazer.



On one side the waters brim over, first in a long, joyous leap, then on and on they flow, sometimes with the soft murmur of deep pools, sometimes in eager tones over rocky shallows; but whether swift or slow, boisterous or still, there is always and ever a simple song that the wavelets sing to each other, and to all the world, as they journey away to the Great Sea.

The little lakelet has been there in the brow of Mighty-Wind even from the beginning, for the Great Mystery. He that made Mighty-Wind, a-weary at the end of His work, pressed upon the mountain's top with the tip of His finger, and lo, the waters flowed in the place, and He drank and was refreshed.

For countless ages the waters were stayed at the edge of the cup, for their sparkling coolness was not for mortals, and that the Children of the Plain and Hills might make no mistake, the Great Mystery had set a gray girdle of granite round about the mountain-top.

But a time came when one with courage and love and a clean heart sought the Great Mystery, even on the edge of the guarded lakelet, and as a sign and a symbol of that time He loosed the waters, and the Deosongwa —the Stream of the Deep Spring—came to be.

Drouth and tempests, plague and years of hunger the Children of the Plain and the Hills had known, yet never a winter like that one winter when it seemed that there would be not one left of all the tribes of the Hills, neither warrior nor maiden, neither man, woman nor child. All the earth was buried deep under the snow and the pitiless North-Wind had barred and locked it there with his breath. The wild beasts had turned their faces toward milder valleys, even the things that most loved the cold had gone; only man remained.

Then came the vultures of the winter—Famine and Plague. One by one the warrirors joined the spirits in the Death-Dance and the Northern Lights became brighter and brighter; one by one the family fires went out and the Milky-Way became broader and whiter. The people of the Missisquois were too easily counted, for Hunger and Disease had dwelt long with them. At last Scurvy lifted the tent curtain and gazed on the chief, Raven's-Wing. The hemlock liquid had lost its power and Wind-Flower, the maiden of his choice, sat in a corner of the wigwam bowed with despair: there was no way left. The Great Spirit must be very angry with His children—and for what? They had kept to their own country, they had observed all the rites, they had paid heed to all the laws of the Plain and the Hills, what lacked they yet? She would seek the Maker of the World, even on His mountain-top, and ask of Him wherein they had angered him.

But the Great Spirit might not speak with her, a woman. There was no other to dare it, there was nothing for her to do in the wigwam but to watch the skin growing blacker and blacker and the Dreadful Thing coming step by step; it was she who must go. Then she thought of the mountain side, frozen and awful; and she was hungry. But already the snowshoes were on—the cold would hurt for only a little while.

On she went through the underbrush, where the whips cut like knives when they slipped from her grasp as she pushed them aside. Then came the clearer woods, where the bare branches, groaning and creaking with the cold, knocked together above her. She dared not pause an instant; she must even hurry or she would be too late. Up still further, and the air began to stir as if resenting her coming; the cold was alive trying to beat her down; the great trees were groaning from root to topmost branch, seeming to tell the agony she could not open her lips to utter. A little farther, it must be only a little farther. Now

she was warmer, and if she might only sleep a little she could go on much more easily. But her chief might die; she would sleep after she had reached the top. On and on, farther and farther up she went. It was strange how warm she felt up here with the frost falling in a glittering storm. She did not seem tired nor hungry nor cold, but she seemed to be going on so slowly. Then she heard a mighty roaring from the mountain-top and knew that the Great Spirit had at last spoken. She felt His breath sweeping along the snow; it did not hurt her but she could not stand before it. She fell touching the granite circle—and sleep came.

When she awoke she was standing by the lakelet where no human had ever stood before. There was a warmth in the sunlight here and the roaring had turned to a low, sweet murmur. It came softly across from the other shore and died away in the tree tops above. At last she under-stood what it said.

"Does the Wind-Flower of the valley have fear? Let it be gone. Her heart has been before my eyes as she came thorugh the forest. Pure, like the snow on the mountain-top I found it. You are here: speak, O Wind-Flower. What can I do for my children?"

The murmur died away and she knew that now she might ask for her chief's life and for the lives of the tribe. All fear dropped from her and swiftly the words came.

"Listen, O Manitou. You who stand on the mountain-top, listen, I say, to the cries of your people. Now the evil days have come upon us. Throw back the clouds from before your eyes and look into our wigwams: open your ears to the mourning of our women. Stay, O Great Chief, at the door of Raven's-Wing and take the plague from him. Hear, now, you who stand above the hunger; pity us, I say, and give us melting winds and food that we may live. Listen to

Applying the Sermon

BY T. A. DALY.

"O! THE pastor's sermon was splendid this mornin'," Said Nora O'Hare,
"But there's some in the parish that must have had warnin' An' worshipped elsewhere;
But wherever they were, if their ears wasn't burnin', Troth, then, it is quare!"

" 'There are women,' sez he, 'an' they're here in this parish, An' plentiful, too,
Wid their noses so high an' their manners so airish, But virtues so few
'Tis a wonder they can't see how much they resemble The proud Pharisee.
Ye would think they'd look into their own souls an' tremble Such sinners to be.
Not at all! They believe themselves better than others, An' give themselves airs
Till the pride o' them strangles all virtues, an' smothers The good o' their prayers'.

That's the way he wint at them, an', faith, it was splendid— But wasted, I fear,
Wid the most o' the women for whom 'twas intended, Not there for to hear.
An' thinks I to meself, walkin' home, what a pity That Mary Ann Hayes
An' Cordelia McCann should be out o' the city This day of all days.

"But, indeed, 'twas a glorious sermon this mornin'," Said Nora O'Hare,
"Though I'm sorry that some o' the parish had warnin' An' worshipped elsewhere;
But wherever they were, if their ears wasn't burnin', Troth, then, it is quare!"

me, I say: look now upon Raven's-Wing. See, now, that Death no longer stands over him."

She had slipped to her knees and leaned heavily against a boulder. Again the murmur came across the lakelet; but not so gentle now.

"Was it lying pictures I saw in your heart, O Wind-Flower? You speak for Raven's-Wing more than for all the others. Many warriors are along my pathway to his wigwam."

"Look, you, O Giver of Life, he is the chief of the tribe. From all the maidens he has taken me to be his woman. My steps are light under his burdens: his words are the music of the woodlands in my ears. His couch is my couch; he is my brave."

The murmur was longer in coming now and it was but a mournful sigh.

"Can none of my children forget self? You walked with the cold on the mountain-side for self: your steps grew slow and weary: the Frost-Death was in your face. When I could not feel the life of your heart I brought you here. And it was all for your own."

Fear lest her mission had been in vain gave Wind-Flower courage.

"Stop, O Master of Life," she cried. "Look not on me. Listen to the mourning of the women, to the wailing of the children. Bring back, O Manitou, the chief to his warriors. The Wind-Flower will lie down with the cold in the forest. Hear me, O Master of Breath, and spare my chief, spare his people."

The silence was so long it seeemd that the Great Spirit must have gone; then again the murmur came and in it was a lone tone of hope.

"I will spare your chief, I will spare your people, but there shall be no place for you. Your chief shall share his couch with another. The Wind-Flower shall go back to the village and shall find no shelter there: but she must see her chief happy and the women and children glad in the sunshine. I have spoken."

"My ears have heard. O Giver of Life, and your words are like arrows in my heart. The Wind-Flower has borne great pain; she can bear more. It is well."

"Go, then, back to the village. Your courage has been mighty before me and I have hearkened to your words. Go back, I say, and when plenty shall come and the braves and squaws can laugh in the wigwams, when your place is taken by another, I may pity you. Go!"

The lake was gone; the warmth in the sunlight was gone; the gentle breeze had changed to the cold, icy breath of the mountain-side. But

At last she touched the gray circle: again she stood by the boulder where she had stood before; and then came the same murmur, but oh, how tender and loving now

there was a warmth in Wind-Flower's veins and a crushing, deadening pain at her heart; so it was not a dream.

Again there were hours of the same numbing cold, the same gnawing hunger, the same stiffening limbs, the same bloodless face, the same battle against Nature. But no one knew what Wind-Flower had seen and heard. In their own anguish no one had noticed that she went or came.

The next day brought the South-Wind: the snow disappeared and the flowers came: mountain and valley were alive again and all things sang the song of spring-time.

Fear of what was upon her took the light from Wind-Flower's eyes, the music from her voice and the smile from her lips. Then the stranger came and another sat at the chief's doorway: then the people laughed and pointed their fingers at her: even the children reviled her. At no wigwam was she welcome. What held her back from the racing rapids when she longed to give herself to them? What kept her from ending her days of loneliness, her nights of sorrow and desertion? In all her misery she saw her chief happy, her people prosperous; and she said that it was well.

Suddenly came a great desire to see once again the cup in Mighty-Wind, and to hear, if might be, the voice of the Great Spirit.

Instead of the creaking of the cold she heard the rustling of the summer breeze. Trees and grass and flowers, birds and beasts, had all forgotten the time of pain and death and were filled with the joy of summer. She alone knew it not.

At last she touched the gray circle; again she stood by the boulder where she had stood before; and then came the same murmur, but oh, how tender and loving now.

"You have come, O Wind-Flower, and it is time. Your sorrow has been before my eyes, but like the sun at noonday has been your great love for your people, for your chief, and I, the Holder of Heaven, have compassion on you. You have walked alone in the darkness: I will lead you in the sunshine from the morning even unto the sunset. You have given up love, which is more than life to your kind, but I will make your chief and your people to know what your love has done; and because it has been strong, like the tempest on the prairie, I will give of the waters of my drinking cup to my children forever, that when they see them and hear them and feel them, they may know what a woman's love can do. And this shall be the song these waters shall sing forever as they flow on and on to the Great Sea:

"A woman's love, a woman's love!
We tell the power of a woman's love.

Then there went tumbling down the mountain-side and through the valley a stream pure and clear, drawn from unknown depths, reaching to unknown bounds; leaping obstacles in one place, dancing round them in others; again flowing smooth and slow—always a symbol of a woman's love."

And that is how the Stream of the Deosongwa came to be, and that is why there is only and always the one refrain:

"A woman's love, a woman's love!
We tell the power of a woman's love.

CANADA BY MAIL

By J. and G. McNear

Illustrated by F. M. Grant

COFFEE, served in the drawing room, was a most uncomfortable ceremony, since Harold's grandfather, and even his uncles—to say nothing of his slightly sympathetic father and mother—dared not reopen the subject of Canada until Harold himself should say something. And Harold was being quite different from his ordinary self and was sipping his coffee in an almost genial silence.

When at length he spoke the entire family council heaved a concerted sigh of relief. At least they could get started now and bring to bear each his own pet reason for Harold's "future" as they chose to call it.

"If you'll all promise to pass over all the foolishness about coming to the train and the boat and all that sort of thing," said Harold, with an astounding absence of the sullenness that had distinguished the previous discussions, "I'll go in for the Canada idea, and be as much of a blooming immigrant as you wish."

The sudden removal of the tension put the advising relatives at a loss, and only grandfather was able to give expression to any moral advice.

"Harold, my boy," he said solemnly, "I must again remind you of the disgraceful failure that you made of your university career. You have clearly demonstrated that you are unfit for a successful life in England, and we are putting the entire hopes of our family in this two years in Canada. Remember that we have selected the establishment with which your cousin is already connected because we are counting on the rough and ready form of existence which we know to hold there, to remake what I am forced to refer to as your insufficient character. All your expenses will be paid so long as you send us regular reports as to your activities and your progress. These reports must be full and accurate and your position as possible heir to this large and important estate will depend entirely on the promise shown in your communications. Do you realize the full meaning of what I have said, Harold?"

"Yes, grandfather," replied Harold, with a politeness that completely concealed the sneer that was in his mind at the time.

There seemed to be no further necessity for staying, so Harold announced with great definiteness that his boat sailed on the twenty-second, that he expected the promise about not seeing him off to be strictly kept, and that he would now say good-by to everyone for two years.

His formal farewells were successfully made.

Three hours later he was waiting outside the stage door of the Gaiety.

"It's all right, Dora," he whispered to the little, brown-eyed, vivacious looking girl when she came out. "They took it all in beautifully; jolly glad to get rid of me too. But I say, grandfather rubbed it in awfully about the regular reports from far away Canada idea. He was frightfully stirred up about it and said that the inheritance of the estates and all that sort of thing depends entirely on what he thinks of the letters. I wish the old boy would pass on," he ended, dismally.

"Harold!" The little chorus girl was inexpressibly shocked. He laughed and reassured her. She laughed, and continued: "But we mustn't make any mistake about the letters. If we write some good ones you'll have the estate sure. We must get busy with books and things and learn all we can. Your cousin will help too, won't he?"

"Absolutely," replied Harold, with enthusiasm. "I can trust him to the very last. He'll send us bits of local color and when we get the bally things written he'll see that they get sent off in the right style. If it weren't for Reg I suppose we could never do the thing at all, and I'd have to go to the miserable country myself."

Castle Street, through which they were now walking, is very dark, and Harold thought it was about time to indicate his affection for his brown-eyed partner by means of a kiss.

"And I wouldn't see you for two years and not then either if I know anything about it," he said, as they hurried on again. "No more suppers at Alex's, no more dances, no more Sundays on the river, and nothing at all but a lot of stupid sand hills and bears and Indians and trick ponies. You're a little wonder to have thought it all out, and we'll have the finest two years you ever saw. Reg will forward the allowance that grandfather makes and I'll get heaps of money for my dancing and everything will be top hole."

His enthusiasm lasted well, and every afternoon till the twenty-first they were busy with back numbers of three Canadian journals which they got hold of at an office in Regent Street. There were four books, too, and the friendly assistance of an actor who had once been in Winnipeg, Saskatoon and Toronto. Harold got a bit discouraged at times, but Dora persistently held him at his task of making notes and arranging them.

"You're no better than a tutor," he complained one day at tea. "In fact, you're worse. You sit over me while I do it, and my tutor never did that, curses be on him."

"If you'd done what he told you," Dora added reprovingly, "you could have fixed up those letters a lot quicker. It always pays to be a good boy."

"What about all this doing Canada by mail business that you got up for me? That's not being a good boy, and I feel as though we were going to get tripped up in it too." Harold hung a garland of water cress on the spout of the tea pot. "But I say," he added, "it's jolly well worth it. I'm not really such a fool, you know. I mean the reason I did so rotten at the 'Varsity wasn't that I couldn't do their silly essays and papers, but just that I had

something better to do. I'll show you how I can work this letter game. Just watch me—I mean, help me like you've been doing and we'll get it over with beautifully."

The inspiration of having something definite to accomplish, something that he really wanted to do and that had an important audience, had always appealed successfully to Harold, though his activities had hitherto been confined chiefly to polo and roulette, the latter in rather amateur fashion. His dancing too, in swagger private theatricals, had been a distinct success. Now that he was going to spend two whole years in a more or less hidden state he would have to drop the polo and the amateur theatricals, and he had already finished with the roulette. His ambitions were therefore reduced to the two fields of theatrical dancing and Canadian letter-writing. His plans were all made and a thoroughly valuable and attentive audience for his activities, in the shape of Dora, was quite ready.

The real plunge came on the twenty-second. His carefully laid plans for cancelling his passage on the boat in such a way that the public records would not disclose it succeeded perfectly. His first long letter, with full descriptions of Quebec and Toronto, and learned dissertations on the possibilities of the country and the state of finance, was the only part of his belongings that actually sailed on the twenty-second, and it went enclosed in an envelope addressed to his cousin Reg, together with a full explanation of the system and how it was to be worked.

Harold's dancing, conducted in spheres remote from those in which he might be recognized (he went in for a "nut" part in a small travelling revue, in which the necessary make-up protected him from any reasonable chance of recognition) was quite a success, and he had great hopes of finding some sort of work in which he and Dora could be together, without being in a theatre where he would be recognized.

The letters were going on brilliantly. Most of his time outside of the theatre was spent in visiting small and undistinguished public libraries where he regularly consulted Canadian and Empire periodicals and searched for new reference books on the Dominion. Dora's letters, too, consisted chiefly of bits got hold of in one way or another in the matter of Canada. From Canada itself there were regular epistles from Reg, who never failed to protest against the whole disgraceful though clever scheme, though he saw to it that the Canadian end of it was properly handled.

"Believe me, Harold," Reg would usually say at the end of his letters, "one look at Regina is worth two dozen at Piccadilly. Cut out this crazy business and come on over."

But Sundays in town, with a river trip, or sometimes an ordinary concert, with Dora were entirely too much of an anchor for a successful Canadian correspondent. Harold's one reply was a firm refusal.

At the same time his rapidly-increasing knowledge of Canadian life was softening the edge of his scorn for what he still considered a barbarian country. His determination to keep his letters up to the high standard with which he had begun, and the constant encouragement of Dora, had forced him to make a painfully intensive study of conditions. He studied reports on Canadian finance regularly; he read all the political news in two Canadian papers, he even dissected at great pains the annual reports of both railway and industrial concerns.

His grandfather's brief replies, curt though they were, were distinctly promising. References to possible positions in important places, began to appear. And pleased though he was with his success, Harold began to get nervous. It was becoming necessary for him to tap new sources of information. He was constantly on the lookout for people who had been to Canada or who were getting letters from relatives there. In these searches he never said anything to indicate that he had not been there himself, for his knowledge of Canadian names and places was

They boarded the ship—this time—and sailed away

getting so great that he could converse with safety.

One Saturday he got a wire from Dora: "Come early to-morrow." As a matter of fact he always did take the very earliest train available, and she knew it, but he decided that it was only her excited way of promising some important event. He was on hand at her home by nine in the morning of Sunday. She was waiting in the window.

"Harold, here's a most wonderful chance," she said when she got a decent chance to speak. "It's wonderful, really. Now, listen. One of the girls knows the editor of the "Messenger," and he wants a man to handle the Canadian page and it's seven pounds a week and I think you've got it. All you have to do is to call and see him this noon." In her enthusiasm she danced up and down.

Harold was horrified. "But how can I write a beastly newspaper page," he objected. "I can't write and how can I do the Canadian news?"

His mouth was stopped with a small hand.

"Don't be silly," laughed Dora, "your letters are fine and you can write and you know all about Canada. Buck up and get it."

The challenge finished matters so far as he was concerned, and at one-thirty he came out of the door of a house in Nottingham Place, with an incontrollable smile on his face. Dora was waiting.

"I knew you'd do it," she cried out. "What happened?"

"Oh, he just asked me about eight thousand questions and I answered them all. That was easy. I know three times as much about it as that old fool does and he's been there, he says—but I don't believe him."

Even Harold had to laugh at such a remark as that. To tell the truth, he had begun to arrive at the point where he really thought that he had been to Canada. He had no means of knowing how ridiculous some of his conceptions were.

Still, as Canadian editor of the "Messenger," he was an enormous success. The second month (he had begun his editorial work at the beginning of the second year of his fake trip to Canada) of his newspaper work he and Dora married and took a flat in Golder's Green. She continued her chorus job at the Gaiety and they had plenty to live on and plenty of time to spare. The only risk was that of being identified, but as his grandfather was the only one of his relatives living in London, he was fairly safe in that respect. His name, of course, was still changed and his appearance was as different as a barber could make it.

The inevitable blow fell when there were but two more months left before his return. It was a short note from grandfather, praising his conduct throughout the banishment, and announcing that he would call to see him one month before the time was up, to bring him home in state.

Things happened with extreme rapidity from that moment. Harold persuaded the "Messenger" to give him a special errand in Canada, which would cover his expenses. Dora searched the steamship records till she learned which boat grandfather had taken so that there would be no unfortunate incidents. Tickets were got, sailing day came, they boarded the ship—this time—and steamed away. Not one thought, the whole time, had Harold given to his former scorn for Canada. For one thing, of course, Dora was with him, and they had money of their own for the trip, but the chief reason was a fairly obvious one. He (and Dora, too) was intensely curious to see a country about which he had written enough matter to fill a dozen books. Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa and Toronto they did in approved tourist style, laughing continuously at the sight of places which they had visited by mail with so much pains two years before. The transcontinental trains were a matter of the greatest interest, and when they finally approached Regina after a stop in Winnipeg, their excitement was almost distressing. On the trip they both persisted in talking with every person they could get hold of, a thing they would never have dreamed of doing in England.

Harold didn't recognize his cousin Reg at first, but when he did he was embarassingly grateful and pleased. The three of them went for a look about town and Harold took the opportunity of calling at a newspaper office at which he had business.

He was quite started by the warmth with which he was received. He was taken into a private office and with a directness that took him off his feet, was offered a position on the chain of papers of which this was one, as special writer at a salary of eighty-five dollars a week. Without answering he rushed out, found Dora and asked her advice. She returned with him to the private office and together they accepted.

His work began the same day. It was such that it allowed him, and even assisted him, to do the work for the "Messenger". For a month he and Dora were buried in a life that fascinated them. They assured each other that they would keep it up only till grandfather arrived and took them back to London, but grandfather sent word that he would be delayed for five months, and as time passed their remarks about returning soon became fainter. At last one day they frankly admitted to each other that they would rather live in Canada for ever, and merely visit London at the conventional intervals.

Finally grandfather arrived. So familiar were they with the district by now that they felt no fear whatever in the interview. Dora now had a minor position on the chain of papers and they felt ready for any question. Grandfather was most cordial. He even accepted the marriage, which was explained to him in fear and trembling, with calmness. Everything was beautiful till, as he glanced casually out of the window, grandfather spoke in surprised tones and said, "What is that new building? It wasn't there when I was in Regina twelve months ago."

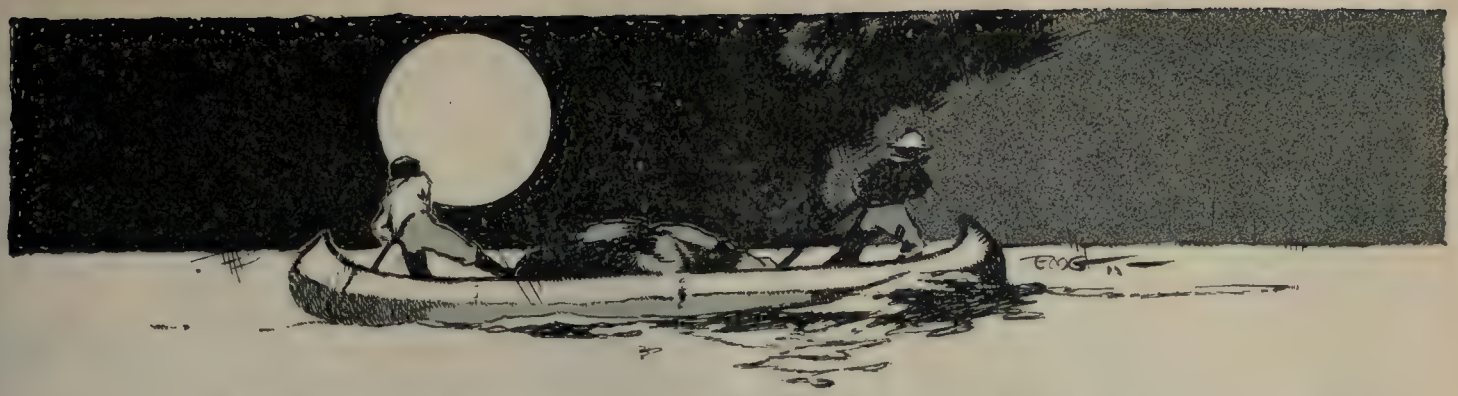
The silence was cold and blue. It became suffocating. After an endless period grandfather turned sternly to the trembling pair.

"You nearly wrecked the whole future of a great family. Only an inborn ability, which you had previously concealed with great skill, saved you. Your childish idea of living in Canada by mail was deceitful and wrong. Yet at the same time you carried it out with brilliance. Naturally, I have had every single step of your career followed from the night you left the house. This chain of papers for which you work belongs entirely to me. When I die it will belong to you. That building across there is mine. So is the new chain of flour mills, the new railroad in the north west and a score of other enterprises.

"Harold, my boy, and my dear Dora, I have put you through a difficult test. You both had bad weaknesses, but I believe that they are entirely gone. I look upon you two as my own children and I rely on you to wipe out the blot of failure that my own son tried to put on the family name. I am trusting you to make the enormous fortune which you are to inherit a power for good in this great new country. Do you realize all that this means, my children?"

Harold looked at Dora for an instant, and then rose and grasped his grandfather's hand.

"Yes, grandfather," he replied, and there was no sneer in his mind as he spoke.



The Son of the Otter

By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

Synopsis

Peter McLeod is appointed agent for the Hudson Bay Company at Grand Lac, to succeed the inebriate Jim Barry, recently deceased. Upon his arrival at the Post, Peter finds stores depleted and accounts unkept. He tries to restore order and accidentally discharges an old pistol which wounds him in the leg. The various remedies applied by the Indians result in blood poisoning and he is near to death. Uapukun, a lovely young Indian girl, nurses him back to health and is rewarded with his love. She had been a servant for Barry's wife, during that unfortunate woman's lifetime, and her knowledge of affairs at the Post is a great aid to Peter in straightening out the financial chaos. She tells him that the brighteyed youngster Ahteck, always at her side, is her brother; both presently become essential to McLeod's happiness and he marries her. One evil day, when he is away on a week's hunting trip a band of Nascaupees arrive and their spokesman reveals himself to Uapukun as the avenging husband who has sought out her hiding place. She can purchase his silence only by giving him expensive stores and firearms. She refuses and he is about to strike her when Ahteck, hearing his threats, rushes upon him and fells him with a blow. He believes he has killed his father. He insists upon leaving home lest the punishment of offended deities may include those he loves, and journeys to Pointe Bleue, where he works in a sawmill and lives with the family of Jean Caron, whose little daughter, Mititesh, alone can rouse him from his gloom. He goes on trapping expeditions with Caron's friend, Paul Barotte, and finally abandons his work at the sawmill for this newer occupation.

Upon the death of Peter McLeod, Uapukun seeks out Ahteck, overcomes his scruples, and, with the snug sum which Peter has left her, makes a comfortable home for Ahteck and the two children. With the coming of winter, Ahteck and Paul Barrotte start on their hunting trip to the North. Hither comes Jean Caron for help. His home has been burned, his wife and daughter, Mititesh, face starvation. His feeble strength fails him within sight of the shack and, with one desparing cry. he falls unconscious. Ahteck and Paul hear his appeal and quickly bear him to the shack. Ahteck goes at once to Caron's camp, where he finds Mititesh, half starved, mourning over the body of her mother. Ahteck places the body in a tree to await burial in the spring, and returns with Mititesh to his own camp.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

He gathered up the very few things that might be of use to Mititesh, which had been saved from destruction, and placed them in his pack. Then, as soon as he had made the tea and fried some big pancakes, he awakened her and they said prayers, after which they broke their fast.

Mititesh was exceedingly hungry. Owing to Ahteck's precaution she had been untroubled with cramps or nausea, such as affects people who eat too greedily after having starved. She was alreay looking much better than on the previous day and Ahteck, as soon as they had eaten, took her by the hand and led her to the scaffold, where they prayed again, a long time.

"Now," said Ahteck, as they finally returned, "it is time to leave for my camp, where thy father waits for thee. I have been wondering whether his line of traps might still be worked. It is far from ours and he is too ill to come down for a very long time, I fear. But the traps themselves must at least be taken up and saved for thee. It may be that I will return in a few days and go over it, and if I find any fur it will belong to thee also. Now tell me all thou knowest about the line."

"I have gone over a small part of it, very often," she said, "for my help has been badly needed during the last months. I was very sad because I was not stronger and better able to work."

"Where does it begin ?" asked the young man.

"We start over there," she pointed. "Near the crooked birches on the other side of the river. It goes on till it reaches the small brook and follows it into the hills, passing through the great notch yonder, where the mountains show blue before the snow comes. Then it goes down into a valley, but I have not been as far as that. It is all well blazed. In the valley there is a chain of ponds, and in some years my father has killed caribou near them. Farther on one comes to a lake that is very full of pike and *dore*. The line keeps along the shore of the lake, to the outlet, which is south. There, my father told me, is a small shack he built long ago, a good place to rest in the night."

"That is good," said Ahteck. "I understand. It will be very easy to follow. And how goes the rest of the line ?"

"My father has told me. Wait a moment."

She stopped, thinking deeply, to make very sure of her memory.

"I remember now," she continued. "To the west is an old line where the blazes were made many years ago, but the ground was not good, therefore it must not be followed, because later my father made a new one, keeping farther south. The river is to be followed from the outlet until there is a great fall, and then the line goes away from the water, passing east over a little mountain of birches and aspens. It is a good place for marten. After a half a day's travel one reaches a crooked lake with red trout, and its waters come down into this river, three miles below, where the great pine that was torn by lightning stands behind the high rocks. But thou knowest the place."

Ahteck nodded. He had been listening very carefully and watching the child, who from time to time drew some sort of a map on the snow, with the singular ability of Indians to remember and describe large areas of land and water. He had asked a few questions, and now was perfectly familiar with fifty miles of country he had never visited. It is a power bred by need into the bone of his race. He could never forget the indications and would always be able to follow the line as if he had laid it out himself. He knew that all the traps and the turnings would be marked by special blazes. It was all perfectly clear to him.

"It is well," he said. "The line makes a great circle. Now we must make a start. I think that by working hard perhaps both lines might be tended later on. I shall have to speak to Paul. It will be very difficult."

"But my father," said the child. "He can work after he gets better. Always he says that he will very soon be well."

Ahteck hung his head, without answering, being but a poor hand at deception, and little Mititesh looked up anxiously at him.

"Is his sickness too bad ?" she asked, with quivering lips. "Dost thou think he will not be able to hunt again this winter ? He was so sure he would soon be better. It may be that good food and the moose meat may bring back, the strength he has lost !"

But Ahteck still forbore to answer, and the child rose to her feet, quickly.

"We must go," she said, eagerly. "Let us start at once ! Oh ! I am very strong with food now and able to walk very fast !"

The brave little thing looked up at him, feverishly anxious to start. She was so thin and weak-looking that it seemed as if a breath of wind could have blown her to the ground, but the indomitable courage of her ancestors was renewed within her and the long trip held no terror for her. Her father was waiting, he needed her, perhaps the touch of her hand might soothe him, or the sound of her voice comfort him. The splendid woman she was destined to be showed in the child. Before Ahteck's gigantic form she looked small indeed. But she was already thirteen and of a breed that ripens fast. It would take but a few years before she would blossom out into womanhood, though to the big lad she was but a tiny waif of tender years and still the little one who had been so friendly in the first days of his coming to Pointe Bleue, when her father had befriended him. She had sat on his knees then, and a deep affection had begun between the two, that was never to die out. On the child's part it was the feeling of a little one for a big kind brother, for a youth whose kindly nature appealed to her, and who realized the hardships of her life, during which she had for a long time done more than her share, owing to the weakness of the parents. Ahteck, however, was attracted to her only as the very lonely man is attracted by the presence of one who may divert somber thoughts, like the prisoner who learned to love a tiny plant growing between the stones of his cell.

"It is well," said the young man. "We will start now and go as far as we can this day."

CHAPTER XII.

THE LIGHT BURDEN

It took but a few minutes to get ready before leaving the camp of starvation and disaster, which, as is the custom whenever fate has dealt harshly with any dwellers in the far places of the wilderness, would never again be the abode of Indians, so strong are old superstitions. The ragged tent whose rents Mititesh had sought to cover with bark was left standing, gradually to rot away and fall to pieces. The peeled sapling with branches cut short, upon which Jean Caron had stuck the skulls of bears and otters and other animals, was the only thing that would mark the site of the camp for a long while. Originally the hunters did this thing because the heads left to bleach in the sun and rain were deemed to occupy a place of honor that satisfied the restless spirits of the departed animals and prevented them from warning others still living against the wiles of the trappers. Now that the Indians of that region are all Christians, and taken to task for such beliefs and heathenish customs, they are apt to continue this one. But if asked about the matter they strenuously deny having any superstitious ideas and assert that the sapling and its strange fruit merely serve to show the prowess of the hunters.

For some time Mititesh walked behind Ahteck, in his footsteps, which however, soon proved far too long for her shorter stride. She was of fair height for her years, but a tiny thing by the side of the young man. While she still showed marks of childhood in some respects she looked old, being so wan and thin. Underfed for a long time and driven beyond her strength, she was but a poor stray thing for the winds of heaven to play with, to toss about and to abandon, like the sere leaves that strew the earth at the time when the wind-gods bestir themselves at the coming of winter.

Before he had gone very far, however, Ahteck turned and looked back. He could no longer hear the slight crunching tread of her little snowshoes behind him and saw that she was already some distance away, plodding on bravely but utterly unable to keep up with him, although he had gone very slowly, as it appeared to him.

Then, for some time, he walked still more leisurely, having known all the while that he would have to carry her. But the way was long and hard and he knew that he must let her go as far as she could without tiring her too much. Great as was his own strength he realized that it must be husbanded. It was a thing of value, like food, or even like the money of the white men, to be used sparingly in order to make it go as far as possible. He allowed her to come up to him again, and spoke words of encouragement, but soon she dropped behind and he stopped, throwing off his pack. They had gone about a mile.

Once more Mititesh reached him. She appeared to be quite exhausted, but had kept on with indomitable courage.

"I am not as strong as I thought," she acknowledged, sorrowfully, her breath coming very fast. "I think the long hunger must have changed me, for we have come but a little way. But thou canst leave me a little food and a blanket, and go on. A few matches I will also need, for the night. I will follow as soon as I can. Have no fear that I will not reach thy camp. I will follow thy tracks."

Ahteck smiled, admiring the child's wonderful pluck. He knew that she was quite well aware that this thing she proposed was well-nigh a certainty of her dying alone, on the trail, unable to go on. Yet she was willing to hang upon such a slender thread of chance.

The young man shook his head.

"We are going to camp together," he said. "We are old friends that must not part so easily. For a time I will carry thee now."

She had dropped on the snow, her thin legs shaking with weariness, her breath heaving with exertion. Ahteck lengthened the rawhide thongs of his tump-line, allowing his pack to fall lower down on his back. Then he lifted Mititesh upon it so that she sat upon the bundle with her legs passing under his armpits and her mittened hands resting upon his shoulders.

The whole thing was done in a very few minutes, and he rose easily with his load and resumed his long effective strides.

"I fear I am very heavy," said Mititesh, much concerned.

He laughed one of his rare laughs, that were very soft.

"Thou art indeed terribly heavy, little Mititesh," he said. "Full as heavy as a tiny *maskoush*, a small cub of bear born a few months only. Take a good hold of my shoulders, or about my neck. The going is not bad now and I must hurry on."

It gave him pleasure to feel the pressure of her small hands, to have, at times, the warm breath blowing against his cheek. The load was small indeed compared with the tremendous burdens he was accustomed to carry over the portages, and yet he felt it, in the bad places where the snow was soft or the ground very rough, and realized that later on, towards the end of the day, it would bear down shrewdly upon him and slow his gait. This did not trouble him. He simply thought it his duty to take the child as fast as he could to her father. He was doing his best and that was enough.

After he had gone on steadily for some miles he felt his charge growing somewhat unsteady on his back. The pressure of the little hands had relaxed. When he spoke to her, softly, the child did not answer, but her quiet breathing

Ahteck knew that she was quite well aware that this thing she proposed was well-nigh a certainty of her dying alone, on the trail, unable to go on. Yet she was willing to hang upon such a slender thread of chance

reassured him. He put one of his hands up to his neck and caught hers, gently, so that she might not drop off during her sleep. Her head had fallen upon the nape of his neck and he was glad that she could rest.

Thereupon he toiled on, powerfully, ceaselessly, never taking the slightest rest, while a new sense that was a pleasant one and comforting stole over him, gradually. It was as if he had been a child leading a dreary life, who had found something to pet and care for, as little ones of the woodland sometimes adopt a tiny cub of bear or fox. It seems, in some hazy way, as if his hard life were leaving a deep groove in which it had run all too long—as if a new element had entered it, that gave him courage and greater strength. The load was resting easily upon him, and the full pride of his early manhood appeared to carry him along, swiftly and with a power that was new to him so that he bucked the tangles of alders, and crunched over the hummocky places of swamps where the leaves of dead bracken and fern sometimes showed through the snow, carpeting the ground whose oozing black muck was frozen now and crackled under his feet. His great length of limb permitted him to step over prostrate

trunks of good size, with never a moment's hesitation, with no faltering, and he went on like some machine built by the ingenuity of man, that keeps on going until the fuel is exhausted.

That little hand he was holding was but a very slender thing, even in the thick mitten of muskrat fur, and yet he derived a sense of well-being from its touch, akin to that of a child deprived of companions that has found some living thing it may take to its breast, to pet and cherish.

He continued to walk on rapidly until noon, when the sun of midwinter, still very low in the sky, had reached the most southerly point of its journey. He felt satisfied, knowing that he was making good progress. The cold was growing more and more intense, however, for the sky had become clear and bright. It was then that Mititesh suddenly awoke.

"I think I fell asleep," she said, rubbing her eyes. "At first my feet were very cold and gave me some pain, but now I feel nothing. Have we gone far ?"

But he did not answer her question, feeling much disturbed, and stopped immediately, putting the girl down on the ground and throwing off his pack, hurriedly. At once he lighted a fire, for the place offered the shelter of large cliffs rising sheer by the side of the river which protected them from the biting wind.

"Now take off thy shoepacks," he said, "and also thy stockings. Wait, sit down on the pack, I will help thee. Have a care and do not pull hard."

He kneeled in front of her, reproaching himself bitterly. He should have remembered that her feet would be a little moist from the walking, and, like a fool, he had neglected to see to this and had taken her up on his back without attending to a most important matter. He had no doubt that her feet had become badly chilled and, by this time, might be severely frost-bitten.

He loosened his pack and pulled out a pair of heavy socks made of rabbit skin, and as soon as the child's feet were bare, rubbed them vigorously with the soft fur. Upon the toes there were a few white spots that worried him a good deal. After the rubbing was over, when the feet tingled and hurt again, he hastily put more wood on the fire, melted icicles in the kettle to make tea, and then got under the blankets he had placed over Mititesh, after opening his *capot* and the two heavy shirts he wore, and put the still icy feet upon his warm bare breast, while she protested strenuously that she was all right. At a word from him, however, she kept still and, gratefully, felt the returning heat. It was as if a little of the abundant store of the man's life had gone out to her to make her strong again, as some give of their blood-stream to those who are fainting and pulseless from much bleeding. The color returned to her dusky cheeks, that had become very gray.

They remained there for a long time, perhaps an hour, during which they ate again. Ahteck was disturbed over the idea that perhaps he was bringing ill-chance to the child. After a time he looked again at the small shapely feet, that had never known other covering than soft moccasins or shoe-packs, and saw that the white spots had entirely disappeared and that he had probably been just in time. There were no suspicious welts, no undue redness of the skin. Then he warmed her stockings by the fire, and over them drew on the big fur socks and a pair of soft buckskin moccasins. These had been made for him and he could not help smiling while, for the first time, the girl's face also showed slight merriment.

While they ate, sitting near the fire that was sending up sparks in the frosty air, Mititesh was looking at Ahteck, and a deepening wonder arose in her, because all this was just like one of the legends of the olden time in which the son of the Northwest Wind and of Wenonah, in the tales still known to most of the Indians of the Great North, plays all manners of wonderful pranks. He was a marvelously big man, not at all like others, evidently endowed with strange gifts, who turned up suddenly in the nick of time, as Nanabooshoo did in the stories of her people. Her short life had been a very hard one, and she scarcely understood how it had come about that she was now receiving such gentle care. Indeed she had known affection, for Indians are very good to their children, but her parents, through stress of illness, had depended on her to the limit of her slender forces. And now Ahteck was lifting her to his great back, after feeding her and chafing the feet he had warmed on his great breast. It was very wonderful !

Long association with Pete McLeod, a man of exceeding gentleness of character, and the two children he had helped to care for, had doubtless had a considerable influence upon the lad Ahteck, yet it is also probable that some of the refinement and kindliness of his manner had been born in him, derived from the loving woman who had been his mother. He had always impressed the child Mititesh greatly, and, in her simple mind, she accepted with no little wonder the mystery of his kindness to her.

Soon they were again on their way. Ahteck, before the stop, had already walked steadily for five hours, going very fast in spite of his load. But this he had scarcely felt, and when he started again he knew that he would be able to keep on, untiringly, until the darkness would compel him to stop. People of cities and of the country of clear roads and paths are apt to think in terms of three miles an hour for easy going. In the trackless wilderness of forests covering hill and dale, of woods tangled with undergrowth which merge into swamps with their barriers of alders, a rate of a couple of miles an hour is tremendous travel for a day's work, when a man merely carries a gun. Ahteck, in spite of his burden, did all of this. Very often he asked Mititesh if her feet were warm, and warned her against falling asleep again, but she always assured him that they were all right and he would keep on plodding, silently. The downward tracks had been covered by the new snow but he continued by the same road, unerringly, recognizing trees and snow-capped rocks and fallen trunks with the marveluos instinctive memory of the wilderness dweller, so that he did not have to pick out his way again.

It was an extraordinary progress, during which he passed swiftly over bad going, drove hard against obstructions, avoided tangled thickets of leafless branches and vines spread before him like a net, and, when he happened to take to the surface of the river, watched carefully for dangerous spots.

After four more hours of going the sun had touched the serrated edge of the big woods in the west with flaming hues, casting long tinted shadows over the snow, and he was looking for a place in which to camp for the night. He had already passed the spot where, on the downward journey, he had been obliged to stop and await the morning. He was glad that a short march begun at early sunrise would take him to the camp early in the next day.

Mititesh was very eager to help him with his preparations, but he bade her sit by the fire and warm herself. After food they had the evening prayer and immediately afterwards stretched themselves out to sleep. The sky was entirely clear again, and in the fierce cold, the stars appeared to vibrate; to dance in the sky as if they also had felt the chill of the world and could not keep still. Further to the south, at the big Shallow Lake, as the Indians call St. John, the temperature on that night was well below forty. They were compelled to sleep with their faces under the blankets, to avoid freezing them, even close to the big fire which Ahteck often arose to replenish. In the stillness of the night great trees were cracking and splitting, with detonations like the firing of guns, and the ice on the river near by groaned with the heaving of the flood enclosed within tremendous shackles.

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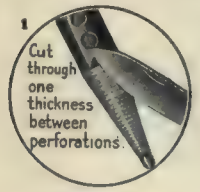

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CHAPTER XIII.

JEAN CARRON THROWS OFF HIS RESPONSIBILITES

It was still frightfully cold when Ahteck rose, carefully lest he should awaken the child; he had not slept very much owing to the necessity of keeping the fire going. Its flame, as he piled on more wood, was reflected upon the wall of a great perpendicular rock at the foot of which they had made their camp. Mititesh continued to sleep, with her head under the blankets, and the man took the trouble to go at some distance to chop more wood so that the sound of his ax-strokes might not awaken her. He took some flaming brands from the big fire and built a smaller one for cooking, near at hand.

It was only when the water was boiling in the kettle that she awoke, rubbing her eyes, and heard the fat sputtering in the pan. Timidly she called to him, bidding him good morning. It irked her a little to see that he was doing what should have been the woman's work, and instantly she leaped to her feet.

They were not very far from the river's edge. Hardly a hundred paces above them there was a fall over which white water, in a cloud of vapor, was roaring before it became engulfed beneath a vast bed of ice. The spray had crystallized upon the bare limbs and twigs of trees and bushes that bent under a heavy load of gems scintillating in the light of the rising sun. Ahteck was still cutting wood, with cautious strokes. By the time they sat down on the blankets, to eat, they were well ready for the huge pancakes fried in fat and several cups of tea, black and bitter.

An abundance of good food had already wrought a great change in the child Mititesh. She was active now and full of life; the earthy color of her cheeks had disappeared while beneath her dusky skin there was a pink glow. As soon as they had ended their meal she bestirred herself, cleaning the frying pan by boiling water in it, and washed out the little wide-bottomed tea-kettle and the cups, making herself useful. After this, as Ahteck finished rolling up and packing the blankets, she tied on the snowshoes he had carried for her.

"Now I will not be carried any more," she informed him. "I am very strong. How far is it to thy camp?"

"A little more than two hours of walking," he answered, "but it will be better that I should carry thee."

Mititesh, however, shook her head. "I am surely not a *ouash*, a little baby to be carried on its mother's back," she insisted. "The great hunger is forgotten now and I am well rested."

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"I have been thinking that from now on, perhaps, thou wouldst be my *ouash*," said Ahteck, incautiously, whereupon the child's eyes filled at once with tears.

"Nikaui, my poor mother, she is gone now, and her body there among the big trees is shaken by the wind, waiting to sleep quietly in the ground," she answered, sadly. "And perhaps thou thinkest my father will go to seek her. If it should be so then I will be thy *ouash*, if thou wilt take me, because there is no one else in the world that will want me."

He patted her shoulder, gently, nodding assent, and they took up their journey. The child trotted easily beside him now, while he took care to shorten his stride a little. Several times he asked if he might carry her, but always she shook her head and followed him, breathing easily and going on without fatigue. She was strong and well developed, and the wondrous recuperative power of her youth seemed to have already blotted out the effects of hunger and overexertion.

It was not very long before they reached the young men's permanent camp. From a distance they saw white smoke curling above the roof from the stove-pipe. It looked like an oasis in the desert of snow and ice.

Paul came out upon the door-sill.

"Good morning, Mititesh !" he cried. "A welcome to thee, little one. Ahteck, luck has come to me, for I have caught that thief of a *carcajou* and his hide is stretching. A fine one he was. The *maudit* will no longer rob my traps. A robber he was and the son of robbers. But I am keeping you out. Come in, I have a good fire and it is warm, and there is bread made this morning, and I will fry meat. Come in, little Mititesh !"

The girl had been looking at him, anxiously, for during the whole journey she had feared bad news. She entered the shack, hurriedly. From the roof-beam hung the frame bearing the pelt of the wolverine. Many others were also drying there.

At the other side of the small stove, in a rough bunk built of ax-hewn planks against the wall of logs, and lying under a heavy blanket, Jean Caron had risen on one elbow. He had been listening intently, as soon as he had heard the voices outside. Now he was watching, eagerly, anxiously.

The man's eyes brightened when his child Mititesh appeared, but they remained fixed upon the door. When the men entered, however, carefully closing it, he understood and fell back in the bunk, breathing fast. There was no need to tell him that the mother had been left behind, in her last long

Continued on page 122.

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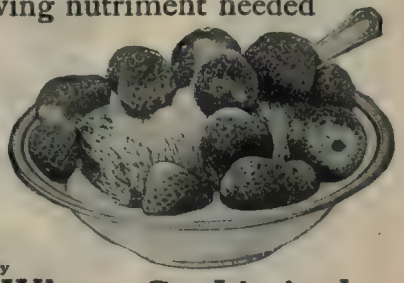

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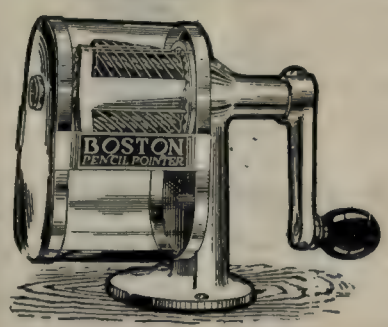

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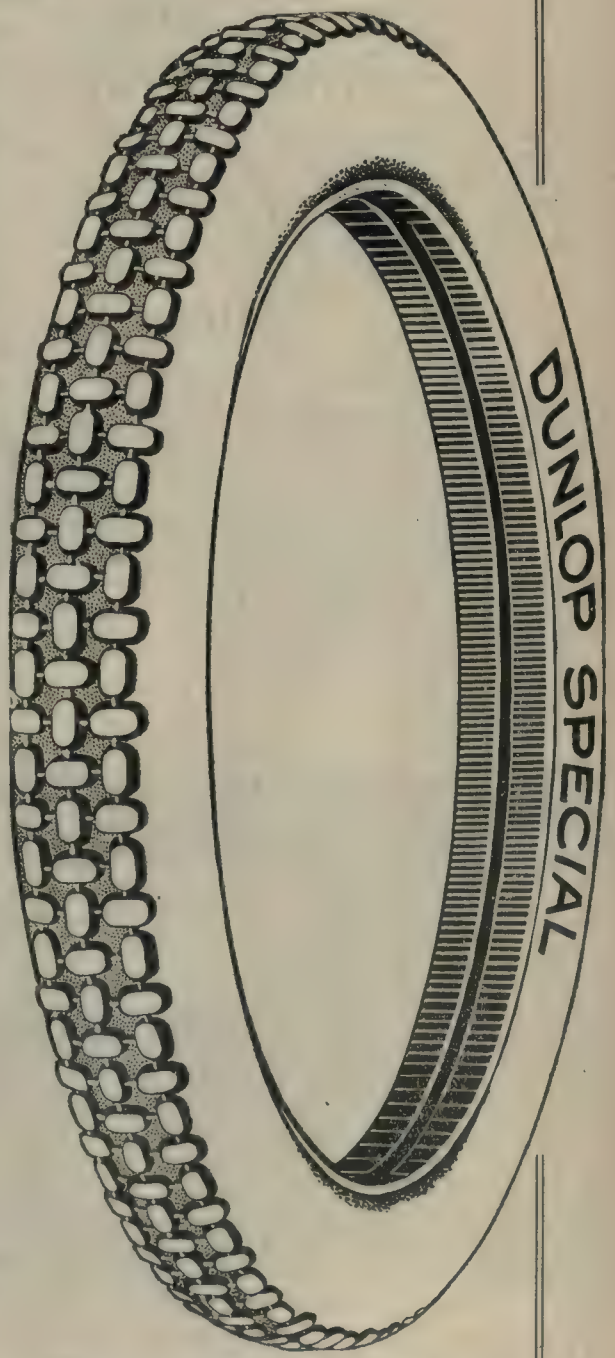

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Painful corns are needless since Blue-jay was invented. Stop paring them. Stop using ancient treatments. Use the gentle, modern, scientific Blue-jay. Millions of people keep free from corns in that way. Your own friends and neighbors do it. Don't let corns spoil your happiest hours when a little Blue-jay ends them.

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CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, LTD.

46 Yonge St., Toronto, or 9 R. & O. Building, Montreal.

In Old Cape Town

Continued from page 84.

past, while the grounds are devoted to the preservation of native and imported plants and animals, there being a zoo of no mean size. The estate lies on the side of the Devil's Peak and covers many acres, containing both meadow and timber. At the top of the plantation is the Rhodes Memorial which was erected by the government after Rhodes had found his last home in the Matopos where his body lies, his grave a monument to Rhodesia, the land he wrested from the savage and gave to the Empire. An excellent road winds along side of the Peak, enabling automobiles to visit the Memorial. Standing on the mountain side, almost inaccessible from below, it looks out over Table Bay and may be seen miles away at sea, a monument to the tireless energy of one of Briton's biggest men, the greatest South African. He was a true Africander in all but birth, In the years that are to come United South Africa will stand as the ideal monument to the memory of the man who did more than all others to make it what it is and what it will be in the future, for its possibilities are now undeveloped and largely an unknown quantity.

A Freight of Currency

Continued from page 90.

drew an exclamation from some one and all turned to look at it.

"My God, it's Dick!" the old man cried, shivering in every limb, his face blanched with the palor of death.

"Don't worry, Josh; he's past preyin' for or doin' ye any arm' now. Anyhow, if he lives I don't think he'll get much space to swing his legs for the rest of his life when the boys here get to know of his record at home."

When the police had taken their departure, the four occupants of the cabin did their best to straighten things out and settle down, but there was to be no more sleep that night.

As they sat in the early hours discussing the untoward proceedings, the mate, unaware of Sam's desire to keep it quiet, blurted out an expression of his regret that they had been unable to save the treasure.

The news fell on Josh like a thunderclap, and he threw out his hands in mute appeal to Sam for any consolation or hope of its recovery he could give him.

"No good takin' on like that, shipmate. 'Ow could I help it? It was yer fool way o' doin' things. You planned the whole business an' you had no doubt blabbed about it or shown your hand in some way to some one who told Dick of it all. It's as

plain as a pike-staff. An' o' course, what would any man who can see two inches ahead of his nose expect to 'appen? Why, just what *did* 'appen.

"That thief would have 'ad them shekels if ye'd brought them over in a balloon. Ye've allus been the same, Windlass. Yer a man that cannot be crossed in any straightforward way. If a chap wants to have fair play out o' ye, even for yer own benefit, he's got t' git it by foolin' ye or swindlin' ye in some gol-darned way."

"But there! Don't yer lose 'ope altogether mate, an' look like a chap about to be 'ung. The police are on the track an' they *may* reach him, altho' it might look as likely to you as a hurricane in the doldrums."

As Sam proceeded, Josh looked the personification of misery. The "Doc" tried to preserve a countenance entirely in harmony with the fitness of things at that fell moment, and his success was remarkable.

Poor Sonny looked so sympathetic and so overcome that Sam at last felt constrained to ease the boy's mind, and ordered him on deck for something that wasn't there. When he returned for "better instructions," it gave Sam an excuse to leave the cabin when he assured the boy that it would "come out all right."

Next morning, the *Mermaid* changed places with her neighbor, was hauled in alongside the quay, and the business of unloading proceeded with under the direction of the mate.

Captain Slimber from the moment of getting up took on an unusual jovial manner and shaved with as great care as if he were preparing for a wedding. The contrast to the tragic happenings of the night before struck old Josh. "But there!" he reasoned, "Sam was always a bit of a riddle an' had his own way o' lookin' at things."

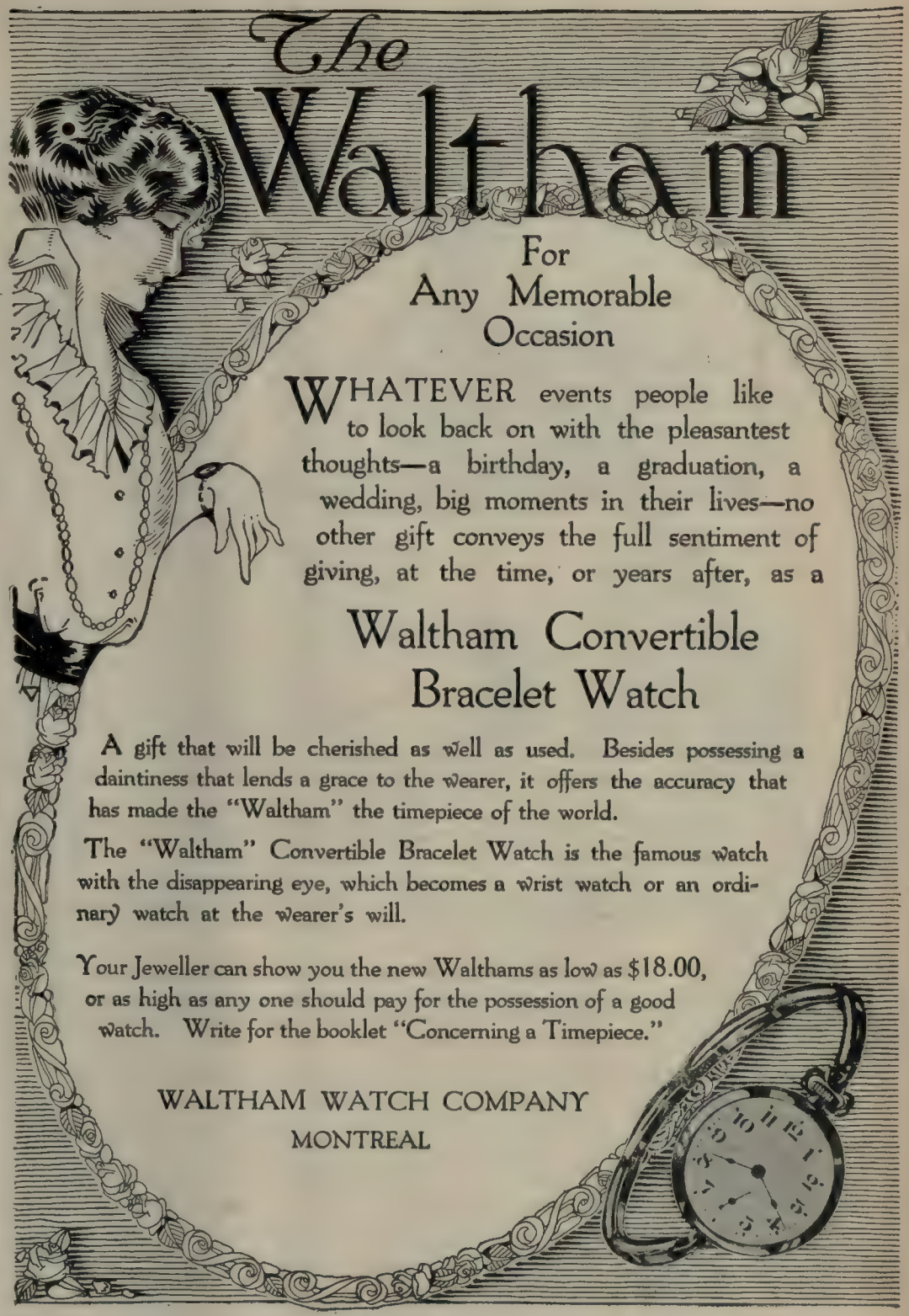
"Get on yer best togs, Windlass; I'm going to take you and Sonny with me to see the sights o' Halifax. I've got to call on some swell friends, an' we mustn't so much as smell o' beer or bacca."

Shortly after breakfast, the trio found themselves in a street which was a miniature of one of the stockbroking thoroughfares of London City.

To the amazement of Josh, Sam led him into one of the most pretentious buildings in the street, where an inquiry on the part of Sam (who evidently knew his bearings) was politely answered by a youth who showed them into a little waiting room.

Enter a dapper little gentleman who shook hands, first with Sam as an old acquaintance, and then all round.

"Well, we're all ready for you, Mr. Windlass. Tell me how much you wish to retain and then we'll fill in particulars of the balance on this slip,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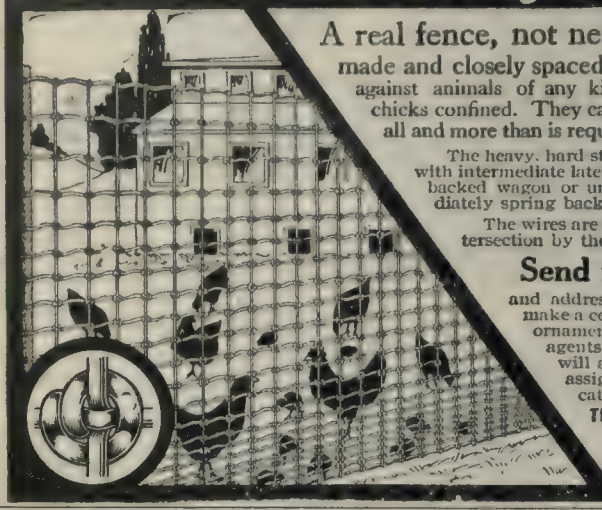
Peerless Poultry Fencing



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Our work is of such a nature that young men and women find they can attend to it very nicely during "after lecture" hours, Saturdays and vacation periods. Some of our people have earned all of the money required for their college expenses in this "part time" work.

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making the draft on any point you wish near your destination."

Josh looked towards Sam and Sam looked as if champagne oozed out from every pore of his clean shaven face, shaking with merriment as if his head would drop off from his fat, wobbly shoulders.

"I'ts like this, Mr. Baring," he at last began by way of explanation to the great banker: "that old fool wanted me to fetch over in bank o' England notes an' gold sovereigns the money ye've got on that there draft. Well, sir, I ain't sich a hass as to take any risk o' the kind, so I stuffed his bloomin' old tin full o' paper curls I got from the matron o' the Deal horspital, with some lead clippins, to make the dead weight o' the sovereigns. Let 'im see that bit o' paper, sir."

And the astounded Windlass read: "*At sight of this, first of exchange (second and third unpaid) pay to the order of Joshua Windlass the sum of eight thousand and twenty pounds.*"

The old man sank into a chair and wept: probably the first tears he had shed since infancy.

"Avast there, Josh: we ain't done wi' business yet." and Sam proceeded to undress as if in response to the call of "Man overboard!" First came his great pea-jacket, next a wool-lined waistcoat, and finally the pig-skin braces of his great pants went by the board. Off came the shirt, and when the pants were just on the point of clewing up like the *Mermaid's* big foresail when she hove to, Sonny sprang at them and averted all disaster, while Sam unhitched a great buckskin waist-belt.

From a pocket of the latter he withdrew a packet which he solemnly handed over to Windlass. Josh opened it with trembling hands and there were the historic jewels and Napoleons—the legacy of his dead wife, and which were more precious to him by far than the wealth of two continents.

The storm-buffeted old Salt seemed to be deprived of all powers of utterance and to transact his part in the remaining business as if he moved in a dream. All the same, the great banker was a living creature of flesh and blood. The money also was a thing that positively did exist.

Documents were completed that would defy the worst that marauding mortal might do to possess this man's property; and next day, the old man, supported by the young life that had proved a mighty factor in his salvation, would start on the last lap that remained between him and his great objective.

* * * * * *

"What d'ye say to a shot at a tin o' lobster, Josh?" Sam suggested when Sonny entered the cabin for the last

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.—of Canada—of the United States—of Great Britain—of South Africa—of Australasia—of South America—of Mexico—have you ever realized the tremendous ramifications of these world-wide institutions that are supplying better tires for every nation? All of these corporations do not manufacture but purchase from the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. of Canada and the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. of Akron—tires being shipped continuously from Bowmanville, Ont., and Akron, Ohio.

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30 x $3\frac{1}{2}$	-	$19.02	$22.23	30 x $3\frac{1}{2}$	-	$15.00	$18.00
32 x $3\frac{1}{2}$	-	21.87	25.58	32 x $3\frac{1}{2}$	-	18.95	22.75
34 x 4	-	31.92	37.34	34 x 4	-	28.10	33.80
36 x $4\frac{1}{2}$	-	44.96	52.65	36 x $4\frac{1}{2}$	-	39.35	47.20
37 x 5	-	52.44	65.55	37 x 5	-	45.45	54.50

Study the figures given here. You can see the actual saving to you in dollars and cents because Goodyear Tires are made in Canada.

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A census of 71 principal cities of the United States shows that every fifth car is equipped with Goodyear Tires. This despite the fact that there are some two hundred other brands, most of which sell in the United States at a lower price than Goodyears. ¶This unusual preference extends to Canada also. ¶Yet many of those two hundred other brands not made in Canada are offered to you here in Canada. ¶You are usually asked to pay prices from 40 to 50 per cent. higher than the prices at which those brands are offered in their home markets. ¶But you know that in the markets from whence they are exported, they are offered at prices much lower in comparison to Goodyears and yet do not acquire leadership. ¶Buying Goodyear Made-in-Canada Products means more than keeping hundreds of workers employed. It means a direct immediate saving to you on each purchase.

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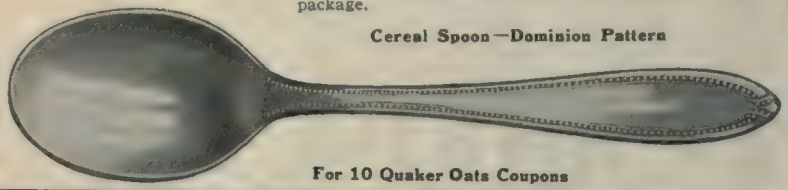
This takes the place of large advertising, and gives all the saving to you. Each 10c package contains one coupon. Each 25c round package contains two coupons. Each coupon has a merchandise value of 2c to apply on any premium. We make very attractive, very liberal offers. Note them in the package.

Cereal Spoon—Dominion Pattern



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It's Nine-Tenths Vivacity
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The very joy of life—the love of beauty—urges Quaker Oats.

Not placid beauty. That's a gift, and little to be envied.

The charm lies in life and sparkle. It lies in bounding energy.

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That's one great reason for Quaker Oats in plenty. It is animating food.

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To "feel your oats" means joy, success and charm.

Oats are not for young folks only. At fifty they are more important than at ten.

It's a vast mistake, at any age, to neglect the morning oat dish.

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The Luxury Dish

We have made a luxury dish of oats—a dish that is always delightful.

We do it by discarding all the puny oats—by using queen grains only. We get but 10 pounds from a bushel.

But these big, plump grains monopolize the flavor. And they make large, luscious flakes. From all the world over, true lovers of oats send to us to get them.

Every package branded Quaker Oats contains this extra quality. Yet it costs the usual price. You owe it to yourself to get it.

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(1312)

time to ask what he might get for supper.

"Get a shipload o' them Sam, if ye like an' I'll foot the bill: but *I'll* stick to my gruel if yé don't mind. Lobsters gi' me visions and——"

The whole ship's company reflected the smile that lingered on the face of Joshua; and "Doc' Macpherson" gave it as his professional opinion that if he practised that act of self-abnegation at every recurring temptation to dine off shell-fish, he would guarantee him an immunity from night-mare for the rest of his natural life.

Confessions of a Winged Ant

Continued from page 87.

couldn't fathom, what I took this run out to discover, is why you were so generous—A Packard and a European tour in war-time is coming it some—to me."

"I didn't know it was *you*," and I told how I came to compose the, as I supposed, fake item. "Cousin Gregory must have talked about you sometime, and the name stuck in my memory," I concluded. "How did you recognize me?"

"Your Cousin Gregory must have talked about you sometime," mimicking my tone, "and when you began working the maid stunt, I discovered that there was something wrong with the car, in order to see if you answered to his description."

Critics all agree that it is important to know *when* to stop. I might write a great deal more, but I will practise the art of omission and only say that Lieutenant Marmaduke Reford (though I call him Duke now we are engaged) is "passing through" here as often as his regimental duties allow. He says when the war is over he is coming to "sojourn."

"Have you seen *The Frogs*, that new play by Aristophanes?" asked Socrates of Alcibiades.

"No," answered Alcy, "I haven't seen the play but I have read the book."

This shows us that there were bromides just about as soon as there was anything else.

~

"Some of the soldiers in the European war display great courage, don't they?"

"I suppose so. But I saw an example of great nerve right here at home that I don't think the war can beat. Naybur had just hailed a street car, when he saw the manager of the traction company coming along in his automobile. He waved the street car away and asked the manager for a ride."

How Canada Produces Your Loaf of Bread

WHEN you take in your loaves of bread from the baker's delivery wagon at your door, do you ever stop to think of the vast amount of capital, labor and machinery that have gone to the making of this finished product? Let us examine for a moment the processes that are going on in Canada from year to year.

During 1915 there were under wheat cultivation in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta no less than 11,659,700 acres by more than 200,000 farmers, whose farms and property are valued at some $5,000,000,000.00. With this equipment a crop of 376,303,600 bushels, valued at over $400,000,000.00, was raised; in order to harvest which 22,500 laborers were brought west from Eastern Canada, over and above the labor secured locally. After harvesting, the grain was stored in local elevators, having a total capacity of 90,941,500 bushels at one time. Of the total crop, 35,000,000 bushels are reserved for seed, feed and country mills, leaving 341,303,600 bushels to be marketed. To haul this grain to Fort William and Port Arthur, Ontario, or to Duluth, Minn., at the head of the Great Lakes, 310,276 standard grain cars, each holding 1,100 bushels are required. At Duluth there is an elevator capacity of 15,600,000 bushels; at Fort William, one of 18,750,000 bushels; and at Port Arthur one of 16,950,000 bushels—of which no less than 10,000,000 are represented by the Canadian Northern Railway Elevator, which is the largest in the world. From these elevators the grain is transferred to the freight vessels of the Great Lakes, which carry it to the mills or to Montreal, where it is re-transferred to ocean freights for export. According to the last census figures, there are in Canada 1,141 mills with plant and equipment valued at $20,165,064, producing $52,494,826 worth of flour and grist. The flour once produced, either finds its way to the oven of the home kitchen through the retail grocer, or is taken into 323 factories with plant and equipment valued at $8,666,497, which turn out $25,566,691 worth of bread, biscuits and confectionery.

And so we find ourselves back at the door, taking in the bread from the delivery man. Did space permit, a very interesting investigation could be made of each process in all its stages. We could see the farmer ploughing, seeding, reaping and threshing; we could follow the grain through the local elevator into the grain car on the siding; and the freight train from that siding to the terminal elevators at the head of the Lakes, where a slow but pleasant water journey would be involved.

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rub the tired muscles with a few drops of the soothing, refreshing, antiseptic liniment Absorbine, Jr. You will find it pleasant and convenient to use and remarkably efficacious.

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Finally, we could inspect the plant of one of the big milling companies and make the tour of some well-known bakery. In order to do all these things, however, it would be necessary to fill a good-sized book; still, by way of illustration we might take a hasty peep into the workings of the mammoth grain elevator at Port Arthur, to which I have already referred.

Were I a technical expert I could give you an impressive description that you would not understand but, as it is, plain English must suffice. Armed with the necessary permit on a recent visit to the town I trudged across the extensive yards which indicate the tremendous railroad activity at this point of transhipment and, by picking my way past an apparently endless line of box cars, I finally reached the offices which are the brains of this complex organism. Here I was invested with a coat whose sleeves and collar were held fast to wrists and neck with elastic bands, as a protection against the all-pervading, lead-gray dust which attaches itself lovingly and immovably to clothing and features. Everyone and everything is coated with the same dull powder, while the half lights of the interior, although broken here and there by electricity, combine to create the impression of some muscular but bad-tempered giant.

Led by a little Cockney workman, who did his best to talk down to my ignorance, but was only partly successful, I saw two men unloading a car of grain in twenty minutes and saw grain also gushing in an inexhaustible stream into the hold of a lake steamer from one of the mighty spouts that reach out in all directions. I stood at the base of the 225 storage tanks, each with an average capacity of 300,000 bushels, and pondered on the parable of the elephant and the flea; these tanks, I was told, were built of terra cotta and were impervious to heat, cold or damp.

Then I ventured myself in an ambitious bird cage which crawled its precarious way to their summit, where I looked down on those towering pillars of grain. Owing to the dust of which I have spoken, the prospect was not altogether attractive, and I began to have some new ideas on the desirability of bread as fodder, but my guide reassured me that the dirt was only skin deep and proved it by diving his hand into the grime and bringing up the clean gold to the surface. From here also I gained a unique prospect of the city spread out below.

Worthy of note are the ingenious machines for weighing exactly the quantities of grain delivered to vessel or car, as also the restless bands plying here and yon, on whose broad surface there was borne a river of wheat or oats with a purpose too large for my unskilled mind to grasp. Everywhere in

Continued on page 127.

For Excessive Perspiration

WHEN tired and heated, No-Mo-Odo Toilet Water is cooling and restful.

The excessive perspiration from which many nervous women suffer is invariably due to over-sensitive nerves, which affect the sweat glands of certain parts of the body, particularly the armpits, palms of the hands and feet. No-Mo-Odo Toilet Water corrects this condition. It soothes and cools the sensitive glands and causes the secretions to become normal.

No-Mo-Odo
TOILET WATER

is perfectly harmless—does not retard the natural action of the skin pores but has a tonic effect on the perspiratory ducts and dispels all disagreeable odor.

Only 50c a bottle at drug and department stores; or sent direct prepaid if you mention this advertisement.

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CHARCOAL
TOOTH PASTE
A TOOTH PASTE that combines the cleansing and purifying qualities of refined charcoal in a dainty and delightful dentifrice. It polishes the teeth beautifully, purifies the breath and gives a fine feeling of freshness and mouth cleanliness.
SOVEREIGN PERFUMES LIMITED

A $30 Bicycle GIVEN
TO EVERY BOY

Just a little pleasant easy work for us in your own neighborhood. No experience needed, any bright boy or girl can do the work and easily earn a fine Bicycle. Write for full details of our BIG GIFT OFFER to boys and girls. A postcard will do. Address

CANADA MONTHLY, Toronto, Ont.

The Bilingual Issue in Canada

Continued from page 75.

Meanwhile, the French-speaking minority in Ontario had appealed, not in vain, for aid and sympathy to their compatriots in the Province of Quebec. An organization was formed to defend the rights of the French language in Canada. Hon. N. A. Belcourt, ex-speaker of the House of Commons, and now a member of the Dominion Senate, was retained as leading counsel for the association, and he is now carrying to the Imperial Privy Council an appeal from the judgment of the Ontario Courts upholding the validity of Regulation Seventeen.

The cause of the French language in Ontario has been earnestly championed by Henri Bourassa's paper, "Le Devoir," by "L'Action Catholique" and by "Le Droit," a French daily established in Ottawa for that purpose. Collections have been taken up in Quebec for the "wounded" in Ontario, and school boards are permitted by law to contribute from their funds. The Legislature of Quebec by a unanimous vote has deplored the educational situation in Ontario and it has been frequently discussed from the bilingual side of the question in both houses of the Dominion Parliament.

It would be difficult to further discuss the school question without risk of possible offence, and after all I think it is only symptomatic. One of the chief objections to Regulation Seventeen has been eliminated by the recent authoritative announcement that Regulation No. 15 is still in force. Few among the most extreme bilingulists are unwilling to admit that all Ontario children should receive an English education or that the Province may so declare as a matter of public policy. The difficult and delicate task is to enforce that policy with such firmness and yet with such tact as to convince everyone that not only the real but the sole object in view is the welfare of the child.

The broader question of the official status of the French language outside of Quebec, if such status it has, under the Constitution will still remain, but it will lose much of its sting when disentangled from the school question.

Some Letters of a V. A. D.

Continued from page 81.

grates, which accomplishment, more than any other, endears a V. A. D. to the heart of Lady Barwood. Sir John Barwood is the owner of Highfield Park and he offered it as a hospital for Canadians. Lady Barwood acts as chatelaine and you would love to see the thorough-going way in which she discharges her duties. She sleeps in a

EVAPORATED (Unsweetened)

CONDENSED (Sweetened)

Best by Government Test

"CANADA FIRST" MILK

THE Dominion Government Department of Inland Revenue Bulletin No. 208, issued in 1910, showed "Canada First" to be the leader in food value and richness. Bulletin No. 305, issued in 1915, shows "Canada First" still in the lead.

OYSTER SOUP FOR SIX

1 can "Canada First" Evaporated (unsweetened) Milk
5 cups cold water
2 tablespoons butter
50 oysters
Salt
Pepper
1 teaspoon cornstarch

Drain oysters, pour two cups water over them and allow it to drain into the liquor. Let liquor come to a boil and skim, add milk diluted with three cups water.

Rub butter and cornstarch together until smooth and add to liquor as soon as it boils, stir continually until it boils again, add oysters, stir until all comes to a boil, season with salt and pepper.

ASK FOR "CANADA FIRST"

And SEE that you get it.

AYLMER CONDENSED MILK CO., LIMITED

MADE IN CANADA

Write TO-DAY for illustrated Booklet "F" describing the various styles and sizes of "Elite" and "Peerless" Folding Tables. It's FREE.

BEHIND THE DOOR

ALWAYS ready when you want it—for cards — luncheon — sewing — writing. New uses are found daily for the light, strong, compact

ELITE FOLDING TABLE

Everyone who sees one, wants one. The finest thing ever invented for apartments and small houses. Never in the way. Costs but a trifle, and yet you would not part with it for love or money if you couldn't get another. Your Furniture Dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him.

HOURD & COMPANY, LIMITED

Sole Licensees and Manufacturers.

London, Ontario

Take a

KODAK

with you.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited

Catalogue free at your dealer's, or by mail.

TORONTO

50¢ CONGRESS ¢ GOLD EDGES PLAYING CARDS

SEND 15¢ IN STAMPS

HOYLE UP-TO-DATE THE OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES ISSUED YEARLY

25¢ BICYCLE CLUB INDEXES PLAYING CARDS

SELLING AGENTS IN CANADA

MADE IN CANADA

For Social Play

Congress Playing Cards, by Art designed To please the eye and entertain the mind.

Air-Cushion Finish Club Indexes

For General Play

The Non-skid tread of Bicycle Playing Cards girdles the World.

Ivory or Air-Cushion Finish

THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO., TORONTO, CANADA.

tiny room under the eaves, where, I suppose one of her maids slept in "ante-bellum days" and she gets up at seven and works until nine, with two hours off in the afternoon, just as the rest of us do. She regards each new V. A. D. with suspicion, the suspicion that it's excitement, not work she wants, and greets her with the invariable query.

"Can you brush grates ?"

Usually she declares, they can't, but, "If a girl can brush grates and do it well I can make something of her."

Of course most of us are looking forward, admittedly or not, to soothing some hero's fevered brow, and some of the girls have been bitterly disappointed and not a little resentful at having to help with the housework instead.

This morning Lady Barwood took me with her to "turn out" a store room. It was just the day for spring cleaning and made me think of our old Maggie at home whose sole delight in a fine Monday seemed to be due to its drying qualities as her only satisfaction in the return of spring was the way the sunlight showed up the dust and the zest it put into her for beating rugs and washing windows. Lady Barwood seems to be a born housewife and perhaps she is only just discovering the joys of the spring cleaning. I, myself, I must say, entered into it with a new enthusiasm and soon blankets were airing and orderlies were carrying out mattresses and pillows to a sunny garden all laid out in blooming borders and flecked with the shadows of blossoming trees. The day was a great success and I believe Lady Barwood thinks I'll "do".

Our uniforms are lovely—a beautiful soft blue, and we wear on our heads a large white kerchief folded diagonally and the folded edge drawn closely about the head while the ends float free. A tow-headed person like me would naturally choose a hospital where the uniforms were blue, wouldn't she ?

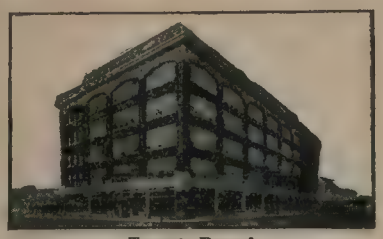
I have always heard that in military hospitals not a nurse, and certainly not a V. A. D., "dare peep" but nobody has squelched me yet and the surgeon-in-chief has been ever so nice ever since I was first presented to him, on which occasion he was in high spirits over having just removed a piece of bone from a man's leg and grafted it into his collar bone with conspicuous success.

It is really amazing the things they do here. One man who had part of his jaw shot away and his teeth shot out looks perfectly normal and all right. He is also the wag of the hospital and in speaking of his wound he said to me,

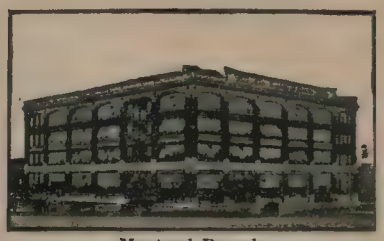
"I got it for picking up wood on a Sunday."

$1,724,000 for New Buildings in Canada Since the War Began

WHY?



Toronto Branch
Area 133,000 sq. ft. Cost $328,000



Montreal Branch
Area 124,000 sq. ft. Cost $333,000

Winnipeg Branch
Area 123,000 sq. ft. Cost $250,000

London, Ont. Branch
Area 49,872 sq. ft. Cost $161,000

Is Canada prosperous?

Are we justified in having the courage and confidence to put on full speed ahead in our business activities?

The experience of the Canadian Ford Company since that never-to-be-forgotten Aug. 1, 1914, indicates that courage and confidence should be away above par, that we are fully justified in casting aside anxiety and putting our full energy into an aggressive and progressive business policy.

It was some time before the outbreak of war that the Ford Canadian Company decided on an extremely broad policy of expansion.

If the demand for Ford cars should increase in the way that it had every indication of doing, then new buildings would have to be started at once to enable the company to meet this demand.

When war came the Ford Canadian executives saw no reason to change their plans—their confidence in Canada's prosperity never wavered.

So work was begun on a new building at Ford City costing $452,000. This is used as an addition to the office building and to the main factory building. It adds 130,000 square feet of floor space to the Ford Plant, bringing the total up to more than 9 acres.

Then followed a new machine shop costing $90,000.

The power plant was also enlarged at a cost of $110,000.

In four leading Canadian cities, handsome new buildings were erected as branch assembly plants, sales and service stations. Each one is as large as many automobile factories. All are of similar construction, being modern fire-proof buildings of brick and reinforced concrete trimmed with mat glazed terra cotta. The bases are of granite. The interiors are finished and fitted in accordance with the very best modern practice.

One of the branch buildings is located at Montreal, 119-139 Laurier Ave., East. It is a four story building containing 124,000 square feet of floor space and costing $333,000. Over 100 people are employed here.

The Ford branch at Toronto, 672-682 Dupont St., is a five-story building containing 132,000 square feet of floor space. The number of employes is about 150.

The third new branch building is at London, Ontario at 680-690 Waterloo Street. It is a three story structure having 49,872 square feet of floor space and was erected at a cost of $161,000.

The immensely increasing demand for Ford cars in Western Canada made it necessary to build a fourth new branch at Winnipeg. This is a handsome five story building located at the corner of Portage Avenue and Wall Street. A quarter of a million dollars was put into its construction.

The total cost of these new buildings erected by the Ford Canadian Company since war began is $1,724,000 Additional to this are thousands of dollars spent to equip these buildings.

Why has this been done?

First, to provide Ford owners with greater service facilities. Each of these branches is so completely equipped with parts and machinery as to be able to build a Ford car complete. Also they act as a base for the hundreds of Ford dealers in their part of the country, each of whose place of business is a well equipped Ford service station, in giving more rapid and more efficient service to Ford owners.

The second reason for this great amount of development work is to be found in the attitude of the Ford Canadian executives. If these men had followed the policy of many Canadian manufacturers they, with seeming good judgment, might have held up these plans for such enormously expensive construction work.

But such was not their attitude. They were convinced that progress and prosperity were assured in Canada.

This decision was of vast benefit to Canadian industries, Canadian merchants and Canadian workmen in such a critical time as this. Practically all the material for these buildings was purchased in Canada. Canadian workmen were employed in their construction. And after the construction work was over, the whole community benefitted from the enthusiastic, successful, wealth producing and distributing activities of these big establishments.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Ford, Ontario

Ford Runabout - - - $480
Ford Touring - - - - 530
Ford Coupelet - - - - 730
Ford Sedan - - - - - 890
Ford Town Car - - - 780
f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

8-D

All cars completely equipped, including electric headlights. Equipment does not include speedometer.

"Silver Gloss"

Canada's finest Laundry Starch

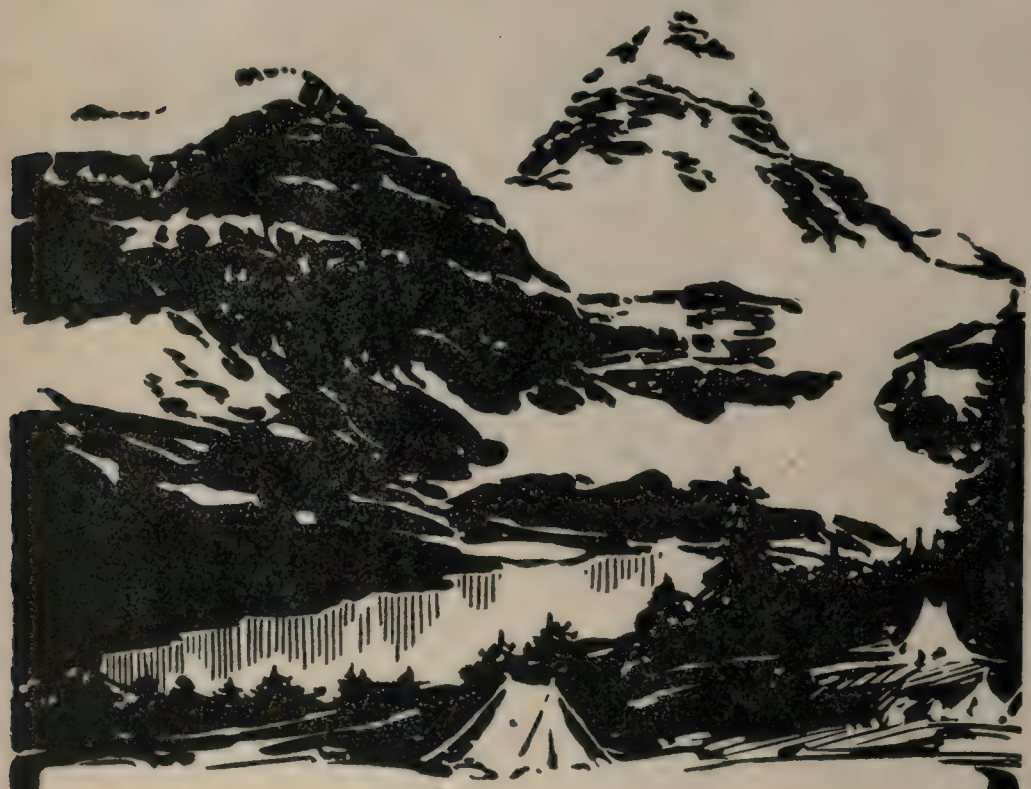
Three generations of Canadian housewives have used "Silver Gloss" for all their home laundry work. They know that "Silver Gloss" always gives the best results. At your grocer's.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED

Montreal Cardinal Brantford Fort William

Makers of "Crown Brand" and "Lily White Corn Syrups, and Benson's Corn Starch

384



PROUD OLD ASSINIBOINE

Overlord of peak, glacier and avalanche in THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES, neighbor to Banff, with its Hot Springs Hotel luxuriously up-to-date, solid in home comforts. Everything Canadian Pacific Standard—None better. Make the Canadian Pacific Hotels your home this summer. Drive, ride, tramp, climb mountains, canoe, play golf and tennis.

BANFF--LAKE LOUISE--FIELD--GLACIER--BALFOUR

Don't miss them on your western trip. Reached by the Canadian Pacific. For further particulars of these cool summer places call or write for Booklet to any C. P. R. agent.

A. O. SEYMOUR,
General Tourist Agent,
MONTREAL.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

"No," he said, "It was a machine gun, with much satisfaction," they fired two hundred rounds of ammunition before they got me."

Now I must run, dear, but I nearly forgot to tell you that the weather was very unpropitious yesterday and the officer who was to conduct that aviation test had to be in London to-day so it has been postponed. As soon as I know the result of it you shall hear.

Lovingly,
ANGELA.

Highfield Park,
May 11th.

Dearest Glad—The men seem to love to come to this hospital and I don't wonder. Everything is done for them and the surroundings, outdoors and in are delightful. The entrance hall and one or two rooms have been left as they were, with beautiful rugs and pictures, but in the wards hospital beds and white-enamelled dressing stands rub elbows in the funniest way with lovely old pieces of Sheraton and Heppelwhite.

Often the wounded are brought from Dover clutching a German helmet with every atom of strength they have left. These are their most treasured trophies and they would rather lose anything else.

Sometimes the men talk of the horrors over there but not very often. One poor fellow who cannot get away from the hideous nightmare even here and is soon to go back to the hideous reality writes his mother that he has a nice safe post as secretary of the hospital.

"She's be worried to death," he says, "If she knew I was wounded.

I went for a walk with Bobbie yesterday and everything was so beautiful, but though all the landscape was woven like a pattern, the upright figures in khaki and the spreading white cones of the tents.

"Though our world may be all upside down at the moment somebody writes in a London paper," the glory of the country is unchanged. I don't think I have ever seen it look more beautiful than it does just now. Still, even in most rural England, war comes to the lanes. I met a column of troops on the march in a lane many miles from a station. They were singing a ragtime song in a way no Englishman can sing it. They had the trans-Atlantic accent perfectly—and no wonder—they were Canadians. It seemed very strange in peaceful England, and stranger still to hear the little village boys trying to imitate the Canadian accent."

And now, my dear, I am absolutely fagged and must go to bed. I never dreamed I had so many different

muscles each capable of setting up a seperate ache in protest against unaccustomed repetition of household tasks. But they will soon all be inured to their new duties and I do love my work, even if it is, in itself, prosaic.

Good night then, old girl,

Yours ever,

ANGELA.

Highfield Park,

May 13th.

Oh, my dear, I am so worried I don't know what to do. This afternoon while I was spending my hours off in the garden I saw signs of activity in the region of the aviation field, which is not many miles away. Over the tree-tops one great bird after another rose in its wonderful flight and I watched breathlessly, feeling sure that this was the test in which Bobbie was to take part and wondering which of the machines might be the one he was controlling.

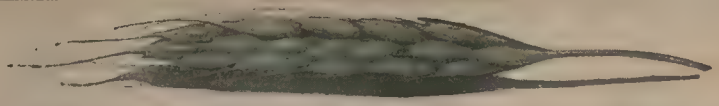
Then I saw one go up swifter and higher than any of the others. Up and up it went till I thought it would never come down and when I thought that I began to be sure that Bobbie was in it. But suddenly it tilted and pointed towards the earth until it was flying almost perpendicularly. Flying, did I say? Glad, it was plunging earthward like some wounded creature only just steadying its swift descent by its great wings. I imagined I could hear it crash to the ground but a low range of wooded hills hid it from my view.

Then, without a moment's respite I was on duty again. I am taking the place of a V. A. D. who is on leave for a few days, so had work to do in the wards and did it so badly that I shall certainly never be promoted permanently. I couldn't think of anything but Bobbie and that awful plunge and with my mind away over there I did the most dreadful things. I went to the little unprovised diet-kitchenette to make an egg-nog for a patient and had so little realization of what I was doing that the egg slipped out of my limp fingers and I only missed it when I heard it break on the floor.

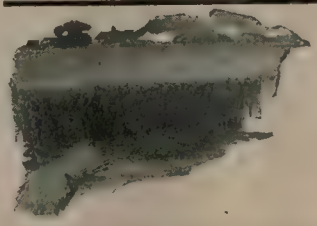
Now I am off duty and oh, Glad, I cannot tell even you how I feel about Bobbie. What a blind idiot I have been!

And, do you know, I heard only yesterday in a letter from home that in all those months that we thought he was contentedly painting his pretty portraits and never thinking of the war—although we did have the grace, or the presumption to make excuses for him—he was offering himself at regular intervals and training himself quietly so that he would some day be able to meet the physical requirements.

It's no use trying to sleep so I am



A Head of Wheat—Its History



It grew on a western prairie. Nature stored its every layer with the elements we need. Each grain, at the harvest, had 125 million food cells. It was a fine example of a major food.

The farmer found the grains hard, extra large and plump. He said, "That wheat is too good to grind. It is a wheat to serve whole." So he sent in to our buyer, who shipped it to our mill.

Huge guns awaited it. The kernels were sealed up in one of them. Then the gun was revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

The moisture in each food cell was converted into steam. Then the gun was shot; the cells exploded. And the whole grains came out, airy, crisp and porous, puffed to eight times normal size.

Then those grains came to a table. They came as thin, fragile bubbles, with a taste like toasted nuts. They were served with cream, or in bowls of milk. And someone tasted in them the most fascinating wheat food known.

Puffed Wheat 12c
Puffed Rice 15c
Except in Far West

That is how Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are created, under Prof. Anderson's process. The finest whole grains are made wholly digestible. Every food cell is blasted.

There are, of course, other whole-grain foods. But not with each food cell exploded. Not with every atom fitted to digest.

In Puffed Wheat you are serving an unrobbed wheat. Puffed Rice is unrobbed rice. In both of them every element feeds. And both are food confections.

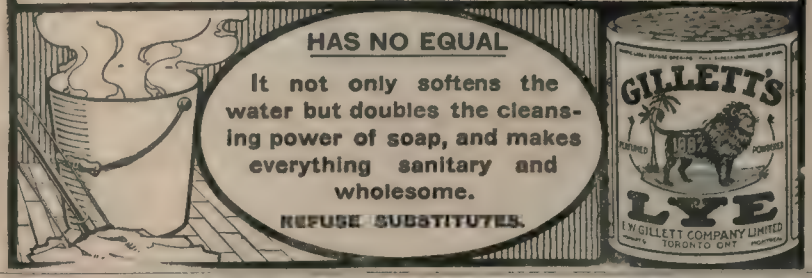
Do you think you are serving such foods as these as often as you should?

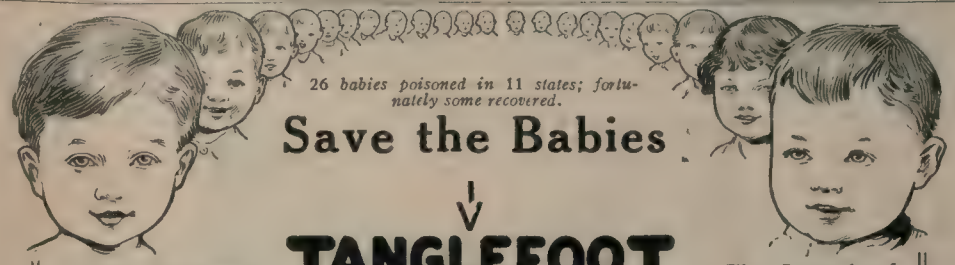
The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Ont. [1311] **Saskatoon, Sask.**

GILLETT'S LYE


HAS NO EQUAL
It not only softens the water but doubles the cleansing power of soap, and makes everything sanitary and wholesome.
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.
GILLETT'S
1902
LYE
E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO ONT.



26 babies poisoned in 11 states; fortunately some recovered.

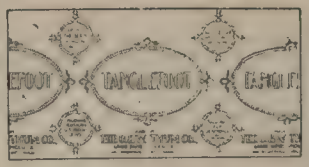
Save the Babies

TANGLEFOOT

Catch the disease carrying fly that strays into your home with *safe, efficient, non-poisonous TANGLEFOOT;* not arsenic poison in an open saucer set within reach of the baby, or a can from which a poisoned wick protrudes, sweetened to attract both flies and babies.

Flies kill many babies, and fly poison more than all other poisons combined—

—But in homes where careful mothers have protected their babies from such risks by using only TANGLEFOOT, both dangers are avoided.



The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society reports 26 cases of arsenical poisoning from fly destroyers in 1915 in only 11 states; in 1914 there were 46 cases in 14 states.

It states editorially:

"Symptoms of arsenical poisoning are very similar to those of cholera infantum; undoubtedly a number of cases of cholera infantum were really cases of arsenical poisoning, but death if occurring, was attributed to cholera infantum.

"We repeat, arsenical fly destroying devices are dangerous and should be abolished. Health officials should become aroused to prevent further loss of life from their source. Our Michigan Legislature, this last session, passed a law regulating the sale of poisonous fly papers."

Made in Canada by THE O. & W. THUM CO., Walkerville, Ont.

American Address: Grand Rapids, Mich. (65)

The Land of Fishing Thrills

A Sportsman's Paradise where the cool waters of

Wild, Unspoiled Lakes and Rivers

Give the salmon and speckled trout and gamy black bass fighting qualities to delight the most ardent angler, making

ALGONQUIN PARK, (Ontario)

A Vacation Territory to Dream About. It offers canoe trips through myriads of waterways, with ideal camping grounds among forests of pines and balsams

2000 Feet Above the Sea

Fine accommodations for those who love the social side of resort life can be had at Highland Inn at Algonquin Park Station, or in the novel and comfortable Log Camps Nominigan and Minnesing.

Handsomely illustrated advertising matter and full information supplied free on application to C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto, or J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

going out into the garden for a little while.

Good-night, Glad,

ANGELA.

Later.

Oh, my dear, my dear, just as I was passing through the main hall a man came to the door with a note for me. It was Bobbie's batman. He had brought me messages before and when I saw him my heart leaped into my mouth. He looked excited and evidently could not keep from talking.

"Oh, miss," he said, "Mr. Willard made a wonderful flight. Everybody's talking about it. The like was never seen before. He shot to earth like an arrow and only a few yards from the ground brought his machine to an angle and glided onto the finishing-point like a bit of thistle-down."

In my relief I could have hugged the man for his enthusiastic mixture of metaphors.

Bobbie had just written to say that he had passed the test and was leaving at once for France.

"The machine was a new one to me," he said, "and I had no chance to try anything before I started so I began by cautiously working with levers and pedals. Soon I was going up and up and couldn't find what to do to get down. My chances of touching earth again began to grow quite visionary and I meditated tying onto a comet's tail and getting a tow in the right direction. But suddenly I got hold of the right thing, or something, anyway, that started me down, but on a perpendicular line which was a surprise to me. I tried to right myself but on I went with my nose pointing straight towards the earth. I certainly thought I was done for but I kept on clutching at things with both my hands and my feet and at the very last moment it could possibly have been done I found myself coming to a level, and I landed neatly on the very spot selected for the wind-up.

"I guess you think I'm a colossal idiot, Angela, to go into this thing I know so little about but I had my difficulties getting into anything and I like flying and think I shall pick up the mechanics of the thing very soon."

I'm the idiot, I realize now, Glad. However, we'll say no more about that for, having made such a goose of myself I'll have to do the best I can with what is left to me and try to forget about the rest.

Good-night again. It's a comfort to be able to talk to you, even at long distance like this.

ANGELA.

EDITOR'S NOTE—How Bobbie served his country in France, and how the V. A. D. did her bit also, are told in "More Letters of a V. A. D." in the July issue.

Strange Oaths

Continued from page 78.

in German but blotted the gutturals with soft Tyrolese accents.

"Perhaps you're right; still I've a mind——"

"Hi, there!" this was another voice yelling Prussian from the farther bank, "is the water very deep hereabouts—too deep for the nags to wade?"

"About up to their bellies," one of the Austrians answered quickly.

A horse splashed in the water—then another—then another—then a whole herd of them. A band of cavalry was returning from the fray. The waves gurgled around them as the animals dashed, spurred on by the bite of the chill, across the pool; grunting angrily as they came; the troopers urging them forward with hoarse oaths. The river swept in wild gyrations and the boat, lifted as by an assault, rushed with one scared bound into the onward sweeping of the flood. Vincent was saved.

FOR half-an-hour longer the tiny craft dangled along, fussing with the stream, sticking a provoking nose into the muddy banks, grabbing at each snag in the course to hang and totter moment after moment. At every turn were the cries of German soldiers, laughing, cursing, calling to each other across the dusk, ordered into quiet by their imperative young officers. Then the boat snuggled up to the bank, dropped into a side-eddy, made up its mind that the berth was a good one and—stopped short.

Rupert slid his eyes out into the dark and faced a group of gray-clad forms gathered around a torch on the bank. He snuggled back again with a jerk. The soldiers caught sight of his craft.

"Holloa," cried one, "—hay!"

"Hay," answered a harsh voice from the dark beyond, "you'd best secure it."

The first man—at least Rupert guessed he must be the first man—came jumping down to the bank and stretched forth an eager hand; he grabbed the boat; Rupert felt it quiver beneath the jostle of his hand. Then came a pulling and yanking above his very face.

"Fooled again," the voice of the German soldier was merry and hearty "it's straw."

"All right—leave her alone."

But the man did not leave the boat alone. Go along to fool the Frenchies," he jeered, and pushed the prow with disgusted foot.

After that the stream widened with the incoming of another mite of a river and the boat, sedately taking the centre, budged on and on. After a longer time the pop-pop-pop of the bursting shells grew near until the

Room? Lots Of It!

Work around your car as much as you have to, rainy days or not. There's plenty of elbow-room, as well as light and air in

PEDLAR'S "PERFECT" ALL-METAL GARAGES

Neat and compact, yet spacious enough to give room around any car. Beautify your home grounds. Made of sheet metal and steel frame—nothing to burn or decay. Comes in sections complete with all hardware. Portable and easily erected. A garage of real convenience and lasting beauty. As low in price as a good garage can be made.

Write now for the Perfect Garage Booklet C W

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(Established 1861)
Executive Office and Factories: Oshawa, Ont.
Branches:
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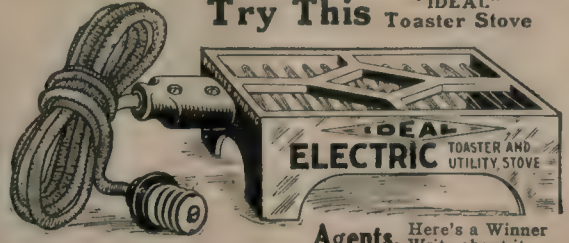
The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table

of the Tea Table, and, in thousands of homes, of the Dinner-Table, too, is

BLUE RIBBON TEA

And why?
Because Blue Ribbon Tea is a delightful beverage—healthful—mildly stimulating—pure as the Western breezes—and almost as cheap.
Drink Blue Ribbon Tea for your health's sake. Buy it for your pocket's sake.
And note the new package—a perfect protection against the enemies of good tea—dust and moisture.

A money-back guarantee goes with each packet. Ask your Grocer



Try This "IDEAL" Toaster Stove

THIRTY DAYS FREE
In Your Pantry, Kitchen or Nursery

Boils, toasts, frys. Just the thing for chafing dish and curling tongs. Will heat baby's milk in a few seconds. Every home should have one. Send $2.00 and we will send an Ideal Toaster Stove complete with cord, plug and switch, carriage prepaid. Try it for thirty days and satisfy yourself of the usefulness of the Ideal Toaster Stove. Then send us $1.00 more, making $3.00 for the stove. If you are not satisfied at the end of thirty days, we will refund your $2.00 on receipt of the stove returned to us in good condition. The Ideal is guaranteed for five years. Over 100,000 in use.

Agents, Here's a Winner Write about it

The Cutler Co., 61 Richmond St. West
Toronto, Ontario

Putting up meadow hay in the Nechako Valley

Stock thrives on the rich grasses in the Nechako Valley

Farming Opportunities in British Columbia

Come to the Rich, Sunny, Mild

NECHAKO VALLEY

on the Main Line of the Grand Trunk Pacific

Let this Board of Trade, which has nothing to sell, give you reliable, disinterested, free information.

LEARN about the wonderful opportunities for farming and stock raising in the fertile Nechako Valley, the largest and richest connected area of agricultural land in British Columbia. Fertile soil. Mild, bracing climate. The best mixed farming country in Western Canada. On the main line of a transcontinental railroad. Near good, growing towns. Near schools and churches.

Government Department of Lands says: "The Valley of the Nechako comprises one of the finest areas of land in British Columbia." Dr. Dawson, the well-known Government expert and investigator, says, "The Nechako Valley is the largest connected area of lands susceptible to cultivation in the whole Province of British Columbia."

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racket of them deafened the boy under his hay, while the flash of their going blinked again and again across his eyes; evidently the belligerents could not cease from the habit of firing even when night made it ineffective. The flashes grew clearer, the roar grew louder; for a half-hour it was deafening—then it mellowed away into a dimming distance. Rupert knew that he had passed inside the French lines at the point where the little river bends to sweep Westward towards the Loire.

THRUSTING the straw to the right and left he sat up.

Before him an orange glow smudged across the horizon. Leading from it and towards it a faint length of lights marked out the highroad, clustering close they marked the bridge across the stream. The smudge was Epernay. Behind him the battle, easing from its furore, flared and died, flared and died, like waves upon a beach, regular, rhythmic; its noise swung in beats to its flashes, each roar a dozen seconds behind its flash. Underneath him the water still bellowed, but softly, the yell of it deadened by the deeper current. The boy sat up in his boat, clasping his hands together tightly, breathing hard. In a moment he had dug Vincent from beneath the covering and, pulling his head with one swift movement across his knees, crooned over him with bent face. Remembering the German he stooped closer and kissed the lips of the lad; then blushed at himself in the darkness. All the Anglo-Saxon in him revolted against the moment's gush of sentiment. It was very lonely, almost quiet, in that interval between the thunders of the war and he leaned back into the straw, cuddling his brother's body up to him, thinking, thinking.

He knew what he had to do—he was an honorable man. But he was young. The youth in him clamored for life. He was glad to fling all he had down before the woman he adored—but—but he wondered if she would ever know—ever understand. He ached to go to her—to say "I'm doing it for you and for the mothering you gave me all those past years" and, perhaps, she would never know. The night seemed full of her, of her beauty, her softness, her unselfish devotion; he stretched out his hand to touch her face it was so near. When he realized how far away that face had gone, so far that he should never see it again, a long sob strangled in his throat. A lad of another nation would have let the sob come out, the Canadian tried to turn it into a snigger of amusement at his own "girlishness." "It's the loss of blood," he assured himself, "I'm softer than a rag, I'm punk."

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He smiled grimly back at the flame-lit night.

Above him, suddenly because he had forgotten it, something humped itself across the water. It was crowned by knots of lamps. The fear of the Zeppelin had not yet come upon the land. At the Epernay end of the bridge a group of shadows chattered softly.

Rupert called at them.

"Who's there?" a voice responded in French.

"An English officer escaped from battle."

There was a rush of feet, a chorus of congratulating voices, white hands stretched out through the dusk. One man offered the hilt of a sword and pulled the boat to the bank.

THE hour of noon was just tolling from the belfry of the village on the hill when the four officers stopped their automobile at a spot opposite that from which young Hughes had made his escape. Rupert descended, leaving the other men in the car. The aid-de-camp handed him a white flag, silently.

"Mr. Hughes," said the major, "I have given my consent to this piece of Quixotism because your conscience tells you it is imperative; but I still am unpersuaded that it is your duty to surrender yourself up. You broke your parole, it is true, and that was a dishonorable thing—even under the circumstances dishonorable; but now that you are safely within the English lines the only sensible course is—to stay there. I must warn you again that you will be shot the moment you reach the German entrenchments."

"Perhaps when they learn why—" the aid-de-camp rushed to the rescue.

The Major roughed him down," It means death. If a German has a soul; it's tied up with red tape, sealed with red wax, and stamped. Red tape knows no mercy." His eyes grew gloomy.

"I think," murmured the Captain softly, "that when a chap really hits the right thing, don't you know, he doesn't mind death." His eyes lit with a subtle glow and Rupert, gazing at him, flushed with the thrill of response.

The aid-de-camp laughed boyishly, nervously. "I say, Hughes," he cried, "I always thought you the plug ugliest fellow in the mess but—but—somehow you're no end handsome just now."

The boy turned hastily away and stepped outward towards the trenches of the enemy. Then he turned shortly. "You will give him the letters—when he's strong enough," he said, "and now—good-bye."

The three men in the machine arose and took off their caps, standing bareheaded to the glittering sun. "Good-bye," they chorused. There was a silence and the Captain spoke haltingly, shyly, gawky at saying a word so needed and so kind.

"We will pray for you—all of us—" shouted the Captain after him.

Rupert sent him back a smile.

He walked quietly along, his face towards the far encampment. After a while a group of soldiers with an officer in command appeareed on the rim of the German trenches, advancing to meet him; but in a moment the officer stepped in front of the rest and ran swiftly before the others. As he ran he waved Rupert back—back—back. His gestures were passionate. His arms throbbed entreaties. Rupert recognized his pretty blond face and remembered that he "hated not the English." The young American turned his head and found that the three British officers still stood, their heads bared to the golden day.

He saluted gravely; they gravely responded. Then Rupert Hughes fronted around and walked briskly on to meet the Germans.

The Son of the Otter

Continued from page 103.

sleep, and that he would never see her again. A bad fit of coughing came on and racked his chest. He made the sign of the cross and lay still, accepting the terrible blow with the patience and resignation of his people.

Mititesh had hurried to him and sat near, on a rough bench. She took his thin hand in her own, dry-eyed, in silence, quite overwhelmed by the knowledge, that had come to her quite suddenly, that a further change in her life must take place. Another payment of the heavy toll exacted by the great North upon its people was being made. She had hoped, during the journey, that some of the strength that was returning to her own limbs would also come back to her father; that he would be better, as he had always promised he would.

But soon the other men were at work, skinning, stretching pelts, busily engaged with various duties, for the passing away of one man cannot be permitted to delay the toil of others. The only difference was that Paul forbore to hum or whistle some merry tune.

After a long time Jean Caron closed his eyes and appeared to sleep. Then Mititesh arose and looked about her. From her earliest childhood she had always labored to help. She did not feel tired now, and began to look over the garments that hung from pegs in the walls, and mended some rents in them. Also she darned holes in huge socks and scrubbed the meager outfit of pots and pans till they shone again.

using ashes from the stove. But constantly she interrupted her work to attend to the wants of the sick man, to whom she ministered with loving patience during the day, and even in the long night that finally came on.

But the next day, very early, as the last stars were going out, a long time before the rising of the sun, Ahteck spoke.

"We will have to go," he said. "Thou knowest that the traps must be looked over. It will take me two days. Paul also is going, but another way. If I can do so I will return to-morrow night, but the journey is long. I cannot tell. Then on the next day I will turn to the south again, I think, and go to look over your line. It will take all of four days. Here is where the tea is kept, but thou knowest. Here is also the flour and the salt, and there is fat melted in this kettle. Thou knowest where the sugar is. There is not very much but take of it according to thy needs, for thy father says the sugared water helps his cough."

The two young men went over to the sick man's bunk and pressed his hand, gently. After this they stepped out of the shack and began to tie on their snowshoes, with the utmost care. Mititesh watched them from the door sill, looking wistfully at their preparations. Their guns were in their hands and their packs upon their backs, and they were about to start when Ahteck, looking at her, saw the sad little face. He took a step towards her, remembering the younger children of his mother, and, bending down, gave her a kiss.

"It is the white man's way of departing," he said.

"It is good," she answered in a low voice.

"I would stay with thee if I could," he told her, "but thou knowest I cannot. I will return as soon as I am able.'

Indeed she knew it well. During all her life she had waited. The women were always waiting and hoping, and very often all their hopes were in vain. This waiting was the very hardest part of a woman's work, and now her share of it would be very great. She dreaded the long time that must elapse before Ahteck's return, and—and the evil things that might happen before he could come back—things over which one could have no control. But of course she would wait, patiently, doggedly, long-sufferingly, with the marvelous endurance of her sex, with the firm trustfulness of her childhood, with the brave calmness of her race, and would pray.

After the men had finally disappeared in the long shadows cast by the rising sun the short hours of daylight dragged themselves along, very slowly. By four o'clock it was nearly dark and it had begun to snow again, but the terrible cold had somewhat abated.

There was a small provision of candles, but Mititesh knew that they were very valuable things, always to be used sparingly. From time to time she opened the door of the little stove, to throw in another stick of wood, and for some moments a red glow would light up the shack, casting strange shadows of hanging pelts upon the walls, distorting things into uncanny forms.

It was indeed a weird night that Mititesh spent, one that would surely have tried beyond the breaking point the vital forces of a child nurtured under less harsh surroundings. But the scratching of wood mice did not affect her at all, nor did the hooting of an owl that stationed itself upon a tree near at hand. She was not startled by a sudden shrill cry that may have been uttered by a hare pounced upon, as he lay in the warm form he had trodden down under frost-covered bushes, by the snowy-feathered robber of the night. These were all familiar things, to which she had long been inured. That which tried her soul was the constantly recurring cough of her father, his quiet though patient complaints, his efforts, in the darkness, to mutter a part of the prayers for the dead, heard many times in the little church on the hill at Pointe Bleue. It was for the soul of his wife that he was praying, but to the child it seemed as if he was imploring for the safety of his own, that was about to start for the long journey, and it harrowed her little mind. Through the blackness of the long hours she scarcely slept at all, attending to all his wants. From time to time he stirred, restlessly, calling often for the hot sugared water or asking for the strong tea he longed for exceedingly, as all Indians do, whether hale or ill.

She kept the little kettle simmering upon the stove, adding more water as the need arose, for the Indian wants his tea boiled that the last atom of virtue may be extracted from his scanty store of leaves. The awful, black stuff, bitter as gall, seemed to relieve his cough for some minutes at a time. Once there was a blessed rest, when he fell asleep for about an hour, holding one of her little hands until the clammy coldness gradually chilled her so that at last her teeth were chattering.

The new day came, and went by, and things were not quite so bad, because she was able to find things to do, and busy fingers, at intervals, lessened the keenness of the thoughts that assailed her. Also there was a bare chance that Ahteck would return. He had promised to do his best. It would be so good to have him in the shack, during another night, even if he slept through it. His mere presence would

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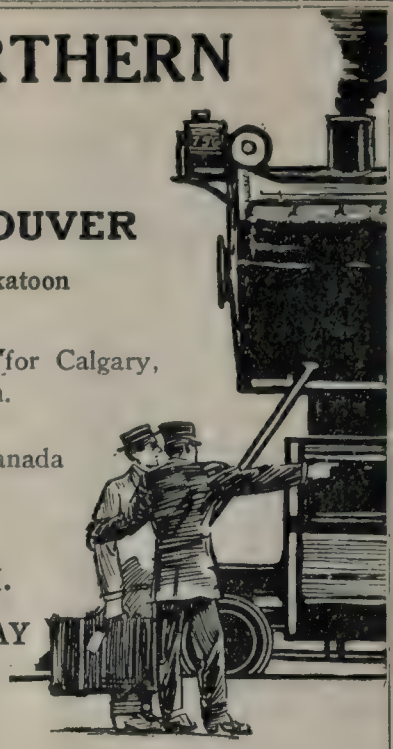

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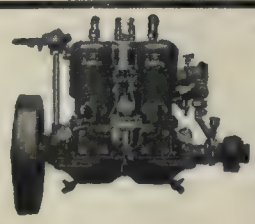

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strengthen her. It was something to hope for. The man never realized that for some years the child had looked upon him as a sort of brother, as one greater than all others not only in stature but also in kindness. To her he was the man who had saved her, who had given her little presents, who had at times brightened the gloom of her little life, while to him she had only been a child, pretty and gentle, to whom any one would have been glad to show friendship and kindliness.

During the afternoon she went out for another provision of the wood which the trappers had accumulated in an immense pile near the shack, and returned to find that, for the first time, her father was sitting up on the bunk. She thought that he was breathing more easily, and doubtless the deep red spots over his cheek-bones gave him a deceptive look of health that somewhat misled her. He had hardly spoken more than a few words at a time since he had realized that his wife was no more, but now he looked better and spoke at some length.

"It has been a very bad year, little Mititesh," he said. "And now is the end of the year. Thy mother has gone from us. She sleeps in the great wood by the river, and it is well, for these two men will bury her in good time. Soon I will also sleep the long sleep, because this is the end of things for me. Now remember always that Ahteck is a good man. Paul is also a very good man, but Ahteck is wiser and much stronger. Do thou whatever Ahteck says. At the breaking up of the ice he will take thee back to Pointe Bleue. There the good sisters will take care of thee in the big house that is at Roberval, and the fathers also, as they do for the children of those who die too soon, and of the parents that are left behind in the great woods. They are good people."

Mititesh nodded a sorrowful assent; she could not find any words then.

"My gun has been saved," he continued. "It is worth but very little. The trapping line belongs to thee, with all the traps that are out on it. That is all, but for the little house at Pointe Bleue. All other things are gone, but the canoe that is cached in the woods. It is old. I was thinking to make a new one, but it will never be."

There was an interval of silence. The child was weeping silently.

"I am very weary now," he resumed. "It is a sign that the end is near. I love thee much, little Mititesh. This name was given thee because, on the day of thy birth, I found a fine pearl in the mussels of the Aleck River. Thou art very young to be left alone so soon, and I am sad because I cannot bring thee back to Pointe Bleue myself, in safety, as in other years. I am sorry

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to leave thee, but big Ahteck of Grand Lac will take care of thee, for he has made me a promise."

After this having settled all matters, Jean Caron lay down again, quietly, for he had given up the struggle, and when an Indian does this his life remains but a short time in his body. There was a curious look of contentment upon his thin face, as if all his cares had suddenly been swept away. He had always done his best and, his task once finished, he could peacefully await the end. The call of another world had sounded in his ears, and he was responding.

With the going down of the sun the snow stopped falling. The men, however, had not come, and Mititesh began to resign herself to the drear misery of another long and weary night. She began to cook herself a little supper, listening keenly all the time and often turning to look at her father. It was when she had gone down on her knees, and was finishing her evening prayer, that she arose excitedly. She distinctly heard a voice in the distance.

It was Paul Barotte, the ever-cheerful one, within whose veins a little French blood probably ran. He was plodding home in the beginning dusk and singing:

"Nous v'la partis pour le Grand Nord
Les canots ont une bonne charge
Les voyageurs sont tous a bord
Pousse les gars, pousse bien au large!"

In a few moments he arrived and threw his heavy pack upon the floor.

"*Bonne chance*!" he exclaimed. "I have some good pelts. The new year is beginning well. It may be that good luck has come with thee, little one!"

He lighted a candle and looked at the sick man.

"It seems to me that he is better," he said, in a lowered voice. "See how quietly he is sleeping now."

But little Mititesh shook her head and whispered,

"He no longer says he is getting better. His sleep is very quiet now, but I fear it is the last. He did not awake at thy coming!"

She began at once to prepare more food for Paul, who was pulling off his shoepacks and changing his stockings. There was smoked moose-meat and great pancakes, which he wolfed down with his scalding tea.

And then, an hour later, Ahteck also arrived, very weary but smiling, for he also had found some good fur in his traps.

"It has been a good day's work," he said. "The fisher is a fine pelt and the pair of martens is good. I have been walking very fast. It has been hard, in the last two hours, in the darkness with the new snow."

The girl knew as well as if he had carefully explained everything that he

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must have toiled terribly to reach camp that night. She wondered that the two men had not lost their way in the dark, in which no marks of trail could be seen. Most other men would have camped at night-fall, wherever they chanced to find themselves. She knew that each of them had traveled some fifty miles in the two days, bearing packs, stopping often to clear drifted snow from traps, to take out fur, to replace the bait stolen by the smaller rodents of the woods, to set the springs again. Each time they had lifted the packs again to their backs and hurried on, noting tracks, watchful of everything, for it was always possible that big game might be ahead, that would mean meat and the saving of provisions. She knew that they had done this chiefly for her sake, quietly, naturally, out of the simple goodness of their hearts, to spare her the desolation of another lonely night.

"You are very good," she said, gratefully. "Indeed it was kind of you to hasten back."

To be continued.

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Continued from page 112.

the face of apparent chaos it was evident that ordered efficiency prevailed, but my chief impression was one of a game of "Follow Your Leader" upstairs, down ladders, along low and constricted passages, around beams or other obstacles, past silently whirring machinery, while the clouds of dust continuously rose and as continuously settled, and the stream of grain moved ceaselessly under perfect control.

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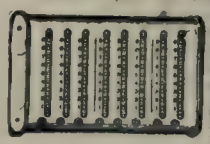

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CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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HAS Canada a Future as a manufacturing country? Can she compete in the markets of the world with her manufactories? In what condition will she find herself when peace has been declared? Writing to the general subject of *The Manufacturing Future of Canada* one of our closest students of economic conditions in the Dominion will point out in the August issue of CANADA MONTHLY some of the great possibilities ahead of our country.

Human nature is the same, war or peace. Only we are more apt to notice certain strains of human nature in these hours of stress. Charles Stokes has written a splendid piece of fiction around some features of this human nature. *Miss Sunshine of Alberta* presents a refreshing side of human nature.

The Editors take pleasure in presenting a new writer to readers of CANADA MONTHLY in the August issue. Miss Helen McMurchie, of the School of Domestic Science of the University of Toronto, has written a series of articles dealing with the scientific problems of the kitchen. In her first article, *The Chemistry of Canning*, Miss McMurchie lets her readers into some of the secrets of the laboratory, and tells why the preserves made by one woman are delicious while those of another are a failure.

Few writers know men like Harry Moore. His sport stories—*Ten Years After Rube Broke the Record* and *Hockey at Iron Cliff* and others—proved this. Another story by this brilliant Canadian writer—*The Reeve of Silver Island*—starts in August. It is all about men. Yes, there is a love thread in the story—a mother's love and the important part it played in one man's life.

Current Events in Review and a liberal installment of *The Son of the Otter*, besides an interesting travelogue by J. Wilbur Read also will be features of the August issue.

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1916

Kleath's Alibi Illustrated by W. B. Timlin	Madge Macbeth	137
Lumber for the World Illustrated from Photographs		140
More Letters of a V. A. D. Illustrated by Norman Hall	Mona Cleaver	143
Calgary—A New Background for Fiction Illustrated from Photographs	Alfa May Coultas	146
Remorse. Verse	Gordon Johnstone	148
The Point of Saturation Illustrated by Newton Howitt	Constance Smedly Armfield	149
Who Laughs Last Illustrated by Albert Leverine	George Fitch	152
The Son of the Otter Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant	George Van Shaick	155
Current Events in Review		159

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Calendar sent on application.

"I want my hair cut, and no talk!" said a big man as he walked into the barber's shop and sat down.

"The——" commenced the man in the apron.

"No talk, I tell you!" shouted the big man. "Just a plain hair-cut. I've read all the papers, and don't want any news. Start right away, now!"

The man in the apron obeyed. When he had finished, the man who knew everything rose from the chair and surveyed himself in the glass. "Great Scot!" he exclaimed; "it's really true, then? You barbers can't work properly unless you talk?"

"I don't know," said the man in the apron, quietly, "you must ask the barber. He'll be in presently; I'm the glazier from next door!"

~

In order to impress upon his congregation the length of eternity, a colored preacher used the following illustration:

"If a sparrow, breddern, should take a drop of water from the Atlantic ocean at Coney Island, and with this drop of water in its beak should hop a hop a day until it reached the Pacific ocean at San Franciso, and when it got there should let the drop fall into the Pacific, and when this was done should turn around and hop a hop a day all the way back to Coney Island and get another drop and do the same thing until it had carried the whole Atlantic ocean over into the Pacific, it would then only be early moring in eternity!"

~

An officer drilling a squad of recruits was calling the names, and prompt replies came from Jones and Smith and Robinson.

The next name was Montaig—at least, that was how the officer pronounced it.

There was no reply.

"Montaig," repeated the officer with emphasis.

"Here, sir," came the half-hearted reply from the rear rank.

"Why didn't you answer at once?" said the man in charge.

"My name is Montague," said the recruit.

"Is it?" replied the officer. "Well, you do seven days' fatigew."

A renowned scientist who had been exploring returned to England bringing with him various animals which he intended to present to the Zoological Gardens. He was most particular to see that they were well looked after on board, and was so attached to them that when one of the laughing hyenas was found dead one morning the captain, to whom the occurrence was at once reported, hardly knew how to break the news, and eventually entrusted the task to the sailor in whose special care the animals were, bidding him break it as gently as possible.

"If you please, sir," said the worthy approaching the bereaved passenger, "you know them two laughing hyenas of yourn ?"

"Yes, my man, what about them ?"

"Nothing much, yer honor, only one of 'em 'asn't got much to laugh at this mornin'!"

~

Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., tells a story of a County Court case he was once engaged in in which the plaintiff's son, a lad of eight years, was to appear as a witness. When the youngster entered the box he wore boots several sizes too large, a hat that almost hid his face, long trousers rolled up so that the baggy knees were at his ankles, and, to complete the picture, a swallow-tail coat that had to be held up to keep it from sweeping the floor. This ludicrous picture was too much for the Court, but the Judge, between his spasms of laughter, managed to ask the boy his reason for appearing in such garb. With wondering look, the lad fished in an inner pocket and hauled the summons from it, pointing out a sentence as he did so. "To appear in his father's suit," it read.

~

He had told her, of course, that he was heir to a dukedom, and whether it was true or not, there is no doubt that she regarded him as the quintessence of politeness. They had a meal at a smart restaurant one night, and she was favoring a bosom friend with the details next day.

"Yes, 'e took me off ter supper at a reg'ler swell rest'rant last night."

"They tell me 'e's real refined ?" said the friend.

"Rarver ! When 'e poured 'is coffee art into 'is saucer ter cool it, 'e didn't blow it, like some common people would; but fanned it with 'is hat."

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Of a certain bishop the following anecdote is told:

While presiding over a conference, a speaker began a tirade against the universities and education, expressing thankfulness that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college.

After proceeding for a few minutes the bishop interrupted with the question:

"Do I understand that Mr. X— is thankful for his ignorance?"

"Well, yes," was the answer; "you can put it that way if you like."

"Well, all I have to say," said the prelate, in sweet and musical tones, "all I have to say is that Mr. X—— has much to be thankful for."

~

The recruit was having his first turn on sentry duty.

"Now remember your salutes," the corporal warned him. "If you see a lieutenant, wearing one star, slope arms. For a captain, with two stars, slope arms also. The major has a crown on his straps, and you present arms. For the colonel, who has stars and a crown, you present arms and turn out the guard."

When he was left alone the recruit went over these orders again and again. Suddenly his musing was interrupted by the approach of an officer. This was a general, and the recruit did not know what to do for him.

"And which might you be?" he asked bluntly.

"I'm the general," replied the officer affably.

"Sure, now, and are ye?" exclaimed the recruit in consternation. "Then ye'll want something big. How'd it do if I give ye a bayonet exercise?"

~

Two newsboys sat in a theatre gallery while "Hamlet" was being played. It was the first time they had seen a play, and they were quivering with excitement. In the last scene, after Hamlet had killed Laertes and the King, the Queen had died of poison, and the "moody Dane" of a poisoned wound, the younger of the two lads could contain himself no longer. Turning to his chum of the streets, in rapturous tones he said:

"Gosh, Bill, what a time for selling speshuls!"

VOL. XX.
NO. 3

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
JULY

KLEATH'S ALIBI

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by W. B. Timlin

Meadows' was first and last the most popular dance hall on a street that boasted little else

THE San Domingo flung wide its noisy and hospitable doors. Tim Meadows, backing a huge, grotesque shadow, stood at the entrance, an invitation rather than a hindrance or obstruction in its gaping portals. Tim's expanse of body and expanse of smile proclaimed him the living presentment of an ideal Boniface.

Within the fast-filling Dance Hall, component parts of every nation under the sun were blended by the alchemy of the Yukon into two classes—miners and girls. From Iceland to Terra del Fuego men had been lured by gilt-edged tales to try their hands at dentistry, and had flocked to pick the teeth of Mother Nature out on the Creeks; and from Spain to Hawaii girls had heard that the men had gone and thanks to Tim Meadows, they had followed the trail to the Yukon.

Meadows knew miners; he had been the first to bring Wine and Women into Dawson, and his was first and last, the most popular Dance Hall on a street which boasted of little else.

Although it was past nine o'clock, the Alaskan night drew but a grayish cloak—and drew it slowly—over the heels of the departing day. "I could read a noospaper out here," mused Tim Meadows, "if I had one."

HIS lack was about to be supplied, for Dawson had laid its idle hundreds on the desk of Weatherby, an ex-Editor from the East, and demanded the publication of a "real live sheet," which should acquaint the Outside of its progress. "We gotta tell people," said Tim, "that we don't live in tents ner shacks no more; that we got room an' welcome fer merchants, an' people's gotta know we run a Bank. That'll bring 'em."

Whether or not the Bank brought residents is beside the question. It brought paper currency and pushed the picturesque days when a poke of gold was the standard of exchange into a romantic past.

But the newspaper was a matter of the present, into which there loomed a tall figure which Tim Meadows regarded with frank curiosity. "That's a reel-git-to-the-point gait," he commented. "Bet my shirt it's our noo linotype setter. Bet two shirts he's some worker."

He rolled cheerily down the street, fat hand extended.

"Howdy, stranger," he called. "What's the good word from the Outside?"

"Five States in the Union have gone dry," answered the man solemnly, although there was a twinkle in his voice, somewhere.

Tim Meadows' great laugh clattered about them, as with a thump which nearly dislocated his shoulder, Tim led Christopher Kleath into the San Domingo and up to the bar.

"Drinks on me, gents," roared the proprietor. "Health an' welcome to the stranger! Proud to make yous acquainted—noo linotype man. Don't anybody tell me that our noospaper ain't goin' to be some rag!"

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THE crowd which sprung round the bar like mushrooms in the night, dispersed with the noise of strong breaths exhaled and the rasping of sleeves across bearded mouths. A jerk of the finger from Ben Tisdale, the faro dealer, called Meadows away and Kleath was left alone.

Not for long, however. The furious waltz which had swirled about the room, embracing in its tangled melody a large variety of beautifully hand-decorated ladies and their partners, came to a deafening end. Most of the men made an immediate rush upon the bar, and this left Kleath at the mercy of the "rustlers".

"How about a two-step, friend?" asked Tiny Tess, slipping her arm beneath his and smiling at him like an ad. for tooth paste.

"Doctor says I mustn't dance," he smiled into the calcimined face too near his own. The other girls laughed at Tess' failure.

DIAMOND Tooth Lizzie fared no better. She was a boldly handsome woman of the Castilian type who insisted that she came from Spain. But her acquaintance with the language of the Yukon Dance Hall branded her as coming, much more likely, from the slums of 'Frisco.

"She's a widder—sod," explained Meadows to the new arrival. "Gen-u-ine, dyed-in-the-wool widder. Bill Lawson, him as met his death at the wrong end of a Derringer, bought her that sparkler she wears beside her dimple before they wuz married. On their weddin' tower, he took her to 'Frisco and got the di'mond set. Cost him a pile of money, and cost Liz a real good tooth to make room fer it. Ain't wimmen crazy? She's well fixed, is Liz, an' only comes round here onct in a while because she likes a sight of life an' is fond of dancin'. Why don't you have a go with her?"

Meadows was puzzled. Here was a fellow who did not care for wine or women, who would not be lured into faro, roulette or poker, and yet—the old fox read men correctly—Tim knew he had met a man!

"Who is the little girl with real yellow hair?" asked the stranger later.

Meadows followed his glance and his manner changed.

"That's my darter, Goldie," he said, shortly.

"Some day, if agreeable to her, I should like to be introduced," returned Kleath.

Meadows hesitated. Goldie was allowed in the San Domingo only because her parent could keep her under his eye better in the Hall than at home. A chaperone was hard to find and Goldie, alone in the cabin, had once been at the mercy of a drunken miner. Few, however, were the men privileged to dance with her, for the interests of business emphasized Tim's adoration for his motherless child; he could not but consider her partners as so much dead wood. They danced at his expense, as it were, for he could hardly allow Goldie to enter the lists with his painted rustlers and demand checks from the men she chose to honor—not by a long sight!

HE looked at the stranger furtively, turning the problem over in his mind. If by keeping him away from Goldie, the channel of his spending could be directed by Tiny Tess or Lizzie toward the San Domingo till, then, of course, he must be kept away from Goldie. But if the rustlers did not appeal to him, and if he looked infrequently upon the whiskey when it was saffron—if also he did not propose to devote his evenings and good salary to faro, roulette or poker, why then, by hec, he must be a kind of decent guy and fit to dance with Goldie!

"She don't drink," he said, meaningly.

"No, I judged as much," was the gratifying reply.

Meadows' decision was favorable.

"That's Duke, your foreman, a-talkin' to her now," he explained, as they moved across the room. "Some of the boys don't get on reel well with him—he's kinder sharp-tongued an' techy. But then none of us ain't perfect."

Kleath felt that he could have put up a good argument to the contrary in the case of Goldie, but there wasn't time. For an instant he looked down into a pair of bewilderingly blue eyes, and the next—he had swung her literally out of Duke's arms and off toward the middle of the floor.

"Are you trying to doublecross me with that damned tenderfoot?" the foreman demanded furiously.

Tim moved back a step, beyond the radius of a whiskey-laden breath.

"Nothin' like," he returned, bent upon conciliation. Duke was a regular attendant, a free spender and a good hater—even though he was too fond of Goldie.

"Kleath, did you say?" The foreman glowered at the couples as they passed. "*Kleath?* Well, he needn't think he can cut any dash with *me* on account of his white shirt and creased pants. Kleath, are you sure?"

Tim felt certain that he had caught the name correctly.

"Well, I don't like him," concluded Duke, with finality, "and anybody's welcome to know it," which generous invitation soon included the whole of Dawson.

"He ain't got no call to hang around here on a salary," said old Inglis, who had come west with Weatherby. "He could make a fortune just by givin' exhibitions. I never saw such work. He eats up copy! We can't feed it to him fast enough."

"He's too damned smart for my liking," snarled Duke. "Seems powerful strange to be so handy with tools. The way he picked Tim's safe yesterday, sure was a caution. It was nothing short of professional. I'll take care to carry my wad in my pocket."

THERE was silence among the men, none of whom could deny the dexterity with which the stubborn safe of the San Domingo had yielded to Kleath's persuasive wires and files. He shaped his own tools as he required them—a queer little collection of hooks and pins. "Yes, sir," repeated the foreman with an ugly oath, "I never did feel safe with sleight-of-hand guys. My wad is safer in my jeans than in any bank."

Weatherby passing through the composing room, happened to overhear this remark. He called Duke into his office.

"It would be just as well to keep such opinions to your self," he cautioned in an even voice. "Kleath has stood a good deal from you, in the plant, I understand, and while I can't control your behavior outside, I do insist upon different treatment during working hours."

Duke's face darkened.

"He's crooked. He's got something under his lid, that he's trying to get away with—and I'm going to find out what it is."

"We haven't had any detectives from the Outside looking him up," the chief reminded Duke. "He isn't followed by a blizzard of bills and he hasn't got the jail-bird's limp—which is more than one can say of many residents of Dawson."

The foreman winced almost imperceptibly.

"If you take my advice, you'll let Kleath alone," Weatherby continued. "For in the event of any open ruction, I might give you this hint—every one in the plant will leave before he does. Good-evening."

Weatherby liked Kleath, as did every one save Duke; and he recognized in the foreman's rancour a peculiar quality of brutish fear—or suspicion—such as one man might hold toward another who could reveal things better kept hidden. It was more than probable that the shoe was on the other foot—that Duke had something "under his lid" and Kleath knew what it was. However, Weatherby asked no questions. His philosophy of life was that to which most of Dawson held—a man's present belongs to his employer, his future lies in the lap of the gods, but by Heaven, his past is his own!

Olie Colson done it—walloped him a good one with a bottle. I never seen so much blood! Ran like the gutters in a stock yard. Everyone was fightin'

If the Editor's caution was disregarded during the long Alaskan winter, no one knew of it from Kleath. He was not much of a talker and yet his silence did not convey the idea of secrecy. He grew in favor and interest and mystery. The girls of the San Domingo adored him, and were not sure whether they preferred for him an Earldom and an English estate, or a plain American fortune, which would permit of an indefinite residence in the Yukon.

He went infrequently to the Dance Hall, as attendance was measured in Dawson. And upon these occasions he danced once or twice with Goldie, flung Tiny Tess off her feet in a mad gallop, and bought drinks for the crowd. His wooing—if wooing it was—did not justify Tim Meadows in asking his intentions and even Goldie had nothing but her instinct to argue that he wished to speak yet—dared not—the words she longed to hear.

THE slow Alaskan spring lightened the long nights of the winter and miners drifted into town after their annual clean-up. It was then that Tim kept an eagle eye on Goldie. She was a grand sight for a man who hadn't seen a skirt for six months. . .

"He'd kill a fellow quick as wink, who so much as tried to kiss her," said Inglis to Kleath, one night. "Keep your eyes open, lad, for now's the time when the N. W. M. P. gets busy."

Trouble there was in plenty. Mingling with the heavy odors of vary-smelling perfumes, with the reek of kerosene and human effluvium; mingling with stale whiskey and cheap champagne was the flow of thick, red blood. Above the din of scraping fiddles, women's high-pitched laughter; above the drone of the faro dealer's voice, the rattle of roulette wheels and the cursing of "dead brokes," would rise a warning shout, then a muffled thud, followed by splintering glass and a heavy fall. A sweating, swaying mass of men would thicken to a crowd as one by one the miners joined the fight, only to give way before the undisputed authority of that uniform which has made the North West Mounted Policeman a romantic figure in the history of law and order.

Meadows was as omnipresent as it is given man to be. He was here, there and everywhere. Duke, sullen and glowering was here and there, which means that he was at Goldie's side or at the bar. Kleath, unobtrusive, watchful, was merely—here, which accounted for his seeing Goldie the night she followed Duke from the Dance Hall, down the corridor and off toward the rear of the building.

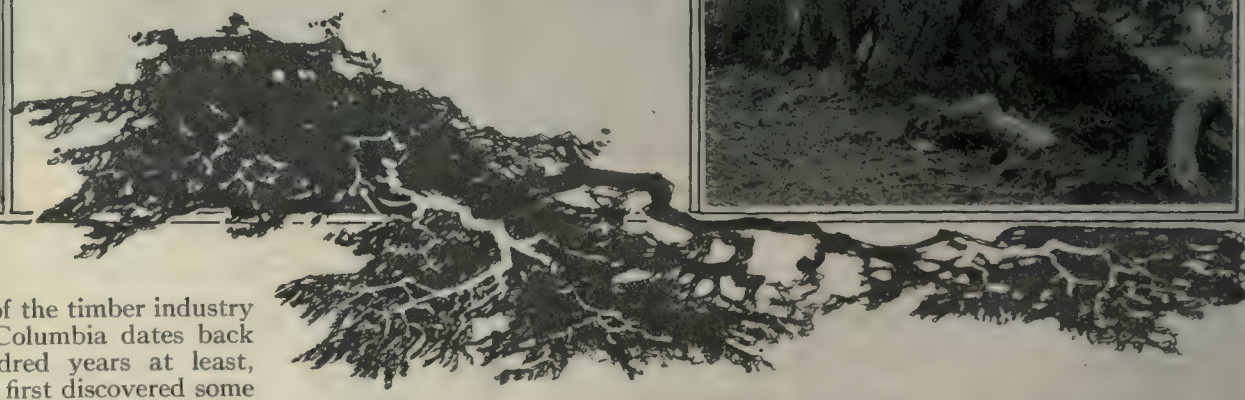
The stage had brought during the day two hundred thousand dollars in currency with which to meet the miners' demands as they turned in the fruits of

Continued on page 177.

LUMBER FOR THE WORLD

The forests of British Columbia are estimated to contain four hundred billion feet of merchantable timber —enough to meet our requirements for more than four hundred years

Illustrated from Photographs



THE history of the timber industry in British Columbia dates back a few hundred years at least, when the Indians first discovered some of the uses of wood, and when, having found a means of roughly shaping fallen trees and driftwood, they slowly reached that stage of which Captain Cook, with other early explorers, makes mention. That stage is visible to-day in the old community houses, still standing, built of wood and formerly housing many families, in the totem poles carved out of the imperishable cedar, and in the canoes hollowed out of tree trunks by the use of fire aided by such crude tools as the native artizans possessed.

In view of the enormous wealth of timber resources possessed by the province, knowledge in regard to which is being constantly increased through exploration and forest reconnaissance year by year, it is not surprising that the early explorers made mention of certain striking characteristics of the forests. For instance, the tree associated with British Columbia is that known as Douglas Fir, a description of which was first given to the world by Archibald Menzies, who accompanied Captain Vancouver in 1792. When David Douglas, the Scotch botanist and traveller, born in Scone in Perthshire, visited America on his second trip in 1824, he found the species in what is now the State of Washington, and it henceforth bore his name, although also known as Oregon Pine, Columbian pine, and by other local names.

The Hudson's Bay Company, extending its operations westwards, established forts and trading posts on the Pacific slope, the sites in after years of cities like Vancouver and New Westminster, Victoria and Nanaimo. Settlements sprang up under cover of the forts, and small sawmills began operations in order to supply the needs of the settlers, while as local needs became greater, the capacity of these mills increased. In the fifties, Australia began to import lumber from the Pacific Coast, and British Columbia mills gradually took a share, although but a small one, of that business. In this way the foundations of an export trade were laid, which gradually grew wider and embraced South Africa, South America, and the United Kingdom, the amount of lumber exported, however, not being more than the merest fraction of that supplied by the

States of Washington and Oregon with their advantages of earlier settlement and earlier development of the lumber industry. It is worthy of mention that in 1861, a spar of Douglas Fir from British Columbia, 118 feet in length, was presented to the authorities of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew, near London, England, to serve as a flagstaff. When in 1913, it was found advisable to take this down, the Government of the Province presented its successor, a spar measuring 215 feet long, 33 inches in diameter at the butt, and 12 inches in diameter at the top.

THE first sawmills were located on the Fraser River in and around New Westminster, and on Vancouver Island at Alberni, Victoria and Sooke. The Alberni mill was engaged in the export trade as early as 1865, and the same mill shipped one million feet coastwise, mainly to Victoria, in the year 1863. The mill at Sooke, which was operating in 1863, utilized the engines salvaged from a steamer wrecked in the vicinity as part of its plant. These are some of the features of the rise of the lumbering industry in Canada's forest province, an industry, which, in 1915, produced a cut of 1,151,903,000 feet (Quebec was second with 33½ million feet less), and the value of whose products in the form of manufactured lumber was over $29,000,000.

The forests of British Columbia are estimated to contain 400,000,000,000 feet of merchantable timber, and in no year has the annual cut exceeded 1,500,000,000 feet. The comparative insignificance of the cut will be realized when it is stated that the annual growth or natural increment of this great volume of timber is placed at between five and six billion feet.

The leading woods are Douglas Fir, Western Red Cedar, Spruce, Western Hemlock (a very different type to Eastern Hemlock) and Balsam; these predominating on the coast, in addition to, and mainly in the interior, Western Larch, Western Soft Pine, White Pine, Jack Pine, Cottonwood, etc.

Engaged in manufacturing the lumber harvested from the forests there are about three hundred sawmills, and nearly one hundred shingle mills, the annual capacity of the former being 2,500,000,000 feet, that is double the average annual cut.

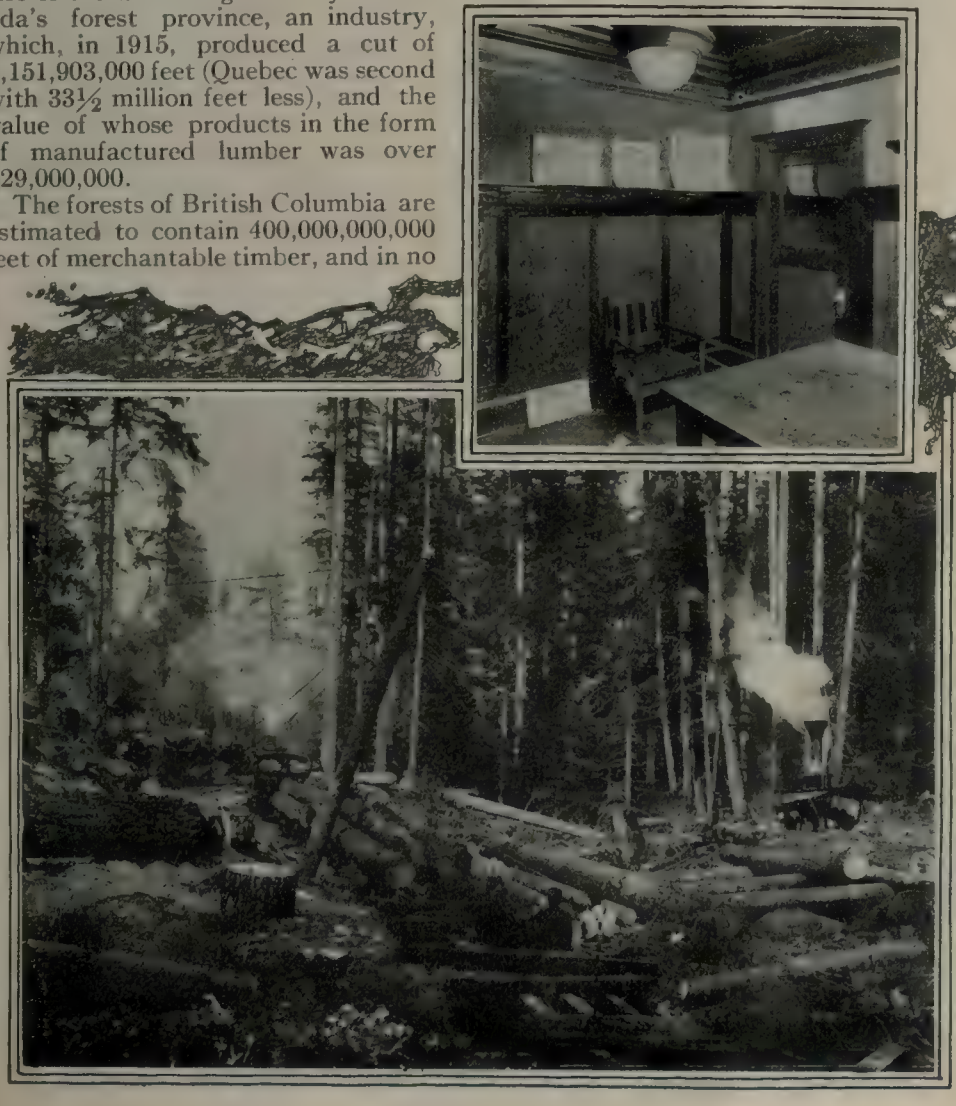
THE Government of British Columbia is in a position of a partner in the lumber industry since it collects nearly one-third of its revenue (running up to three million dollars in a normal year) from timber. In 1915, royalty on cut timber produced only $350,000 out of a total forest revenue of just under two million dollars. In other words, only one-sixth of the forest revenue to the Government was derived from cut lumber as distinct from rentals on standing timber. Obviously, therefore, it is to the interest of the people of British Columbia that the full capacity of the mills, not the half capacity, be utilized, and that such an asset to the community, with its returns in the form of revenue, wages, payment for supplies, etc., should be managed both vigorously and wisely. It was for this reason that the Forest Branch of the Department of Lands was formed in 1912, and made responsible for,—

(1) Revenue from the forests.

(2) Management of the forests, i.e., sale of timber, safeguarding against trespass, etc.

(3) Protection of the forests against fire.

These functions were handed over to the new department, and steadily developed, and after two years existence, the fourth function, that of increasing the market for the forest products of the province, was assumed and has been actively in evidence ever since. The step was not taken hastily, and progress was necessarily slow. Evidence had to be gathered from all over the world, enquiries had to be made, and the lumber industry constantly consulted, but to-day the Department is in possession of facts, and is using the knowledge gained for the benefit of the lumber industry. To increase the cut of lumber it is obviously necessary to find a large and wider market, and if it is found that expansion in this direction is barred, there must be some good reason. One of the main reasons why there was not a larger market for British Columbia woods was that lumber consumers in the East and in the foreign markets knew but little about them. For instance, as already mentioned, Douglas Fir is also known as Oregon pine, a name which possesses advantages for the American millmen since foreign buyers naturally expect to obtain Oregon pine from the state of Oregon. In another direction, the



From logging camp to finished product —The timber from British Columbia represents a value of $29,000,000 annually

people of Eastern Canada had been accustomed to regard Southern Pine, Georgian Pine, and other American woods, as superior to all other woods. In yet another instance, the general public was, and is still being, educated by the manufacturers of substitutes for lumber that the substitute was superior in every way to the wood it seeks to displace. These are but a few instances of many, and it was to investigate such, and overcome the difficulties presented that action was taken.

In co-operation with the Department of Trade and Commerce of Ottawa, the Forest Branch sent to the Canadian Trade Commissioners in the United Kingdom, France, S. Africa, S. America, West Indies, Australia, New Zealand, China and Japan, exhibits showing a comprehensive range of samples of the woods available for export, together with information respecting the various woods, their qualities and uses. At the last Toronto Exposition there was shown a general exhibit which aroused genuine interest. Large quantities of samples of the native woods are distributed. This policy has begun to produce results. It has been followed up by the appointment of three lumber commissioners, stationed at Toronto, Regina and London (England), whose duties while different in detail, are to one end, namely to develop a market for British Columbia forest products.

THE Dominion authorities, moreover, appointed a commissioner to visit the principal markets of the world in the interests of the Canadian lumber industry, and British Columbia manufacturers in common with those of Eastern Canada, have already benefited as a result of this step. The lumber commissioners investigate conditions in the territory assigned to each, find out the openings for B. C. woods, enquire into adverse circumstances affecting their sale, get into touch with the wood consuming industries, and generally promote the use of the forest products of the western province.

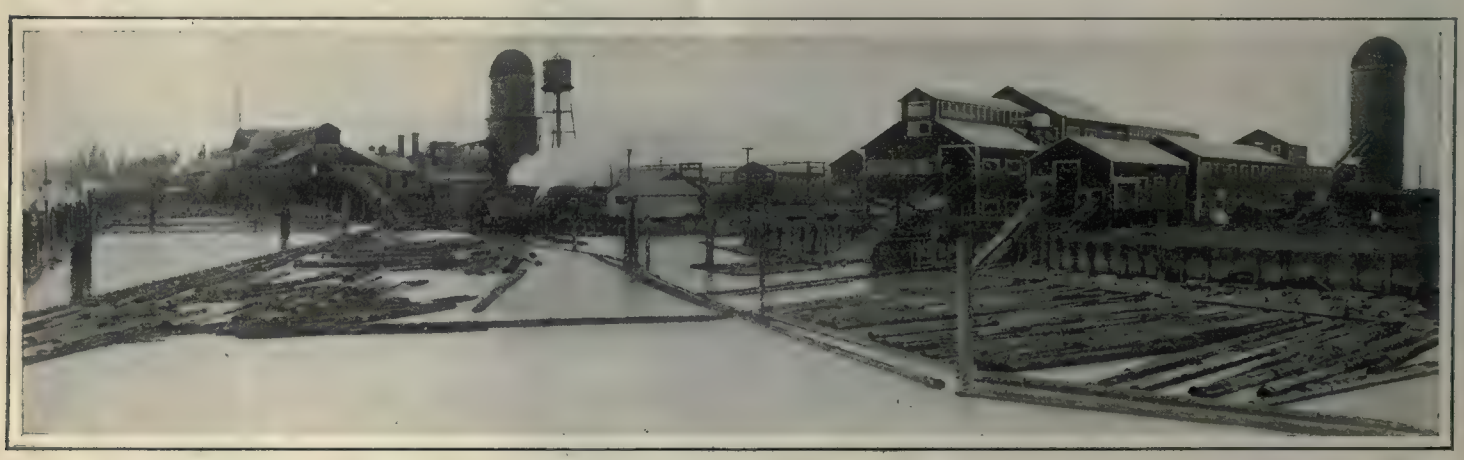
The prairie provinces in normal years consume nearly 60 per cent. of the output of the British Columbia mills, and in common with other markets, there was deemed to be as much scope for expansion there as elsewhere. The commission of Conservation a year or two ago drew attention to the general lack of farm buildings on the prairie, and drew special attention to the excessive depreciation of valuable machinery resulting from failure to afford shelter. The trend of the prairie farmers is towards mixed farming instead of solely the raising of grain, and such a development means additional buildings for use as barns, whether general purpose, dairy, beef-cattle, horse or sheep barns, and as piggeries, poultry houses, granaries, implement sheds and silos. The Forest Branch in co-operation with the agricultural college of the University of Saskatchewan drew up plans for buildings, of this nature, with all information necessary and issued bulletins dealing with the subject. A quarter of a million of these were printed and over one hundred and fifty thousand have been already distributed to applicants in Western Canada. These and other bulletins dealing with such woods as Douglas Fir, Western Larch, and Western Soft Pine, widely distributed, are doing much to bring the forest products of British Columbia into their own in the estimation of the people of Canada.

DOUGLAS fir trees shown in the accompanying illustrations are about 400 years old, but the patriarch in the shape of the oldest Douglas fir tree yet discovered took root about the year A. D. 650. It is the world's largest timber tree with the single exception of the Sequoias of California, and while the average height is from 150 to 225 feet, with a diameter of from three to six feet, it attains in many cases, a height of over 300 feet, and a diameter of fifteen feet. No other species is so well adapted for such a variety of uses and it may be termed "the all utility" wood. In the two important directions of strength resistance to cross-bending, and resistance to crushing, Douglas fir is superior to all competitors, and for its weight, it is the strongest of all woods. For this reason, it is recognized as the ideal structural material, an example being shown in its use at the C. P. R. Wharf Reception room at Vancouver. A striking instance of the many uses to which Douglas Fir is put is shown in the illustrations of its use for interior finish—when with the exception of the cedar panels used in the ceiling, all the woodwork including edge-grain flooring, framing, trim, veneer and furniture are of Douglas Fir. In the operations at the Dardanelles the British naval authorities used a dummy battleship built of this wood throughout, His Majesty's ship "Simulation" which after an honorable career went aground and served as a breakwater.

The lumber industry employs a large number of men, both in the woods, in the mills and in the higher stages of manufacture. The premier industry in the province, in many districts it is the only industry, and many thousands of people derive directly or indirectly, a livelihood from it. A typical coast logging scene is shown, located in a belt of Douglas Fir, the donkey engine "yarding" the logs to the "landing" at the right of the illustration, whence by means of the "ginpole" on the left they are loaded on to cars, hauled over the railroad to the water and dumped into the booming-ground, where they are assembled into rafts and thence towed to the mill.

Years ago, oxen were the motive power mainly used in logging, giving way later to horses, which in turn have been displaced largely by the "donkey" engine, the "skidder" or "flying ma-

Continued on page 183.



A British Columbia mill, one of the largest in the world. Left to right—Ship loading for export, sawmill, shingle-mill, veneer-mill

More Letters of a V. A. D.

Being letters written by Angela Crawford of the Voluntary Aid Detachment to her friend Gladys Winston

By Mona Cleaver

Illustrated by Norman Hall

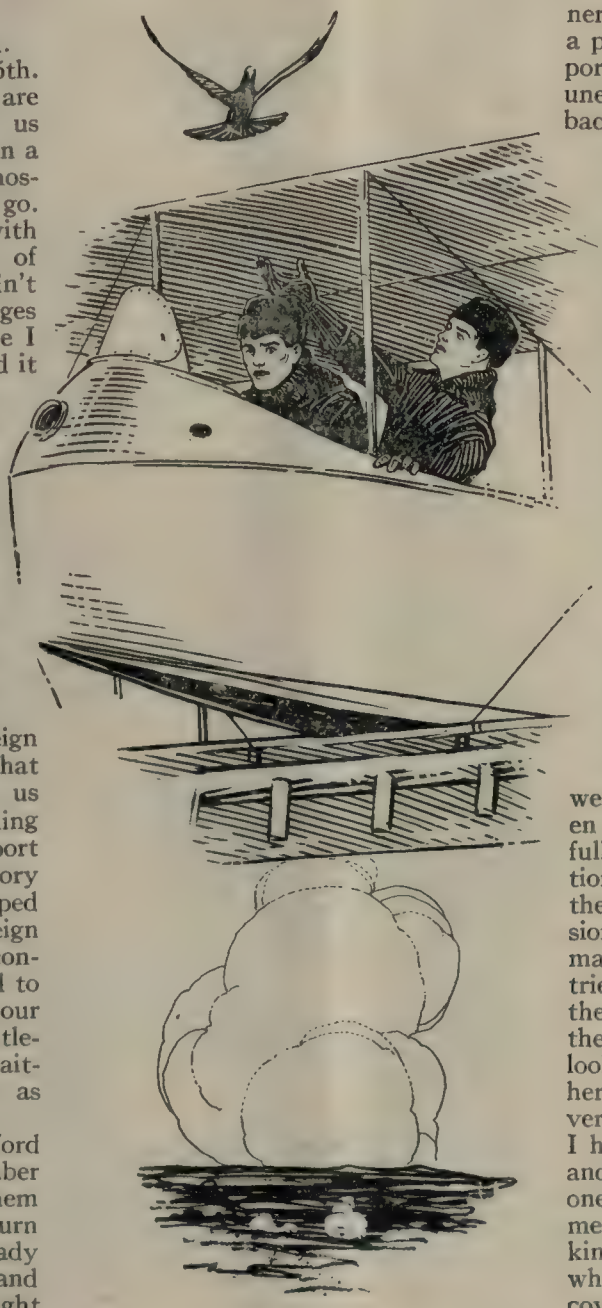
King's Canadian Hospital,
Highfield, England.
May 15th.

MY DEAR GLAD,—They are really wonderfully good to us here, and each nurse is given a week's leave to visit some of the hospitals in France if she wants to go. There's only one who hasn't been, with the exception of myself, and I, of course, am so very new that I hadn't hoped for such a favor for ages and ages yet. However, the girl whose place I have taken had never gone over and it is customary for two to go together, so I am to go over with Ethel Mason. We are very good friends and I am looking forward enthusiastically to the trip.

Yesterday we went up to London to get our passports put in order. We had both started from Canada equipped with a most recent and conventional pale blue document, sealed and signed by the Governor-General and requesting "in the name of His Britannic Majesty" our "free passage in foreign parts," but had soon discovered that such a passport would never give us access to France. A visit to Downing Street, where we found the passport officials doing business in a one-story building of rough clap boards dropped down in the middle of the Foreign Office's impressive courtyard, was a confirmation of this. We were advised to see if the French Consul would vise our passports, which the polite tall gentleman who interviewed in turn the waiting roomful, seemed to regard as doubtful.

At the French Consulate in Bedford Square we were each handed a number from an endless printed strip of them and were then sent to await our turn in a large room where were already assembled numerous Britishers and Europeans and no fewer than eight Chinamen.

Ethel had two photographs with her and as we waited I became convinced that two were required to make one's passport complete, so, having only one, I begged leave to go out and have some taken, Ethel staying to keep our turns from being lost. Just around the corner on Tottenham Court Road I found a photographer who advertised "Passport Specials". He put me in a very uneasy chair with a chenille curtain for background, rearranged my chin with a very grimy hand and in about three-quarters of an hour I was back at Bedford Square clutching in a yellow envelope half a dozen damp and saddening reflections of my visage.



I found Ethel already in the upper offices where she was being passed from one desk to another to be asked how old she was? What her business was in France? If she spoke French? and a score of other questions which were presently repeated for my benefit. We each had a photograph affixed to our original passport and another to the "Annexe," with which they supplied us.

"Well, that is done," I sighed, but soon found that it was also necessary to have the photographs on our Canadian passports verified and stamped by the Canadian High Commissioner. To his office we went immediately and were given blank forms to fill out. Cheerfully we took them to the little partitioned-off writing tables all in a row and there sat down to tell our age, profession, height—but, as the table of demands descended it grew less simple. I tried to engage Ethel in conversation on the subject but she had withdrawn to the opposite end of the room and only looked up to rebuke me for interrupting her. "Forehead" and "eyes" were not very difficult, but "nose" was baffling. I had never tried to describe my nose and would much rather have had someone else do it, but Ethel had snubbed me and I hesitated to demand the kindly offices of the aloof young clerk who sat at an open wicket. So, under cover of the two wings of the little writing-desk I took a surreptitious glance into my pocket mirror, trying, with scant success, to get a view of my nose in profile.

"Anyway," I said to myself, "It's

neither Roman, Grecian nor aquiline. Perhaps I might call it composite." Somehow, that sounded flippant, as applied to a nose, and I wrote down "nondescript" and went on to "mouth" which one word easily described. Then followed "chin" which was a fresh puzzlement, so much so that I risked interrupting Ethel again.

"Why don't you say 'single'?" she asked me shortly, but I feel sure that that might have enraged some already over-wrought official and probably I should never have got to France at all. So, inelegantly and ineffectively I wrote "medium". "Color of hair" and "complexion" followed, and then the simple but comprehensive word "face". The blank for "any special peculiarities" I left still blank.

The young man at the wicket compared my face and my description with bored conscientiousness and then stamped the latter and my photograph. The same was done for Ethel and at last we were ready to start for France.

No, there was one thing more. Cyril Fenwick had advised us to go to the Army and Navy Stores and buy life belts. I think I told you about Cyril Fenwick before. He's in the British Aerial Service.

"Life belts," I marvelled.

"Yes," he said, "the new kind, you know, that one can blow up at a moment's notice. Nobody travels without one nowadays."

So we went to the Stores and invested in this, the latest thing in lingerie, a rubber casing about six inches wide covered with white fabric. The belt was more than long enough to encircle the body, had a tape to go round the neck, two tapes to tie at the waist and a rubber tube by means of which the wearer could inflate the contrivance at a moment's notice.

And so, day after to-morrow we'll be off. I'll try to get time to write you from Paris.

My love to everyone over there—sometimes this seems a dreadfully long way off.

ANGELA.

P. S.—I have just heard that Bobbie's machine came down in the German lines and he is reported a prisoner and wounded.—A.

Paris, May 18th.

DEAREST GLAD,—It was the longest procedure we had to go through at Folkstone and when the London train emptied all of its crowd on to the platform it was awful. You see there are so few ways over now and they are all so carefully watched.

One or two at a time we were admitted to a room where one man glanced at our passports and another examined them. In the next room six men sat at a table, three on a side, each seeming to be an expert in some particular concerning passports, for the papers went from hand to hand for examination, stamping and signing. Mine looks like an autograph quilt now.

There were a few apparently extemporaneous questions asked and we were passed into the customs shed and when our luggage had been examined Ethel and I went together into a little white room newly built on the station platform. Here two women searched us, examining the inside of our hats, removing our coats and gently pummelling us all over to discover any hidden packages. We were then allowed to go on the boat.

The Channel looked so blue and smiling with white gulls flying and dipping and the sun sparkling on its surface that one could scarcely believe what might be beneath.

Several military officers, a number of Red Cross and St. John Ambulance nurses, a couple of high officers in the Salvation Army and a few civilians came on deck, one of the latter swinging a cumbersome life-preserver in one hand with astonishing nonchalance. We afterwards learend that he was a Lusitania survivor. A man in a brown suit wore with it an extraordinarily ill-fitting blue waistcoat at which I wondered until I noticed a brown one, like his suit, showing beneath it. Then I knew that the bulky blue garment was one of the life-saving waistcoats of which I had heard. My own life-belt smelled so rubbery that I might have imagined myself in a dentist's chair, taking gas through a smothery black mouthpiece.

The minute we loosed our moorings the life-boats were swung from their davits ready for immediate use, and I won't say anything more about the crossing for we are put on our honor, just as the officers in France are, to censor our own letters.

At Boulogne, before we left the boat, we were put through very much the same examinations of passports as we had been in England before embarking.

The train platform at the dock was thronged with Red Cross orderlies; British Tommies who drifted in and out of a doorway under a sign which read, "Lady Angela Forbes' Refreshment Room for Soldiers"; Canadian soldiers, big and well set up; Indians, slim and lithe in khaki drill with khaki turbans on their dark heard; French soldiers with their little peaked caps and their long blue coats, like Prince Alberts with the corners buttoned back; French *marins* dressed very like the British tars but for the big red pom pom topping their blue caps; Red Cross doctors and nurses looking grave and preoccupied; St. John Ambulance nurses in long, dark capes and little velvet bonnets, and one white-garbed woman with a Red Cross band on her arm who came on the train with a white tin box soliciting money for the work. And, back of all this mass of earnest, anxious humanity were the lines and lines of big, gray motor-ambulances coming and going. With the constantly shifting foreground to obstruct one's view it was impossible to count the ambulances, but, on the other side of the train, across the dock and the narrow slip, was another gray mass of them where one could count seventy-nine at a time.

As we moved slowly out of the station my eyes followed the shoreline to a pointed headland just beyond which, I knew, lay Calais, the coveted of the Kaiser.

"They will never reach Calais, of course," I said to Ethel. "But if they ever should, can't you picture this vicinity as a battle ground? They'd try for this railway, I suppose."

Parallel with the railway ran a line of low hills and sand dunes and here and there from sandy hummocks a band of stunted pine trees thrust starved and protesting arms skyward, out of a stingy soil.

"What fighting there would be on the crest of these hills," I said, "and in that little strip of pinewood there would be bayonet charges and all horrors. But, oh, they never will get here, they never can."

And everywhere were soldiers. On one side of the railway they were British, with white tents spread all over the green fields and camp kitchens steaming comfortably, while on a siding on the other hand French soldiers were living in a train. It looked like quite a comfortable form of camping. The little stoves thrust their pipes out through the sliding doors of box cars while men sat about smoking and talking. First class compartments with the distinguishing lace "tidies" still on the backs of the seats had been turned into quite complete little homes for the officers. There were glimpses, as we passed, of tables equipped with books and reading lamps, of deep camp chairs and here and there an open door revealed a big tin bath-tub hanging from a hook on the inside.

No two camps seemed to be constructed in the same way. A number of Britishers, further on, were housed in little brown huts made of something resembling beaver board, of which they were building more.

As we neared each camp, men would be seen to run towards the train and soon a shower of papers, fruit and cigarettes flew from the windows. People in our compartment ransacked their bags, Ethel drew out half a dozen oranges we had bought and sent them hurtling through the air, one at a time,

laughing with delight as half a dozen soldiers scrambled for them. One running towards a front coach fell full length on the next track.

"He's not a young man, either," commiserated Ethel, and skilfully landed her next donation, a bag of cherries, close beside him.

We had thrown out all the reading matter intended for the journey excepting a magazine which I had placed, open, on the seat.

"Throw them your magazine," Ethel suggested.

"Oh—" I demurred, "I'm right in the middle of a story," but I laughed, nevertheless, and threw it towards an eager Tommy whose khaki arm flew out to catch this scarlet-winged butterfly in mid-air.

"Now," I sighed, settling down in my corner with a grimace at Ethel, "I shall never know whether they married and lived happily ever after."

"Do you regret it?" sternly demanded an Australian Red Cross nurse from the opposite corner of the compartment, and I could only grin in reply.

At the stations, magazines and cigarettes were distributed in more dignified fashion and the bearer of a Red Cross contribution box never failed to come aboard and never went off without a jingle of coins in the tin.

Once we passed a great motor car of the "seeing-Paris" order, a big, gray, leather-cushioned affair, full of wounded soldiers out for a drive, who laughed and waved their hands as the train flew by.

Everything we passed thrilled us with the profound significance of war. Now it was a trainload of British cavalry, cheering as they went; now silent carloads of Indian troops, now French, now cars full of horses, trianloads of gun carriages and new camp kitchens, all moving on ceaselessly towards some unknown objective.

All this was very warlike and yet, here and there as we flew by a strip of peaceful country with workers in the fields and flowers blooming in the gardens, for a moment one might almost forget that this was a country at war. One saw peasant women who leaned on their hoes and gazed heavily at the train and one wondered if ever their imaginations labored with the thought of whence it came and whither it went and of what its wonderful freight might be of humanity and goods and mails.

But a sentry at the roadside brought one back. Under a canopy of apple boughs he had built a shelter of woven straw and twigs, with an oilcloth covering for a rainy day. And here and there soldiers and villagers mingled. At a wayside barrier a woman, a donkey-cart and two or three children waited for the train to pass, and with them stood a soldier.

Cyril Fenwick had warned us that in war time it might take us twenty-four hours to get to Paris, but it was little after seven when we arrived.

I wish I could hear something more about Bobbie. It is awful to think about him wounded and in the hands of Germans. But there, I mustn't talk about it and I shall try to see what I've come over to see. Yours,

ANGELA.

King's Canadian Hospital,
Highfield Park,
May 27th.

Dearest Glad,—This letter was to have been a long one full of interesting things about the French hospitals, for I saw a number of them and even got within sound of some of the German guns, but the hospitals and guns and everything else take second place, for the moment, to my own affairs. I feel a selfish little beast that it is so, but I may as well tell the truth. It's all I can do, yet, even to tell what I'm going to tell consecutively.

It begins with the trip back to Boulogne from Paris, which was a quiet one. We passed few trains and had few interruptions to our journey, but the station and dock at the Channel port seemed as active as ever and the coming and going of ambulances as continuous.

A big gray motor car which was being hoisted on to the Cross-Channel boat when we embarked bore the letters R. N. A, C.. which I took to mean Royal Naval Aerial Corps. Among the passengers were a number of British army officers, some of them limping and evidently unfitted for service, a couple of young officers in a blue uniform which apparently went with the gray motor car, some civilians and a few women. They stood on deck singly and in small groups, and as the boat slipped quietly out all eyes were fixed on the blue mystery about us. Some person pointed, another stood gazing intently at some distant object and each was presently surrounded by a little group of others, saying nothing but straining anxious eyes to see what he saw. A buoy or the shadow on the wing of a gull was enough to bring thoughts of periscopes or a streak of white foam to suggest the course of a torpedo.

Ethel and I wanted our tea and went below to see where it was served. The dining saloon, we found, was in the very depths of the ship, so we laughed at one another and ordered our tea on deck.

Standing with their backs to us and gazing out to sea were the two officers in blue. Their boots were heavily caked with mud and we wondered what their mission might have been that combined operations by earth and air and water. Just as we were speculating on the subject one of them turned, and to our astonishment it was Cyril Fenwick.

"I didn't know," he said, when we had exclaimed over the unexpected meeting, "when I saw you in London, that I was coming over. In fact, I've been switched to a slightly different branch of the Service. No, I didn't get anywhere near Paris. We've come from Ypres just now and were right in the trenches there as you may see by our boots. Before that we were at various parts of the battle-front and we've had a particularly interesting time. We're bringing back a fellow—bound for your hospital, probably—

Continued on page 183.

Calgary—A New Background for Fiction

By Alfa May Coultas

Illustrated from Photographs

Scene from the Crescent Heights side of the river

The bridge over the power house dam, where "Lesley" met "Jack Addison"

THAT gifted author, the late Frank Norris, once said there were but three cities in America where a novel might be placed. He named New York, San Francisco and Chicago. Half jokingly, O. Henry thereon wrote "A Municipal Report," one of his best short stories, to confute Norris.

Very recently another literary oracle said that Canada affords no background for fiction. By chance instead of design, almost on the moment appears a novel by a new Canadian author, with the scene laid in Calgary. And the New York Times Book Review declares it to be "singularly successful in creating an atmosphere and making the reader feel the reality of the social body she portrays."

It is true that Calgary is not once named in "The Shadow Riders". But the individuality of the city refuses to be suppressed. No one who has ever been there, even for a short time, can fail to recognize it. Indeed, the growth and character of the city itself is a part of the motivation of the story.

"I had no particular reason for choosing Calgary," says the author, Mrs. Isabel Paterson, "except that I had lived there. You know the famous motto of Julian's—'Paint anything?' I fancy it holds good in writing. And this story could not have happened anywhere else. Not that it ever did happen anywhere at all, but I could not have imagined it anywhere else. If I had tried to place it in another city, there would have been no story. Of course Calgary should not be judged by that story, or by any one novel. It would not be fair to Calgary. It was three times as complex, interesting and alive as I could portray it on paper.

"Why? Because of the extraordinary diversity of its inhabitants. They literally come from every corner of the earth and from every rank of society. And there they were struggling to find their own level, cut off from all their former supports. I do not know if they found that level or not; it would be unkind to say. You could find scions of the Old World nobility working in a livery stable or behind a bar; and many of the social lights were only once removed, by a quickly made fortune, from those same useful if inconspicuous occupations. Even eight or ten years ago the 'old families'—families possibly twenty years old!—were already sinking out of sight. The Old Timers' Ball, an annual event, would bring out quaint reminders that Calgary had been successively a fort, a trading post and a cow town, within the memory of man. 'Leading citizens' of a generation ago might be all unknown to their successors. I was an Old Timer myself, by virtue of my father having been a pioneer, but as I had naturally never been a leading citizen, I did not know myself what this elder generation had been distinguished for.

"It is true that in the accepted sense Calgary affords no background. That is, it has no long traditions; the city's earliest beginnings scarcely date back fifty years; there are no historic buildings, and no indigenous culture or art. There could not be. But the people form their own background, just as Dumas—wasn't it Dumas?—was his own ancestor. And the revelation of character in that acid bath of competition is fascinating almost to the point of being shocking. People walk around in their naked souls, as it were. It seems to me that is far more interesting, and better raw material for fiction, than any background, however ancient, mellow and cultured, could possibly be. But it is also more difficult to transfer to paper. One has to be more detailed, to labor harder to build up the scene. There are no phrases rich with implications ready to hand. Half a dozen words will indicate an English scene. Say Tudor, or Georgian, or middle class, or Park Lane, and you have set the stage in an English novel; the rest is understood and may be worked in at leisure. But in Calgary—nothing was understood unless it was said very explicitly. Which it generally was.

"Why do I say 'was'? Because it is five years since I lived in Calgary; and if it continued to evolve at its former

rate, I doubt if I should recognize it. I daresay that in essence it is the same, however. For my part, I do not see why it should not afford the best possible background for fiction. Balzac showed us that money is the life-blood of the modern social bady, the root of power, and the chief spring of action. What is more fitting, then, than a commercial city as a setting for fiction, if fiction is an exposition of life?"

CALGARY has not changed beyond recognition, even outwardly, in five years.

Forty years ago it was a stockaded fort, sitting in the fork of the Bow and Elbow Rivers, frequented by fur traders, buffalo hunters and Indians. Thirty years ago or so the Canadian Pacific Railway pushed through the vast stretch of wilderness—as it was then—West of the Great Lakes, and joined Calgary to the outer world. The ranchers followed, and Calgary became a "cowtown".

Last, beginning some fifteen or twenty years ago, the general development of the Province and the central location of Calgary combined to make it a commercial centre, and it took on its present aspect.

In "The Shadow Riders" we see the town grow from fifteen to fifty thousand. A period of about five years is indicated, though the author admits she juggled the time to suit her convenience. When "Lesley Johns," the heroine, went to Calgary, the city "had not yet begun to climb the hills that hemmed it in." Now Crescent Heights —where "Lesley" sat and listened to the prairie lark and found herself quite out of sight of town—is a flourishing suburb, with many charming residences in place of the surveyors' stakes which "Lesley" pettishly kicked down.

The Mission Hill—beyond the Catholic Church and Convent—on the other side of town, is less altered, because less easily accessible. But further up the river, westward, a charming and spacious country club nestles in an "oxbow," with splendid golf links climbing the low hills for a glimpse of the mountains, sixty miles away but in plain view. It is in this direction, between the Club and the heart of the city, that the best residential section lies, following the river, and turning aside on the heights. The heights were once called American Hill, having been first built on by a few enterprising citizens from the United States. Since "Lesley's" time, an outburst of patriotism has changed the name to Mount Royal.

THE East End has grown to be a small factory centre, with the Canadian Pacific machine shops in a little suburb of their own. The glory of the East End has departed since the old Barracks was torn down, the headquarters of the Royal Mounted and scene of a thousand merry dances in the past. Once the Barracks was the official social centre of the town, and not so long ago neither. The Country Club has supplanted it, and enlarged its functions.

In the heart of town the centre of gravity has shifted utterly within the past three years. In almost all new towns the main streets begin by facing the railway station, and withdraws as the town grows. In Calgary the Canadian Pacific tracks run between Ninth and Tenth Avenues. When "Lesley" lived there, Eighth, or Stephen Avenue, was the important street, holding most of the shops, banks and hotels.

Since then has come the new station, with its wide wings almost obliterating the pleasant little station garden where "Lesley" met "Jack Addison" when she asked him to save the political career of the man she loved. To the east, along the same street, the new Young Men's Christian Association sits beside the great new headquarters building of the Department of Natural Resources of the Canadian Pacific. But the pivot on which the shift was made is the imposing new Palliser Hotel, which has made itself the centre of town even as the Macgregor indicated the head of the table. Stephen Avenue takes second rank now, the more because the new Hudson Bay stores have deserted it for an intersecting avenue.

Stephen Avenue, before the Street Railway was built—as Ross Whittemore saw it first

Mounted Police Barracks, Calgary, taken in 1913, just before they were torn down.

THE new hotel is the first thing a returning visitor notes, and perhaps the last he remembers. It has become the centre not only of town but of a newer smart "set" than "Eileen Conway" would have known. The corridors and tea rooms swarm with pretty girls, dressed so like New Yorkers that one cannot tell the difference—unless

one has been to New York. Society may have withdrawn to the Country Club, but here are its postulants. Also there are now many, many heroes in khaki modestly on view, drinking tea with deceptive mildness and stoical courage under a battery of feminine glances from the near-Broadway pretty girls. Had the hotel been built eight years ago or so, "Channing Herrick" would not have been obliged to go to a boarding house when he came to Calgary to recover, in that dry, bright climate, from an attack of pneumonia. And so he never would have seen "Lesley" from his window—and once again there would have been no story. But no doubt there are many new stories which now begin with the hotel.

The soldiers themselves have furnished the very newest addition to Calgary. Their camp town lies a couple of miles to the Westward, up the river from the Country Club; and it may have been from there that "Lesley's" lover "went for a soldier."

And in contrast, one spot is very little changed. The bridge over the power house dam, where she met "Jack Addison" still leads to the little lonely island in the midst of the river, which she was wont to use as a pleasance to walk in.

Since the boom on which "Lesley" made enough money to go away, Calgary has had other booms, and recovered from them. There was last an oil boom, which collapsed most dismally. The town is sane now, quiet but prosperous. Those who burnt their fingers in speculation are saying little about it. There may be a few less real estate promoters; and if "Jack Addison," who was one of the Shadow Riders, had not gone to the wars and been killed—in the story—he might not be so rich as when he offered "Lesley" all his possessions if she would bolt with him.

No; Calgary has not changed a great deal, because change was always its genius loci; and really to alter in character it would only be necessary that it should stand still.

Remorse

By Gordon Johnstone

"THERE'S ne'er a bairn or whipster sweet to kiss me," sighs ould Rory.
"Ochone, lad," smiles the minstrel, "'tis your lips that no mouth knows,
For if a buck will tarry 'till his head is white and hoary
He can't smell flowers in Winter though he smell away his nose!"
And then the grinning divil
Tuned up his merry fiddle
For the little children swarming
O'er the green on tripping toes.

"There's ne'er a wife to greet me," sighs brave Rory, "when I'm homing."
"Be still, lad," answers Paudrig, "'twas fair hearts ye held in thrall
When your cheeks were hale and ruddy and the eyes of ye were gloaming,
And your legs as straight as larches by the ivy luring wall;
But 'twas ye that did the dancing
When ye should have stayed romancing,
And 'tis little peace I wish ye,
For I wish ye none at all!"

"There's ne'er a comfort of the hearth," sighs Rory, "now to lure me."
"'Twas gold ye loved," says Paudrig, "and 'twas gold that turned your head;
And all the doctors of the world can't ease your pain or cure ye,
And all the glitter of your wealth can't warm your bitter bed!"
And then the grinning divil
Took up his merry fiddle
And played a tune as mournful
As the wailing of the dead.

The Point of Saturation

"My dear," said I, "every man has to have a little corner of his soul which he can possess alone"

By Constance Smedly Armfield

Illustrated by Newton Howitt

WHEN Mrs. Darrell opened the telegram and cried, "Oh, aren't we honored! The Blythes are motoring over and want to know if we can put them up to-night," I had a premonition which was confirmed by Lydia Siddons's gasp and Susie's excited, "Oh, but mother, we've nothing in the house and the butcher doesn't call to-day."

"I can spin over to Hamilton," said Roy, obviously sharing in the general elation.

"Though she's so wonderful you feel you could ask her to sit down to anything," gushed Lydia.

"Still, we must give them something," said Mrs. Darrell in a flutter, and turned to me and said, "She really is the most amazing person. I am so glad she's coming while you're here."

Abnormally inflated personalities are to me as uninteresting as prize vegetables. I rebel against the claim their egotism makes on popular attention. It merely amounts to a colossal imposition of one person's tastes and ideas on the community.

When Mrs. Darrell proceeded to explain that she had been to school with Aurelia, and she had never dropped her though she had married a wealthy man and become a social star of the first order, I rebelled still more. Lydia, the school-teacher niece, was sensitive of my unresponsiveness and interpolated a description of the idol's lonely childhood. She had been brought up by an invalid aunt, and had met Calvert Blythe at some foreign health resort.

"Just like the fairy prince one reads about," said Lydia, who has a strong vein of childishness in spite of her thirty years. "He is like a Greek statue, and so cultured. They married almost at once and he lifted her out of a dreary, dragging-round existence into ideal happiness."

"And yet it's wonderful how she remembers everyone," said Mrs. Darrell. "She's so big-hearted, all her success hasn't spoiled her. You'll see how she'll be one of us."

"I'd better start," said Roy, fidgeting about with fifteen-year-old awkwardness.

I listened with about as pleasant anticipation as that with which I should await an earthquake. We had been a comfortably humdrum party, the Darrells and their gawky healthy youngsters, Lydia Siddons, who was possessed of nice intelligence, and myself. The cottage sheltered us adequately, and Darrell and I fished steadily through the long, drowsy days. We had music in the evenings and read to ourselves or strolled through the woods. I like vacations to be uneventful.

When Darrell and I came up from the water in the afternoon we heard a flutter and chatter from afar, and as we stepped on to the lawn, I met a flashing gaze challenging attention as though by divine right.

The Blythes had come.

Mrs. Blythe was a large and youngish woman, who would have been heavy if it had not been for her unusual lissomeness. She was not particularly beautiful; one really did not see her "points," one was only conscious of her inexhaustible vitality.

She bent forward in her chair, levying tribute as naturally as she breathed in the air. Immensely interested in everything and everyone, like a child. Darrell's stereotyped salutation was greeted with a wholesale illumination and her eyes explored my elderly visage as if rejoicing in a prospect of undreamed-of revelation.

The sensation was akin to receiving a full charge of spring water in one's face when one raised one's glass for a mild sip.

The curious thing was that everyone was clustered round with an air of delighted expectation. She was not the ordinary siren who says, "Look at me!" She was a far more dangerous variety, the one who says, "Let me look at you."

I recognized the influence at once as mesmerism, no less potent for the fact that it had become second nature to her. If a dog looked another way, she'd know it and send out a thought-wave in its direction. Consequently, all the humdrum little house-party was sitting tranced, thinking of nothing but Aurelia Blythe, and hungering for her attention. She dispensed personal questions and remarks to each and all, like sweetmeats, and they almost had the appearance of yapping as they gulped them down.

I cannot describe the mental strain of such an atmosphere. It was like living in the suction of a vacuum cleaner. Not a bad analogy; what she drew from people was not of much use to them, or her.

Some minutes after the shock of new adjustment, when I was eating cake and drinking in Aurelia Blythe, I caught sight of the husband, sitting in the shade trying to talk to Lydia—a difficult process, as her eyes were constantly straying to the one pole.

He was good looking, but you know the squeezed look husbands of stars usually have? He had that, only he seemed to have been squeezed hard, not pulpy. I encountered the blankest eyes I had ever met; and as I looked again, I saw they were cold and dead, behind their weariness. For all his good looks and distinction, he had not the look of life.

Then I saw his wife glance across at him, in a comprehensive ardent way, and I saw she still insisted on her right of way in, plumb in and through, her husband's soul. And I saw, too, that his return smile was polite and thin; and that he did not let her in.

I went on studying Mrs. Blythe from under the cover of my insignificance, and I saw she was drugging herself with all of us, and bluffing herself into a belief that she was reigning. There was just the one corner of the universe that was denied her—the one ewe lamb—the one green field—the one shell that would not open.

That the shell had once opened and let her in, and then closed up and ejected her because no single shell could stand the drain of so devouring an intruder, I was inclined to believe. There is no condition of mind so unresponsive as the mind that lives in the shadow of an overpowering personality. A quarter of an hour on the outside edge of a tea party graced by Mrs. Blythe had wearied me. Imagine living with her! Imagine oneself the recipient of her concentrated, undivided interest! And her husband had it even now. As I sipped my tea and crumbed my cake, a sort of sixth sense told me that however, Mrs. Blythe might tunnel into those around her, back of her thoughts was one big overmastering desire—the right of entry to her husband's soul. I suppose she called her feeling love.

And yet I did not dislike her.

She did not worry one with false gestures or forced notes; her dramatic instinct was that of an artist. The performance of a child could not be improved upon; one forgot her mature years and matronly proportions, and smiled in spite of oneself when one met the infectious twinkle of those hazel eyes. She was intuitive, too; she said what you wanted her to say, and she knew just what pleased.

Some egotists keep the footlights between them and their audience, but Mrs. Blythe was with us, close among us; at any minute, her keen bright eyes might be searching our soul secrets.

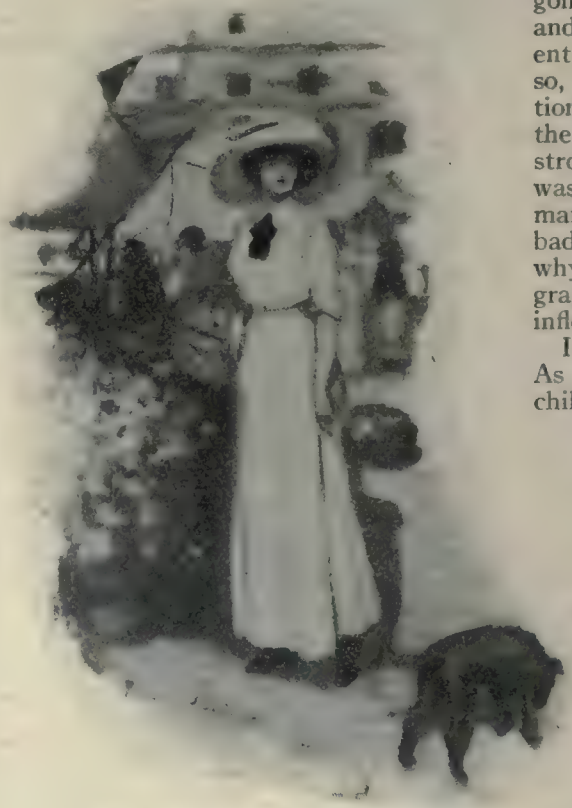
As we went up to the house to dress for dinner, the curtain pulled aside for a moment and I caught sight of the ugly, dreary "behind scenes." I had gone back to collect my fishing tackle and came upon the Blythes at the entrance to the apple walk. As I did so, I heard that fretful, angry intonation which sounds *baffled*, heard also the stubborn ring which a woman's strong will wakes in most men. There was no child note in Mrs. Blythe's demand; she was asking him in a hurt, bad-tempered, powerless sort of way, why he wanted to go down to the telegraph office before dinner, and he was inflexibly refusing information.

I judged it best to come on quickly. As she saw me, she slipped into the childlike manner with miraculous adroitness.

"Oh, here's a minister of light!" said she. "Now you can tell Calvert the best way to the village. I'm so afraid he'll be late for dinner.

There could not be a less punctilious woman than Mrs. Darrell. Mrs. Blythe was resorting to one of those quick little lies clever people use to screen an awkward turn.

While I spoke, Calvert Blythe moved off and we were forced to walk up to the house together. Her ripple of talk was rather feverish.



"You said 'Do something for somebody else,'" said she, "so I stayed here"

And yet while I raged at her, I pitied her. She was facing a proposition that I fancied would break even her indomitable spirit.

You can destroy yourself if you spend your life in trying to master vacuity. She could not anger her husband, nor please him. He had detached himself, become demagnetized. You cannot close your hand about a vacuum.

She came down to dinner in a snowdrift of a gown, and played the child to a spell-bound audience wherein sat one deadhead. I joined Mr. Blythe after dinner and found him a gentleman well-read and well-traveled, though he spoke with the restlessness that most travelers have. I remembered having been told he had a good deal of money and felt inclined to ask him if Aurelia was a satisfying substitute for a life-purpose.

When I got up to my room, I saw Aurelia's appealing eyes, insisting on affection from everyone in her vicinity, and I wondered if Sisyphus had had a worse time rolling up his stone than she mustering up her force before a closed-up shell.

The curious thing was that the rest of the house party accepted the Blythes as an ideally happy couple. She imposed such an impression of her charm upon her circle that no one dreamed of her husband not appreciating her. And she adopted the pose of a successful wife. She exacted publicly just what he would give—politeness. Politeness was ingrained in him and she traded it off as devotion.

I do not know why I sensed the hollow ring. Perhaps because I was not mesmerized. I saw those two among the unhappiest souls I had ever known, and I was sorry. Very sorry.

When they left us, it was not only the emptiness that followed that made me depressed, though it was exactly as if the sun had dropped out of the sky. Positively, the very leaves looked gray.

. . . . . .

It was five years after when we met again.

The Blythes had flown down from an utterly different stratum of society into the Darrells' halfway hospitality. I had not forgotten them. I do not see enough people to forget the few striking ones I have met. So when I encountered Mrs. Blythe in a boarding house at Florence, I knew her in spite of the great change.

The child had gone, and behind that mask of childhood there turned out to have been a middle-aged woman with pouches under her eyes and a mouth that drooped into heavy muscles at the corners. Her cheeks sagged, too. She looked as if her whole face had loosed suddenly from the unnatural tension which had screwed it up firm and young and sparkling.

I saw she was drugging herself with all of us and bluffing herself that she was reigning

Yet Mrs. Blythe's eyes looked out of that worn face, though their appeal was gone—that is, the appeal to the outsiders. The drug had lost its taste; only the hunger inside stayed and that was lively now. I have seen hurt people, but I have never seen a woman ravened on by a consuming fire; and that is what I saw.

She did not know me. The look that met mine was as blank as that her husband used to show to her. I did not introduce myself at first. Then I noticed that she sat alone at table and that she was dressed in black, unbecomingly dressed, as if she did not care.

I watched her quietly for the next day or so, wondering how she had been driven to this boarding house, for I found she had still her maid, and costly rings glittered on her fingers. I wondered, because the people who frequented the Pension Smythe did not bring maids. We came because it was English, and cheap, though run with the usual *pension* pretensions of long-course dinners and coffee essence after. Everything was essence, or pretense. The owner lived at a fear-stricken pace, striving to keep up with what she felt the guests might be accustomed to; consequently we never sat down to an

Continued on page 166.

"What!" yelled Banbury, "go out in that butter boat. I'm no fish"

Who Laughs Last

By George Fitch

Illustrated by Albert Leverine

TO begin with, I will confess that I am a coward about automobiles. I am not like some people. For me there is a limit. I don't mind turning corners sideways, or going over thank-ye-marms at seventy miles an hour, or landing in a hedge fence once in a while because a machine doesn't happen to be quite as nimble about turning corners as a country road. Every man who rides with the demented class has to get used to these things, and I can endure them. But when it comes to racing two miles for the privilege of slipping slantwise across a track in front of a locomotive as big as the senior pyramid, or whooping past a blind street corner, top speed, trusting to luck that some other idiot isn't whooping down the side street at the same time; or yanking on the high on a long, down grade on the theory that if you meet anything it is best to be going faster than the other fellow—well, all these are past my dead line.

I know I'm a coward, but I can't help it. It makes me feel creepy to scrunch over live things, too, and when little children come running out onto the street in front of a machine—I shut my eyes. Oh, I'm no real auto fiend! No racing car for me. Give me a nice, comfortable, touring car, 1916 model—built to make thirty on the boulevards and sound like fifteen, and I don't ask another thing.

Steeplechasing in a gasoline go-devil isn't my line. I avoid the record manglers; and if I can't avoid them, I make them mad so they will avoid me. That's what Jones and I did to Banbury. It's been six months since he has asked us to ride—six months of peace and safety. What's more, he will never ask us again. He is afraid if he does we will ask him to ride in our motor boat—there! Blamed if I didn't hoist the curtain while the scene setters were still on the stage.

To begin again, I don't own a car. You've guessed as much. People who own cars have some defense. They ride in their own worry-wagons instead of getting abducted by goggled galoots who find a holy joy in trying to punch holes in the horizon. But people who don't have cars have friends who own them, and they are forever getting taken home *via* some point seventeen miles in the opposite direction. That was Banbury's style. He was a friend of mine who lived next door. It's three miles from downtown to our place, and three times a week Banbury used to drive up in his two-ton terrifier and say, "Jump in."

That used to make me mad in itself. There was something about Banbury's "Jump in" that made me boil. It was so hypnotic. I didn't want to jump. I had a great desire to tell the man to take his car and drive it off the first high spot he could find. But while I was figuring out just how to insult him without losing his friendship, I was also crawling into the car.

Banbury owned the orneriest, most abandoned, most drunk-and-disorderly automobile in our town. It had sixty horse-power and a hind axle like the underpinning of an elephant. He always used to drive it with the muffler cut out so as to make it sound as fatal as possible, and it was against his principles to go into low speed on any pretext whatever. Forty miles an hour everywhere, with a laugh for the poor and the policeman, was his platform.

He was the boss tonsorial artist among automobilists. He shaved curbstones, telegraph poles, buggies, hearses and perambulators. He was also some hair tonic. He raised twenty heads of hair a day by honking past them so close that their owners' coat buttons scratched the paint on the tonneau.

But at that, I always envied the pedestrians and the horses when I rode with Banbury. They only had him for a second. I had him for ten and twenty miles at a dose. You know how you try to steer an auto with your leg, from the back seat, when the idiot at the wheel is trying to make it loop the street car? I have sat in Banbury's car and steered so hard that my leg ached for an hour afterwards. I have wondered vaguely as we dodged locomotives whether I would be presentable at the funeral—it's such a disappointment at a funeral when the corpse can't appear for inspection. And I have figured horribly, half an hour at a stretch, just what would happen to the city directory if a steering-knuckle should break, a wheel should dish, or the machine should throw a shoe on a crowded corner.

Three times a week, as I said, Banbury kidnapped me with that undertaker teaser of his and took me home. He drove himself—fools of his calibre being scarce and hard to hire—and every time he hit sixty miles and just missed hitting something else, he would turn his large, round face around with a smile of perfect bliss and ask: "I guess this isn't fun, hey?" And I from the corner of the tonneau, or the front rail, or the middle of the air, or

wherever I happened to be, would reply in words jerked out like sausage links: "Isn't—it—though!"

And all the while I was fighting mad to think that my bright and promising life, for the mere rental of which my firm was paying $3,000 a year, was being flipped around in and out of the jaws and about the canines and incisors of death, just for the amusement of a red-necked law-breaker. It may be almost worth while to march up a hill with 100,000 other defenders of your country and get shot into a thinly distributed paste by a thirteen-inch shell, but what possible credit is there in being wrapped around a telegraph pole with one foot in your vest pocket and the other in the transmission of an ex-automobile, and of being arrested if you are alive and called a joy rider by the papers if you are dead?

Every week I hated Banbury more, and every week he managed to get just about one more mile an hour from his car. And finally one night I rebelled.

"No," I said, when he stopped and said, "Jump in," "I'd rather ride in a common, old, flat-wheeled chariot with a conductor who washed last week than try to butt into Paradise in sections in that car of yours. You drive too fast for me. You come too near hitting things! I am just as comfortable in your car as I would be tied up in front of a mad bull with some friend trying to save me by shooting the ropes off."

Banbury just opened his plentiful mouth and laughed until I couldn't hear the exhaust of his engine. After that he kept right on stopping for me, and on each occasion he had a new insult.

"Get in, Sam," he would say; "I've just had the engine taken out. She works with a spring now. You'll like her better."

Or, "Come on, Sam. I'm going to take Blaine's little boy up, too, and he'll hold your hand if you're afraid."

Or, "Jump in, Sam; I'll run the hill on the slow speed and get you a sack of fudge on the way if you'll come."

"All I want" he shouted, "is to be taken over to that shore, there"

I told Jason Jones, my next-door neighbor, about these insults one Sunday while we worked on our motor boat. We owned a twenty-four-foot, semispeed model boat with a six-horse engine, that could kick it along nine miles an hour at nine hundred revolutions, and every Sunday we worked together on our craft. Motor-boating is the best of all sports. There is no arrogant, disagreeable bumptiousness about it. You do not run over people, get arrested for speeding, or mangle yourself in any one of a dozen different ways. Serenely and happily the motor-boatist wallows over the waves, inhales wind and weather instead of dust and small insects, and the worst that can happen to him is to get into the trough of a sea with his ignition drowned out and nothing more sustaining than rubber boots in case he can't bale as fast as the river comes aboard. Motor-boating is a glorious and gentle sport. It is enjoyed by nature lovers, but automobilists scorn it. There is nothing to scare but the turtles.

Jones and I go down early to the dock each Sunday to work on our boat. Sometimes we get it ready to run before night and sometimes we don't; but we always enjoy ourselves to the core. It was while sitting on the gunwale, after having cranked the engine eighty-nine times at a stretch—a record for him—that Jones heard my wail and conceived his brilliant idea.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said; "I've suffered from Banbury, same as you have. He got me in one night and took me eighteen miles out to some country club, in twenty-four minutes and ninety-six jolts. I'm laying for him too. Suppose we inveigle him into the *Peggy* next Sunday. He doesn't know any more about navigating than he does about the golden rule. We can break down and let enough water in through the pump intake to keep him working for his life for an hour or two while we tinker with the engine. Or maybe it will be rough and save us the trouble. Ten to one we will have him praying for help before two hours. Then we can take him home and tell him what a nervous little pussy cat he is when he isn't scaring people in his own particular way. How does that sound?"

"Jonesey," said I, rising up solemnly and swapping a handful of grease with him, "you're the genius of the age. It sounds like Revenge with Valenciennes trimmings." Then we gave up cranking the *Peggy*—she was feeling punk, anyway—and went home to get out the working plans for the plot.

It was as easy as electing the worst man in a city election. Banbury just sniffed and said no clam chasing for him. Six horse power in an ex-mud scow presented about as much attrac-

"If you ever speak to me again, I'll kill you!" he shouted

tion for him as a nice glass of bread and milk after a hot ball game.

Then I spoke my little piece. I had been rehearsing it all morning.

"Very well, Banbury," I said, "sorry you won't come. Some people are nervous about the water, I know; but there's no real danger. You're as safe as you are in your own car. If it would make you less afraid we could tow a skiff after us——"

That was enough. After Banbury had decided not to slap my nose around where it could sneeze into my ear, as he promised earnestly to do at first, he declared that he was going to navigate with us the next Sunday.

"Do what you like and go as far as you like!" he roared, "but don't let me hear any more of this nervous talk. When I get nervous about navigating a catfish slough in a horse trough, with a built-over cream separator for an engine, I'll let you know, but don't feel insulted if I bring along the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* to read. I've got to have some excitement during the day."

I went to Jones and we fell on each other's shoulders. Then we put in a fierce week on the *Peggy*. We took her apart from fly wheel to propeller, cleaned her up and tuned her until she would start with a single twist of the wheel every time. Then we filled the stern of the boat, suggestively, with life preservers, and waited for our prey.

We had an idea that Banbury didn't know much about the glorious art of navigation. We overestimated it by that word "much." He didn't know anything at all about it. When he got down to the dock on Sunday morning the river was full of white caps in answer to our prayers, and the *Peggy*, lying a hundred yards out at her anchorage, was bobbing "howdydo" enthusiastically. Banbury looked at her, and I could see relief breaking out on his face.

"So you're not going after all," he said cheerfully. "That's too bad. I was hoping it would be better weather. I had sort of set my heart on this trip."

"What makes you think we're not going?" demanded Jones.

"Well, you haven't got the boat in and it looks pretty squally," began Banbury.

"Say, what do you think we run—a ferry-boat?" said I. It was my turn at-bat. "We row out to our boat when we want her, and while there isn't sea enough on to make the trip interesting, we're going to do the best we can for you." I threw some oars in a flat-bottomed punt, climbed in, and motioned to him to take a seat.

"What!" yelled Banbury, "go out in that butter boat! I'm no fish."

"Sam," said Jones wearily, "Mr. Banbury wants an ocean liner to take him out to our boat. I'm afraid he isn't enough of a seaman to go out on a day like this. Will you run up to the boathouse and telephone to my little boy? He wanted to go to-day but I told him a big, stout man who wasn't afraid of anything was going to go."

If Jones had hit Banbury on the neck with brass knuckles he couldn't have looked more unhappy. "I'm going; what's the matter with you?" he moaned. Then he got down on his stomach and crawled into the punt from the float, and we paddled out to the *Peggy*. I won't say that I didn't help nature a little bit, but the fact is, we shipped about all the water that was good for us on the way out, and had a real nice trip. I'll bet the *Peggy* looked as big as an island to Banbury when he crawled into her.

I cranked the engine and the *Peggy* started downstream, nicely as you please. But not nicely enough for Banbury. I could see that in a minute. We were going into the waves quartering, and about every fourth one came aboard. Ordinarily, we would have run across to the lee shore, but that morning we stayed out and took whatever came. We gave Banbury the pump and told him to bail. We also told him how to put on a life preserver, and which way to jump in case the boat went over. Then Jones and I left him to himself in the stern. Theoretically, we sat together on the front seat to run the engine. But in reality, whenever we leaned down to investigate it, we were shaking hands and patting each other on the back.

You never saw such noble work with a bilge pump as Banbury performed that day. It kept us busy picking up enough seas to keep ahead of him. He pretty nearly pumped the oakum out of her. And whenever he stopped for breath, I would turn around, fog up my voice a little, and say, "Bully work, old man; we're still on top. But it's all we can do to keep her running. Keep right at it. Watch out; here comes a big one. Whoop!" Then Jones would slant her off just about in time to catch six gallons of river, and Banbury would bail as if he were a prisoner in a cistern in the Middle Ages, pumping for life.

It was the happiest trip I ever made. As a matter of fact, we were more than even with Banbury before we had gone five miles. But we were hoggish. We wanted to scare him until he would jump from his car and hide forever after when he saw us coming. I have since learned that enough is a great plenty, and that more than enough is what causes dyspepsia, insolvency, obituaries, and other troubles. But I didn't know it then.

Ten miles below town, the river jumped over a six-foot dam with a great splash. It wasn't really so bad. The current was gentle above, and clammers snubbed their one-lungers up and down by the trees along the shore. But it sounded and looked terrific, and there were rocks enough below the middle of the dam to paralyze any craft. We decided to kill the engine and drift down. That would give us a quarter of an hour in which to bleach Banbury's hair and pry into

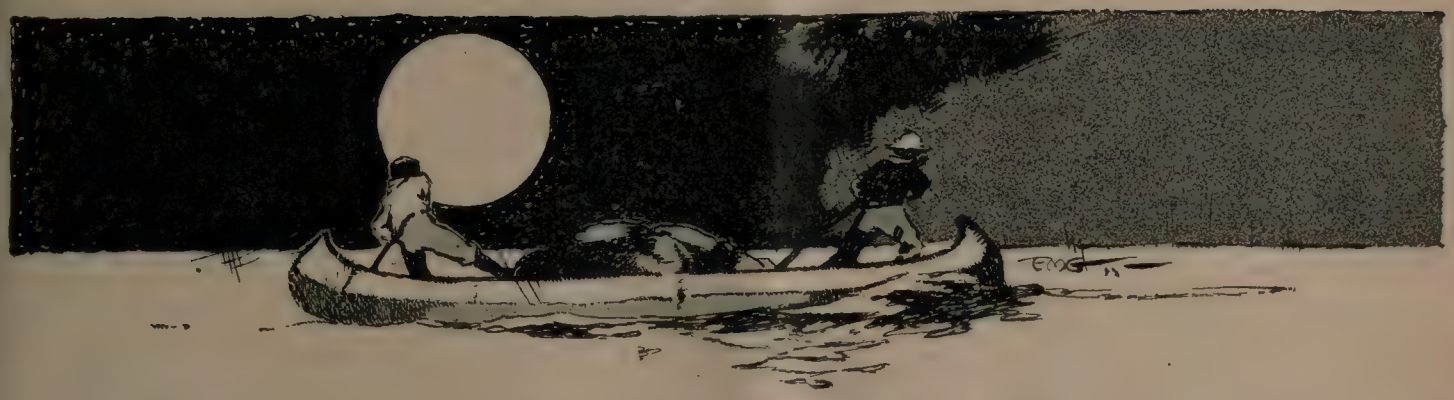
Continued on page 186.

My God! The dam's only a mile away and she's balked. Crank for your life, Banbury

The Son of the Otter

By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

The two young men smiled quietly at her and Ahteck, after looking at Jean Caron and shaking his head, in turn began to eat much food, such as his great body needed.

They were soon ready to throw themselves upon their rough beds, which the hunters had made for themselves on the floor. Ahteck was about to blow out the candle, of which they had made extravagant use, when they were all startled by a sudden silence. The harsh, strident breathing of Jean Caron had ceased. It was poignant and profound. The man had peacefully breathed his last and the men instinctively took off their *tuques*.

Then they all knelt down in the little cabin of rough logs chinked with moss and clay from the river banks and repeated, as best they could, such fragments as they remembered of the prayers for the dead.

After a long time they rose and Ahteck lighted three candles which he placed at the head of the still form, and the sobbing child was again grateful. She knew that he was giving most liberally out of the small store that was left and which should have served to light up some moments of the endless dark evenings.

Long after the two men had risen Mititesh continued to remain upon her knees, while the men watched her, silently, afraid to intrude upon her sorrow. Then she sank down on the floor, in a sort of collapse, as though over-wearied and wrought beyond her strength.

Ahteck picked her up in his arms, a poor little flaccid thing, and placed her on his knees while he sat before the stove, her head resting in the hollow of his arm, her long tresses falling to the floor. Then she began to breathe quietly, while the tears kept coming to her eyes, serving to lessen the pain that was in her heart, and Ahteck caressed her face, gently, with his big rough paw, his great limbs looking strangely employed in this nursing of the little waif.

Finally she fell asleep, comforted, with his strong arms about her, protecting, supporting her, and for a long time he remained thus, still as a statue of bronze, fearing to move lest he should disturb her. Paul had fallen asleep while sitting at their small rough-hewn table, and was snoring peacefully, his head resting upon his arms.

The wood-mice squeaked as they ran beneath the flooring or came out, scampering and looking for crumbs. The wind rose, outside, causing ice-laden branches to crackle and break, and the man awake tortured his soul again with the thought that this child was perhaps suffering through the agency of evil things that hovered over him and all he might ever care for.

CHAPTER XIV.

A TREASURE OF THE WILDS.

At least an hour must have elapsed before Ahteck placed Mititesh on a bunk, without awakening her. (On the previous night she had hardly slept at all, and now her weariness had overcome her.) He placed her upon soft pelts that, in a great city, would have made too costly a bed for any but the very richest, and covered her with blankets. After this he saw that the stove was replenished and drew his tuque over his ears and his heavy mitts over his hands. Then he opened the door very softly. Once outside he saw great clouds scurrying across the sky, pushed by a strong wind that was blowing with bitter shrewdness. The crusted snow crackled under his feet as he walked off along the side of the little river.

A few score yards away from the camp, among the trees, he repeated the preparations for the disposal of the dead, building another scaffold upon which to place the body until they could dig down into the reluctant earth whose bosom was now locked by the frost. After he had worked for a little more than an hour he went back to the log cabin and awakened Paul, who lifted his head from the table and rubbed his eyes. But at once he understood what was needed. Together they prepared that which was left of Jean Caron and bore it away to its place of temporary rest.

The child was still sleeping soundly when they came back and threw themselves upon their couches on the floor, tired and heavy-eyed with sleep. The slumbering Mititesh seemed to be making up for the long hunger, for the weeks of overwork during which she had done nearly a man's toil, and, notwithstanding the keenness of the blow she had received, nature was reviving her and bringing strength renewed.

She did not awaken until it was fairly late in the morning. The light of day was already beginning to stream through a few cracks in the rough door A glance at the other bunk at once apprised her of what had been done The three little candles had burned down to the bottom of the tin plate on which they had been placed, for safety. She looked quite rested now, and her quiet resignation showed that, with the power of her youth, she was overcoming the forces that had been arrayed against her. At first she was seized

with the fear that she had again been left alone, that the two men had already departed for their hunting grounds, that she would not be able to stretch her hands out to them in gratitude. But in a moment she heard lowered voices outside and leaped out of the bunk. A moment later she pushed the door open.

"*Quey, quey*," she greeted them.

They repeated the Montagnais words of greeting, smiling at her and asking how she felt.

"Pull down thy cap lest thy little ears freeze off, Mititesh," Paul admonished her. She complied at once.

Among the Indians it is only the forces of nature that are ever harsh to children. Never are they beaten, scarcely ever scolded. Greater latitude is always allowed them than would be the case with the young of white people, and yet scarcely ever do they become annoying or impertinent. Among these people there is still a leaven of old superstitions, notions of the centuries gone by, according to which the little ones carried the souls of the departed of their families. In this way the punishment of a child might have meant irreverence to the spirit of the dead. It is to be noted that such ideas could never have arisen in the minds of people who were not fundamentally gentle and kind, for the nature of all men is reflected in the beauty or the harshness of their beliefs. The traditions and the legends may go by the board but the central motive remains. In their treatment of Mititesh the two men simply followed ancient custom. But the girl had been alone, most of her life, with two ailing people a great part of whose care had devolved upon her. The change that had taken place was like that from freezing cold to pleasant warmth, from thirst and hunger to cravings satisfied. It was these two men who were bringing it all about, so that her little heart went out to them, and especially to the young giant who had carried her on his back through the wilderness, as the demi-god Nanabooshoo was said to have carried other children that had strayed afar.

She expected to see them leave at once, but through some tacit understanding the men remained in camp all that day. The child had found the tracks leading down the bank of the stream. A number of times she wandered down there, alone, and said prayers while she knelt down on the dry snow. Ahteck and Paul, however, were trying to lose no time. They did some skinning and stretching of pelts, and cut more wood and piled new snow at the foot of the shack to keep it warm. But the next day, by waning starlight, after a few words with his friend, Ahteck began to make ready to leave.

"Now I am going to look over thy line of traps," he told Mititesh. "It will take all of five days, and perhaps more. Paul will have to go over our lines and will also be gone for several days. It cannot be helped. But he will return before me. Thou wilt have to stay here all alone, but there is nothing that can harm thee, as thou knowest. Do not forget to cook for thyself, and to eat well. There is food enough. Eat when the proper time comes. Also remember to say thy prayers morning and night. So now I will say good-by, for I think to reach thy old camp this evening, carrying but a small load."

Mititesh turned away from him, her head bent low, trying to conceal her face from him.

"What is it, little one ?" asked Ahteck, putting his hand on her shoulder.

"It is nothing. I will stay since it is thy wish," said Mititesh, turning to him eyes upon whose lashes trembled two big tears, "I have no fear of being left alone, and yet this day will be a very lonely one. My mother I always had with me, to talk to. I am very strong now and can bear loads, big loads. I used to help my father, often carrying his pack for him."

"It is thy wish to come with me ?" he asked. "But thou knowest how long and hard is the way. It is a very long journey for thee."

"I have become so very strong," she persisted, pleadingly.

"With his long legs Ahteck will kill thee with fast walking," said Paul. "Not for nothing did his parents call him the Caribou. Here thou wouldst rest and eat well, and grow fat and round till thou couldst lift a hundred pounds of flour in one hand, a big strong maiden."

But Ahteck, seeing the child's desolation, came to a quick decision.

"Make ready in haste, Mititesh, we go together," he said.

The child gathered up a few things in a hurry and, stepping outside, tied on her snowshoes. A bit of happiness was surely throwing a ray of sunshine upon her, that warmed her heart. She was smiling now, through her tears. She seized her little tump-line and was about to take up a part of the load when Ahteck laughed.

"There is not enough for me now," he said, cheerfully. "Wait until we return with many pelts. Then thy very strong back will be bent under a great load."

She knew that he was jesting, and smiled at him again, happily, while Paul stared at him, amazed to see his sombre companion in such a pleasant mood.

"At least I may take the gun," said Mititesh.

She passed the rawhide sling of the gun cover that protected his 44 over his breast, making a quaint figure as she started away with the young giant, a strangely assorted pair.

"*Ekun miam* ! It is fine indeed !" laughed Paul. "See the great hunters starting. Now we shall know which is the better. *Bonne chance* !"

As with most of the Indians of Pointe Bleue their speech was apt to be a mixture of Montagnais and French, with rare scattering words derived from the English.

The two waved their hands back at him and went on, while he fastened his tump-line to his forehead and started in the opposite direction. Ahteck discovered very soon that Mititesh was not the same child he had brought from the camp of starvation. Allowing for her youth, the statement that she was very strong proved true. She now seemed to be indefatigable and trotted behind him, mile after mile. Her vigor had returned with the abundant food of the last few days and her lithe young body was manifesting a wealth of recuperative power.

The first day's journey was not a very long one, as they had not made a very early start and Ahteck was anxious not to try the girl too hard. But on the following day, after a long sleep in the woods, they traveled far, reaching Caron's deserted camp and starting almost immediately over the line, after a long prayer before the scaffold and the snow-covered burden it bore.

It is a sad manner of disposing of dear ones but, in the middle of winter, nothing else can be done at first. Mititesh felt as if the poor shapeless form must still be suffering from the bitter cold and uneasy when the strong winds swayed the poles to which it was lashed. There are many who think that the Indians are an unsentimental race owing to the rather cold exterior they present to strangers. But those who have penetrated this deceptive surface, who have dwelt among them and obtained their confidence, know that in reality they are a people full of imagination and living in a world full of mysteries which they have sought to explain in legends that show a high degree of ingenious and often lofty thought. It is only after contact with the white man and his vices that they degenerate from a rather high estate to that of the lowest among the invaders of their fastnesses.

From earliest morning till nightfall they kept on following the long line, and the child showed great endurance and sometimes even proved of slight help. To the man her presence changed the character of his occupation.

The prolonged toil in utter solitude had always favored his tendency to revert constantly to the awful thoughts from which his mind was seldom entirely free. But now that this little one was beside him the work seemed more easy, the way shorter, the trend of his ideas less dark and gruesome. He noted her marvelous deftness in skinning small animals. One evening she set snares and was able to catch a couple of hares that served chiefly as bait for the traps, though the skins were carefully saved.

Ahteck thought well of the line. In former days Caron had always brought back a good lot of fur. The young man decided that it might be well to try to work it steadily, though he realized the enormous increase in the amount of toil it would entail. By this time many of the traps were covered deeply with drifted snow, which had to be cleared off, after which they were baited again. Ahteck, like all other trappers, used some wonderful stuff of penetrating odor to put upon his bait. It was a weird decoction of scent glands and other things meant to dispel the odor of man and even attract the game to the traps. Some of it he dropped on the soles of his shoepacks and upon his mittened hands.

They had gone nearly over the whole length of the long line, with a catch amounting only to two mink and a few weasels, besides a single marten, and, from the lay of the land, Ahteck knew that another couple of hours would bring them out upon the river again, fairly near Caron's camp. They were then traveling by the edge of a brook that was hard to follow on account of many recent windfalls, and Mititesh spoke.

"It must be very near. My father said that he had two traps set for foxes. He said he had seen many tracks near the bend of the brook. It is a very good place and in other years he caught some."

They kept on, carefully watching the blazes upon the trees, and reached a tall fir bearing a trap-mark.

At the foot of it there was a small mound, snow-covered, showing that a little hut had been built, of sticks covered with boughs of balsam making a roof. There was a narrow entrance through which any animal must enter before he could reach the bait.

Ahteck knelt down, after he had thrown off his pack, and began to scoop off the snow with his hands. It was fine and dry as sand. A few dark hairs showed and his eyes glittered, while Mititesh clasped her hands together, joyfully, and cried out:

"A black fox!"

Carefully, tenderly, they brushed off all the snow and took the beautiful

Synopsis

Peter McLeod is appointed agent for the Hudson Bay Company at Grand Lac, to succeed the inebriate Jim Barry, recently deceased. Upon his arrival at the Post, Peter finds stores depleted and accounts unkept. He tries to restore order and accidentally discharges an old pistol which wounds him in the leg. The various remedies applied by the Indians result in blood poisoning and he is near to death. Uapukun, a lovely young Indian girl, nurses him back to health and is rewarded with his love. She had been a servant for Barry's wife, during that unfortunate woman's lifetime, and her knowledge of affairs at the Post is a great aid to Peter in straightening out the financial chaos. She tells him that the brighteyed youngster Ahteck, always at her side, is her brother; both presently become essential to McLeod's happiness and he marries her. One evil day, when he is away on a week's hunting trip a band of Nascaupees arrive and their spokesman reveals himself to Uapukun as the avenging husband who has sought out her hiding place. She can purchase his silence only by giving him expensive stores and firearms. She refuses and he is about to strike her when Ahteck, hearing his threats, rushes upon him and fells him with a blow. He believes he has killed his father. He insists upon leaving home lest the punishment of offended deities may include those he loves, and journeys to Pointe Bleue, where he works in a sawmill and lives with the family of Jean Caron, whose little daughter, Mititesh, alone can rouse him from his gloom. He goes on trapping expeditions with Caron's friend, Paul Barrotte, and finally abandons his work at the sawmill for this newer occupation.

Upon the death of Peter McLeod, Uapukun seeks out Ahteck, overcomes his scruples, and, with the snug sum which Peter has left her, makes a comfortable home for Ahteck and the two children. With the coming of winter, Ahteck and Paul Barrotte start on their hunting trip to the North. Hither comes Jean Caron for help. His home has been burned, his wife and daughter, Mititesh, face starvation. His feeble strength fails him within sight of the shack and, with one despairing cry, he falls unconscious. Ahteck and Paul hear his appeal and quickly bear him to the shack. Ahteck goes at once to Caron's camp, where he finds Mititesh, half starved, mourning over the body of her mother. Ahteck places the body in a tree to await burial in the spring, and returns with Mititesh to his own camp.

hing out of the trap. It had not een dead very long and the snow had kept it from freezing very hard. This was the hope, hardly ever realized, of every trapper; the wonderful prize the possibility of which always lies before their eyes; the thing that brings startling dreams in the middle of the night; the stroke of good fortune achieved once out of many lives of terrible toil.

After they had loosened off the jaws of the trap they smoothed the wonderful fur, black as the pupil of a baby's eyes and threaded with a few silver hairs, with a dot of white at the end of the full, rounded, bushy tail. They studied it, and gloated over it, just as, in the great cities of civilized men, people become crazed over the precious marvels of art. They decided that, beyond a peradventure, the eyes of man had never before rested on such a large, splendid, heavily furred, long haired black fox. It was a wonder much greater than all other wonders, and they could hardly believe their eyes.

They could scarcely bear to put it away in the pack, but after it had been tucked in, with a thousand precautions, they walked away very fast in order to return to the camp before nightfall. But of course, after they reached it, they did not stop very near the charred remains of the old hut. It may have been a touch of superstition, perhaps, but one that may hardly be cavilled at.

The cold had abated a great deal, that day. After Ahteck had arranged their shelter, and their food had been eaten in great haste, they decided to skin the animal without delay.

"It is not at all spoiled," said Ahteck. "Take thou the knife and begin. Wait, I will sharpen it a little."

"But I am afraid," said Mititesh. "It is too beautiful. It might be that my hand would shake. It would be terrible to a make a hole in that beautiful hide."

Together they sat down on a great fallen log, after clearing off the snow. The darkness was coming on apace but the blazing fire before them permitted them to see and Mititesh, breathless, watched the skinning, which proceeded slowly, carefully, with all the infinite precaution demanded by such an important matter. Foxes are not cut open but cased, like other most valuable pelts. The hide has to be peeled off through a small opening between the hind legs, much as an eel is skinned, and the operation is one that demands a good deal of skill. Ahteck often stopped to give his knife a few strokes on a tiny whetstone, and would begin again to loosen the pelt with short, careful strokes, until it was all cased and looked fit to adorn a queenly neck.

Again they spent much time in looking over the wonderful thing, the inside of which was rubbed with a little ash from the fire, and at last the great lad spoke at length.

"I am glad, little Mititesh, for now thou art rich. The debt thy father owed the Company may be paid in full, and much money will remain. I have seen some black foxes in my time, but never one like this."

"But this fox surely belongs to thee," said the child. "Thou hast saved me, and without thee it would have been left in the woods and eaten by other animals, till nothing would have been left but a few black hairs and white bones. I can never repay thee."

"The fox is thine, Mititesh," Ahteck persisted. "Thy father set the trap and it now belongs to his child. Also the line was his. I would never take it for it would be an evil thing to do. There is no need to speak of this any more."

Mititesh rose and stood in front of him as he sat upon the log, cutting tobacco in the palm of his hand. For a moment she remained silent, looking hard at him and thinking of some way to arrange this matter. Then her eyes brightened and everything was beautifully settled in her mind. She had found a splendid solution of the problem.

"Now I will speak," she said. "It is mine, the beautiful fox, and we will sell it for much money. But thou didst find me and save me, and thou hast said I might be thy *ouash*, thy little child. But in a few years I will be a woman, and the money for the fox will be thine because thou wilt take me fro thy woman and all that I have will belong to thee. Thus is everything all right now. Is it not a good idea ?"

Ahteck looked at the child but made no answer. Before her glad and shining eyes his own fell to the ground. But Mititesh, greatly pleased that she had arranged things so beautifully, began to laugh in great glee as she spread out the blankets. Soon she crawled under them and fell asleep but Ahteck remained for a long time seated before the fire, that was sending little sparks up towards the sky. He was looking beyond them, into the darkness of future years, thinking over the great burden of a life that could never know happiness since, with that one terrible blow of his gunstock, he had shattered the ties that bound him to other men and let loose a vengeance that must overtake him some day.

CHAPTER XV.

MITITESH FINDS A HOME.

LONG before sunrise the man and the child left the camp on their long road back to Ahteck's shack, which they reached early on the next day. They found that Paul was there, having gone over the long line twice and picked up some good pelts. After he had finished this work he had begun on a labor of kindness, a terrific undertaking when the earth is frozen for many feet in depth.

In an open piece of ground that had been quite cleared in cutting firewood for the winter, and to protect their hut from forest fires, he had cleaned off the snow over a wide space and then lighted a great fire. As soon as this was burned out and had thawed the surface for a few inches he had dug all he could with a discarded paddle that had a broken blade, also prying out rocks with a heavy pole he had sharpened at one end and hardened in the fire. He had repeated this operation a number of times, getting his hole deeper and deeper until, when the other two reached the camp, it was down over three feet, with the earth becoming softer. Ahteck began at once to help him, with similar clumsy tools, and the grave was soon of sufficient depth.

In this way they managed to bury Jean Caron, at whose head they placed a rough cross of heavy sticks bound together with the stringy rootlets of spruce.

In the Grand Nord, in the vast loneliness of thousands of square miles over which mere handfuls of men wander, one chances often enough to meet with such graves, of men and women and even little ones, abandoned upon the trails whereon the *voyageurs* cannot tarry long. For many years, until the breath of the world has blown away all marks of destructible things, they are remembered by wayfarers, who mention them usually in hushed voices, seldom speaking of them as they do of other sign-posts of the wilderness. When they chance to be close to a river bank or the edge of a lake canoemen are apt to remove their caps and say a word of prayer, after which they go on, perhaps taking up a song again, to pitch their camp further away.

On the next morning Ahteck spoke of the arrangements to be made until the coming of warm weather should remove the icy barriers.

"From now on things must be changed a little," he said, gravely. "I will sometimes take Mititesh with me when I go over her father's line. This cannot be done very often, because it is far away and takes too much time, and I shall have to travel as fast as a man is able to. But now we must think that Paul is my partner, and since I will fail to do all of my share of the work it will be a loss to him, and he will have to work much harder. Yet this he can hardly do, for he now takes very little rest, and the beavers at felling time toil no harder. But the line of Mititesh is a very good one. A

Continued on page 166.

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

Church Union in Canada

NOW that the Presbyterians have voted by an unlooked for majority of 4 to 1 in favor of a union with the Methodists and Congregationalists, the question has been raised by the Anti-unionists as to the title of all of the property—churches, manses, schools, hospitals, etc.—now held in the name of the local and Provincial church corporations. In an interview in the *Toronto Daily Star*, Mr. H. E. Irwin, K. C., gives an opinion that the Anti-unionists will retain title to this property and that it will require special legislation before the Unionists will be able to take their church buildings with them into the United Church of Canada. Mr. Irwin bases his opinion upon the famous Scotch case.

"The effect of the Scotch case is this: that in case of a disruption, the property held in trust for the church will belong to that body which maintains the identity of the doctrines, creeds, church government, and tests of the original body.

"At the present moment there is no possible legal doubt that every dollar of funds and every dollar's worth of property belongs to those who are maintaining the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and will continue to belong to them until the Legislatures of the Provinces exercise their power to take away the property of John Jones and give it to Tom Smith."

Mr. Iwrin declared that there is even more ground for such a decision than there was in the Scotch case, where the union was between two branches of the Presbyterian Church, the most important difference between the two being on the question of establishment.

"There will be a thousand changes in doctrine, creed, and church government in the present union," declared Mr. Irwin. As an instance, he declared that the union will cause the disappearance of the Westminster Confession of Faith and the catechism.

The following is a review of the Scotch case, which was fought through to the House of Lords on the question of the allocation of church property. The minority of the Free Church who refused to join the union lost no time in testing the legality of the act of the majority in entering it. Their summons of December 14, 1900, claimed that in uniting with the United Presbyterian Church, which did not hold the principles of the Free Church, the majority had forfeited the right to the property of the Free Church, which must be judged to belong to the minority who remained faithful to the principles of the Free Church and were of that church. In the Scottish courts the case was decided in favor of the union by Lord Low on August 9, 1901, and by the second division of the Court of Session on July 4, 1902, it being held in both trials that the old Free Church had a right within limits to change its views and to do by its assembly what had been done. The proceedings before the House of Lords on appeal were protracted by the death of one of the judges, which involved the necessity of a second hearing, and it was not until August 1, 1904, that the verdict was pronounced. By a majority of five to two the House of Lords reversed the decision of the Court of Session, allowed the appeal and found the minority entitled to the funds and property of the Free Church. It was held that the majority of an independent church, adopting new standards of doctrine or ceasing to hold essential or fundamental doctrines of the church, forfeit the right to the property, which remains with the minority holding the church's original doctrine; also that the establishment principle was a fundamental doctrine of the Free Church and that by entering a union on terms leaving that doctrine an open question, the majority had violated the conditions on which the property of the Free Church was held. On the plea that by the declaratory act of 1892 the Free Church had abandoned its doctrinal position, argument was heard, but the House of Lords did not decide.

Few legal decisions have occasioned so great consternation or such serious practical difficulties. At first sight it deprived the Free Church section of the United Church of all its material goods—churches, manses, colleges, and missions, even of the provision for the old age of the clergy. It appeared to divert large amounts of church property from the uses for which it had been provided, and to hand it over to a body with which the United Church was deeply out of sympathy and which could have little prospect of making effective use of it. A conference was held in September between representatives of the United Free and of the (now distinct) Free Church, in order to come to some working arrangement in view of the decision, but no basis for such an agreement could be arrived at. Nothing remained but to invoke the intervention of Parliament to put an end to an impossible situation. A convocation of ministers and elders of the United Free Church, held on December 15, 1904, decided that the union should go on, and resolved to "take every lawful means of appealing to the nation and to Parliament to rescue the funds and buildings of the church for the

VERDUN

Named by the Celts of old, a fortress then
That stemmed the tide of Caesar's bold advance,
Full many a year of high and proud romance
Hast thou beheld. The tramp of armed men
Made music round thy moated bastions when
The Vandal's and The Goth's invading lance
Surged o'er the border into beauteous France,
Bringing rude horde from northern steppe and fen!

And now to-day another menace nears,
Again a self-styled Caesar flings his host
In wrath on thee, who, scorning futile fears,
Defies and brings to naught his bloody boast.
For, crowned a queen among her mighty peers,
Verdun's high fame shall ring from coast to coast!

—LONDON NEWS AND LEADER.

sacred pruposes for which they had been provided." The Free Church could not refuse to consent to this and in December a commission was appointed, consisting of Lord Elgin, Lord Kinnear, and Sir Ralph Anstruther, to inquire into matters connected with the two churches, while the question of interim possession was referred to Sir John Cheyne, as commissioner, for inquiry and action. The commission sat in public and after hearing the evidence on both sides issued the report in April, 1905. They reported that the state of feeling on one side and on the other had made their work difficult. They had concluded, however, that the Free Church was unable in many respects to carry out the purposes of the trusts, which, under the verdict of the House of Lords, was a condition of their holding the property, and that there was a case for Parliamentary interference. They recommended that an executive commission should be set up by Act of Parliament, in which the whole property of the Free Church, as of the date of the union, should be vested, and which should allocate it to the United Free Church, where the Free Church was unable to carry out the trust purposes. The commission were to entertain suggestions which might be made to them for friendly arrangements.

The commission found the work of allocating the property a slow job, but in 1908 over 100 churches and manses had been assigned to the Free Church.

Britain's Commercial Supremacy

EVEN the German people now admit that the real reason for the Kaiser's war against Great Britain and her Allies is the hope of being able to obtain supremacy in world trade. So it is of interest to consider what conditions will prevail after the conclusion of the war. Will the war of cannon and rifle ball be continued in an ever aggressive war to drive the Huns from the markets of the world? This problem is discussed in an exhaustive article in *The Contemporary Review* by the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Compton-Richett, M. P., under the title Commercial Supremacy After the War as follows:

We are turning aside to discuss with interest those trade conditions which may immediately follow the war; but, although we are able to command sufficient mental detachment so to do, the violent antagonism which exists colors the discussion. We are assuming that our present temperament will continue, even when peace is signed, the fields are again cultivated, and the charred cities rebuilt. We take too much for granted that our enemies will

Kultur Nursery Rhyme.

Sing a song of air-raids, coming o'er the deep,
Four-and-twenty children, murdered in their sleep!
Back again to Hunland, where the bells will ring—
Isn't that a pretty tale to set before a King!

—LONDON OPINION.

be at our throats commercially, and that the war, which will have ceased only in a military sense, will be still carried on in every neutral market of the world. It is suggested that the Allied countries will propose to form their own trade groups, and to boycott Central Europe for ever. Beneath this policy lies the tacit assumption that we are going to make peace upon terms which will leave us in the same position as before; that we shall have to rebuild the commercial edifice with the trade relations to one another which existed before the war. It does not, apparently, occur to our economic advisers that if we accomplish the military result to which we have set our hands, there will be no peace until Germany is politically disabled, and, incidentally, commercially crippled.

But can it be seriously contended that German-made goods are to be shut out of the markets of the world, and her state of isolation prolonged indefinitely? Such a condition would stimulate animosity, blight the reformation of German character, almost justify her in the renewal of her military preparations, and open a vista of further war. It would be an unprecedented and an impossible future. By these threats and warnings it is probably meant that if the Government of Germany persists in forming commercial combinations distinctly hostile to the traders of the Entente, their Governments will meet combination by combination. But that is war, and war is always intended to be pressed to a conclusion in order ot obtain a result. Chronic war is fatal to civilization, as the people of the middle centuries discovered. When we are negotiating a military peace we shall have to take into account the disturbing element of commercial rivalry and provide against it, as part of the terms of the settlement. For, like war, such competition has its price, and none of us will desire to pay it. We shall all have our own bills to meet, and will naturally demand peace and quiet in which the shattered finance of the nations concerned may be repaired.

The United Kingdom is not self-contained in the position of a country like the United States of America, which commands everything that can be produced from the Arctic to the Tropics. We have not to determine the abstract value of a commercial system, to decide the claims of Free Trade, tariffs, or full Protection, but to consider the most secure conditions for the United Kingdom as it now exists. These islands are set in grey Northern seas, subjected to a variable climate, and of limited fertility. Through our mineral wealth and the intelligent industry of our people, we have overcome these disadvantages, and have converted a small agricultural community into a great industrial nation. To maintain our population and to provide for its natural increase we are bound to convert our mineral wealth into manufactured goods. These we exchange for supplies of food, and with our surplus profit further develop our own trade and lend capital to the rest of the world. For however intense may be the cultivation of the soil, no improvement will spare us from importing the larger proportion of our foodstuffs so long as we maintain a standard of good feeding. In addition, it is almost as important for us to keep the greater part of the carrying trade of the world in our own hands. By that means we maintain communication and intercourse between the different parts of the Empire. The control of carriage interests us directly in the merchandise carried, and tends to enlarge our own dealings. We begin with cheap material, we have practically an engineering monopoly, and by these means are enabled to build and equip vessels at lower first cost than other nations. So long as we maintain free imports, we supply both the outgoing and the incoming voyage with freight. This gives us an advantage over competitors willing to export, but unwilling to import, and the double journey reduces the cost of freight upon every ton carried. Some of our business as carriers lies between one country and another where we may never touch a British port in the trans-

I Am No Uncle Sam
Brooklyn Eagle

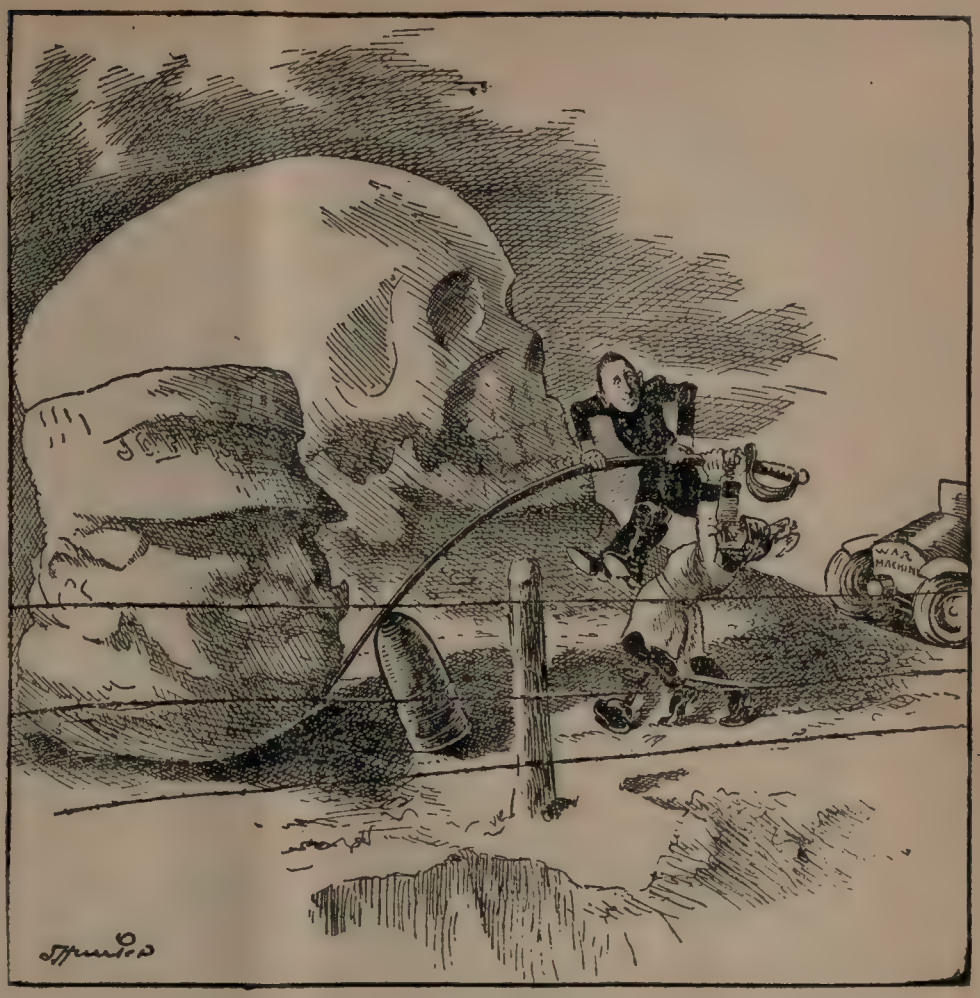
action. Beyond these incidental advantages we retain the profits of the carrying trade in our own hands. Our mercantile supremacy upon the sea stands for more than a great revenue. We cheapen food by low freights, and in return thrive through hostile tariffs to find new markets for our manufactures. This, it may be said, is merely the commonplace of Free Trade, but it is under this system that the enormous wealth of this country has been accumulated.

To obviate the difficulties with which we were confronted at the beginning of the war we must take a more intelligent interest in our own affairs, but are not required to dislocate our trade relations with other countries, or to close our ports against them. Hitherto, our national trade has been left to the enterprise of individuals. They have not had the means at their disposal for determining over-production or under-production. New interests have come into play, new concerns have been launched, waxed, waned, struggled, conquered, or failed without the slightest reference to the benefit or loss of the community. The future Minister of Commerce will have to satisfy himself that somewhere in the Empire we are raising raw material, and are competent to provide everything which is ancillary to our leading manufactures. When we have produced our cotton and woollen goods, there must be a dye industry in existence to prepare them for the market. The reduction of our working capital by taxation and Government loans will make it more important than in the past that we make an economical and intelligent use of the balance which remains.

An unnecessary surplus of capital employed in one direction deprives another industry of its fair share. Over-production stimulates that cut-throat competition which creates violent changes of price and disturbances in the labor market. We have never sufficiently realized the amount of injury inflicted by competition within the limits of home trade. It causes much trouble and brings no corresponding compensation to the community. Over-production may occur within a protected country as easily as under Free Trade. It usually follows a period of high profits which stimulates the extension of factories and machinery. The manufacturer likes to keep the control of his capital in his own hands, so instead of seeking Stock Exchange investment he extends his business at the expense of his competitors, loads the market with material which it cannot absorb, until the whole trade is reduced to a margin which is not remunerative. The general public are tempted by low prices to a wasteful consumption, for which they have to pay later on. The wealthy manufacturer seeks redress for the loss of a manufacturing profit in speculative dealings in the raw material. Then follow failures, new combinations, trusts, syndicates, and high prices. Capital has been diverted from more useful channels, and everyone is the worse for the trade war. You may hermetically seal a public building against the entrance of cold air, but people will still complain of draught. These draughts are created within the building by the warm air from the hot pipes rising to the window spaces, becoming suddenly chilled, and descending in cooler streams. So the problem of over-production, with its consequent discomfort, lies within the control of the country in which it originates.

When the business of the United Kingdom is subject to proper supervision, over-production will be checked, and an extension of works will require a Government licence, as, indeed, is the case in the present time of war. On the other hand, under-production will be remedied and fresh enterprise encouraged in directions which are likely to benefit the community .Our tendency has been to concentrate upon a few great trades and to neglect many of those subordinate industries which have their use and place in a national scheme. It is only the Government of a country which can efficiently survey the entire field of operation, and so co-ordinate the efforts of the commercial world. If any further argument be required, we may remind ourselves that for a considerable time capital will fetch higher rates, and its profitable direction will be true economy. At the present moment we have probably lower rates for money than we can anticipate after the war, when foreign trade revives and artificial restrictions are removed.

With regard to the Dominions, our one safe and sure course is to leave them to settle their own commercial problems in their own way. In fact, we have neither the right nor the power to interfere. Canada is next neighbor to the United States, divided from the great Republic by a bare thread drawn across inland waters and open country. The commercial relations between such near neighbors are bound to be of the utmost importance. If they desire to trade with one another more freely than formerly, let them do so, for nothing could compensate Canada for the surrender of her own Continental



At Dead Man's Hill — *Toronto World*

market. The utmost which we can expect from our Dominions is a first call upon their produce, in case of necessity, at the best price which those Dominions can obtain in any other market of the world. We can act as a clearing house and adviser, placing our negotiating ability at the disposal of any one of them for making a commercial treaty with a foreign nation. But a common formula cannot be found which would include the Empire as a whole, and to attempt one would create difficulty, because the conditions do not admit of unified action. There are, undoubtedly, questions which ought to be treated imperially. The "pooling" of our Naval and Military resources has proved to be a necessity, and must be further discussed when peace ensues. Our foreign relations to the rest of the world have a direct bearing upon our provision for Naval and Military defence. On the one hand, no single portion of the Empire can be left alone in any dispute with a first-class Power. On the other hand, the Dominions will not permit themselves to be drawn into another great war without having a voice in the foreign policy which necessarily relates to it. This, of course, implies an Imperial Council, new to the Constitution, regularly formed, and annually in session. The British Parliament, together with the Parliaments of the Dominions, will be represented upon it, but the supplies which are required for Naval and Military Services will have to be voted by the various Parliaments in the usual way, and hence those Parliaments will indirectly retain a control over policy.

As soon as our Armies are disbanded, we shall have to direct a considerable amount of attention to the general question of labor. Labor in the fields had already become a difficulty, and the scarcity of cottages was prompting us to take some preliminary steps when the war broke out. In consequence of this scarcity, it has been difficult for married couples to find a home, and young fellows were steadily emigrating, particularly to Western Canada. In the future we may expect that the land question will become still more urgent. There are many large estates which will be offered in consequence of increased taxation, and of the better employment of money elsewhere. It will be desirable to hesitate before we embark upon fresh schemes. We ought not to settle upon fixity of tenure or peasant proprietorship until we are better informed as to the future handling of the soil. It is most probable that science will quicken her pace during the present century, and that chemistry applied to cultivation, with an extended use of machinery, will give better results with less local labor than at present. Until we see the way more clearly, it would be wise to put up comfortable dwellings of a temporary character, similar to the buildings with which the war has made us so familiar, instead of multiplying pretty red brick cottages, which may not ultimately be occupied by the class for which they are supposed to be required. The dreary inactivity of the countryside for a part of every year suggests alternate village employment, which a cheaper and wider distribution of electric power may put within the reach of smaller localized manufacturers. But there is something of still more importance. Much loss is inflicted upon farming through an ignorance of world production, and the want of intelligent co-operation. A constant fluctuation in price is no mere matter of the market town; it is the result of world-wide operations. The price of bacon next year depends

Turkey in the Straw
Cincinnati Times-Star

chiefly upon Chicago, and it is possible in some degree to forestall the market. To farm successfully in a country which freely imports foodstuffs implies adaptation, and a clear knowledge of the productions of other continents. We need national and county associations, with their agents everywhere, who will advise the farmer upon marketable products, teach him standards of quality, undertake to find him an outlet, and generally relieve him from the commercial side of his industry. Is there any reason why the success of Denmark in dealing with dairy produce on co-operative lines should not be followed generally in British farming?

In order to maintain the commercial supremacy of the United Kingdom we must make sure that a sufficient amount of labor and of capital will be always available in this country. "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." London must continue to be the commercial centre of the world, its financial metropolis. We have discussed methods by which labor shall be properly remunerated; we have sought a method of relieving taxation from becoming an intolerable strain. We have not to fear competition from the Continent of Europe, for our neighbors will be burdened in proportion to their resources more heavily than ourselves. It is to the competition of the United States that we naturally look, but that competition will not be serious so long as the United States continues to maintain a tariff wall. So long as she does so, the cost of production in that country will be maintained. It may be necessary for us to direct the flow of capital to the East, where the raw material of certain commodities lies to hand, and where colored labor can be obtained at a comparatively low price. But we must take care that this diversion of capital does not go too far, or we may have the mills of Lancashire and of Yorkshire working at less than full time, whilst Bombay and the farther East are booming.

Yet we cannot expect that we shall continue for ever to import raw material from Asia, pay freight upon it, convert it into manufactured goods in Britain, and then export the finished article to clothe the inhabitants of the very countries where the raw material has been grown. The Asiatic does not lack readiness in a new task, and with a little practice can learn it. Whether he has the physical power to work as hard as the English man or woman is a question of food, and a rise in wages will do much in that respect, as he will never require the Western standard of living. He has learned to do with less, and makes more of the food than the European. It must be remembered that climate has an important bearing upon food. The cold and variable climate of this country diverts a portion of the food we eat to the maintenance of animal warmth. Money has to be spent in clothing, in fuel, and in suitable cover. From this the inhabitant of warmer climates is largely exempt. The sun makes that provision for him, and so he starts with a competitive advantage. No doubt the teeming populations of India, of China, and of Japan have dropped to the line of bare living, the smallest amount at which their working ability can be maintained. Besides which, periods of famine have overtaken them, and thinned the population down to the point at which there was sufficient food for the survivors. This process, which has been going on for centuries, has bred a race which can live upon an amount representing sheer starvation to the European.

The experience of the Russo-Japanese War proved that under the same military condition the Japanese soldier could march, fight, and win upon food which would have been utterly insufficient for the Russian Armies. Nature adapts mankind to its social condition, and remorselessly removes the unfit. We must not nurse the delusion that the Asiatic working class will not be soon fully supplemental to the British workers, for the organized labor of the East will be required to maintain the commercial supremacy of the Empire. But, for the present, Europe will need to recover from the war. There are bridges to rebuild, railway tracks to be relaid, factories to be refitted, and every branch of industry in this country will find employment for a considerable time. The mineral resources of the East will be slowly developed, and it is a fortunate fact that we control so much of the tropical and sub-tropical portions of the earth, where there is natural wealth waiting for us, and where labor is abundant and eager. We must live frugally, accumulate capital, and be thankful that our own credit remains unshaken. Germany has lost the goodwill of Russia, will cease to tinker with Turkey, whilst Great Britain and France are summoned to take her place. Russia is commercially a virgin country, with possibilities as great as that of Western America. But why should not the United States, immense in her resources, share this trade with us, or even anticipate us in competing for it? At the beginning she may so do, but only to a small extent. The United States has not yet satisfied the call for investment with her own territory. She has the Southern Continent, the other America, to develop, and perhaps to colonize, in the future. It will be better for us to give way to her in Argentina and in the other Latin States of the New World, whilst we devote ourselves to work closer to hand. We are on the threshold of Europe, within call of Western Asia, well equipped for service, and have political as well as commercial considerations to invite our trade. When we and the United States have respectively done our own work, the vast territories of China lie waiting for our joint efforts. As we regard this extended field of human endeavor, accompanied by the growing importance of our own self-governing Dominions, the horizon widens, until there is hardly a measurable limit to our opportunities. For this country there is a good time coming, if we will only wait a little longer.

While many of the observations of Sir Joseph Compton-Richett are quite general, he offers food for thought for those who lead the Empire after the war.

Well Trained By the Kaiser's Sister

Queen of Greece:—Lie down Tino! That's right. Now Your Majesty may step over him into Greece

Montreal Daily Star

Review of Ottawa Legislation

IN a recent leader editorial the *Toronto Mail and Empire* gives a condensed review of the results accomplished by the session of the Dominion Parliament. War measures made up the chief work of the Session and are summarized as follows:

Since the war began Parliament has had to confine its attention to legislation called for by the current and impending requirements of Canada's part in the struggle. Ways and means for carrying on the war and measures for adjusting the affairs of the country to the situation created by the war have been the chief business of Parliament. This is not the time for attempting large schemes of creative statesmanship, general reform or public works. These are things that must be left in abeyance until we are through with the enemy, when policies of reconstruction will be the order of the day.

Legislation for financing the country through another period of the war ranks first in importance. The budget was one of the most notable ever submitted to the House of Commons. It is a performance that adds very greatly to the reputation of the Finance Minister. His Act to levy a tax on business profits is a very happy device for increasing the revenues largely at a time when increase is much needed. Its impost of one-fourth of the net profits in excess of 7 per cent. cannot be felt as a burden, and will contribute handsomely to the sinews of war. The changes in the Customs duties will add substantially to the yield therefrom, and that without bearing heavily upon any interest. In his fiscal scheme Sir Thomas White studied to spare consumers as much as possible, and especially to add not a straw's weight to the taxes the farmer has to pay. The farming industry is exempt from the business profits tax. The life insur-

Son:—"What should I do if at first I don't succeed, papa?"
Father:—"Lie, lie again, my son"

ance companies are untouched by it, and have therefore nothing to shift upon the shoulders of policyholders. The arrangement consists well with the Government's efforts to promote production and thrift. The zinc bounty provided for this session is also a war measure designed to foster industry at home and furnish material aid to the force in the field. The new War Appropriation Act authorizes the Government to pay out beyond the ordinary grants of Parliament a sum not exceeding $250,000,000 towards defraying any expenses in the current year for the defence and security of Canada and other purposes, and enables it to make loans for the raising of the money. An important amendment to the Bank Act provides for lending to farmers on security of live stock.

The Act in aid of provincial legislation restricting the sale of intoxicating liquors also comes under the head of war legislation as distinct from legislation in pursuance of a policy of social reform. As Ontario had placed a measure of prohibition on its statute book as a means of strengthening the province through the war strain, and as other provinces had similar legislation under way or in prospect, the Dominion Government felt it to be its duty to bring in a measure adjusting the Dominion law to such provincial legislation. The Canada Temperance Act was amended in accordance with this idea.

The House dealt with two important resolutions. One of these, introduced by the Government, was in the form of an address to the Crown for an amendment of the British North America Act to add a year to the life of the present Parliament. The resolution was passed without dissent, and the bill to amend the British North America Act is now awaiting the attention of the British Parliament. The other resolution, introduced by Mr. Lapointe, was in the form of an admonition to the Ontario Legislature on the subject of the School Law known as Regulation 17. The debate on this resolution was carried on without acerbity, but the resolution was defeated by a large majority.

The vote of aid by way of a loan to the Canadian Northern Railway and to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, $8,000,0000 in the one case and $15,000,0000 in the other, was made to enable the roads to tide over the war time. It is the intention of the Government to have the railway situation thoroughly studied and reported upon so that, as soon as possible after the war, a plan for the permanent settlement of Canada's railway policy will be brought before Parliament.

Billions of Fish For Our Lakes and Rivers

A GLANCE at Canada's balance sheet of resources shows its fisheries to be among the more important industries of the Dominion. The *Stratford* (Ont.) *Beacon* in commenting on the announcement that a new white fish hatchery is to be established at Kingsville on Lake Erie, points out that 64 similar government and provincial hatcheries are turning something like one and three-quarter billion fish and fry into the lakes and rivers of Canada. Commenting further on the fish industry, the *Beacon* says:

The work of fish breeding in Canada, has assumed considerable proportions in recent years. These hatcheries are in every province, their total being 64. From them come the fish and fry which are distributed by the million each year in the various waters throughout the country. The varieties bred are Atlantic salmon, Pacific salmon, speckled trout, Kamloops trout, white fish, pickerel, shad, lobsters, etc. Both commercial and sporting species, it will be seen, are handled, but the tendency now is for the Dominion to let the provinces look after the sporting varieties. Recently hatcheries have been transferred to Quebec and Ontario, for example. The total distribution during 1915 from the 64 hatcheries in operation was no less than 1,643,725,212, an increase of 415,748,623 over the previous season. The increase was largely in white fish and lobsters. The former were distributed chiefly in the Great Lakes of Ontario and Manitoba, the figures being 281,620,000, and 200,578,000 respectively. The lobsters went to Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. Of the grand total distribution for the year, Ontario got 391,320,700, Nova Scotia 470,945,800, Manitoba 224,578,000, Prince Edward Island 220,116,292, New Brinswick 167,061,900, British Columbia 80,205,633, Quebec 76,826,800, Saskatchewan 10,950,000, and Alberta 770,600. The Quebec waters had distributed in them Altantic salmon, salmon trout, speckled trout, grey trout, red trout and lobster.

The supply of food fishes is liable to decrease for various reasons, especially in the small lakes and streams which are in some instances wastefully depleted. Dynamiting and illegal netting, fishing out of season and other offences against common sense and the regulations are committed by persons who do not care if the fishing in their neighborhood is destroyed altogether. Hence, the necessity of scientific fish breeding. The stocking helps to make up for the loss and the fry are also introduced into waters previously lacking fish. The development is important and gives a good return for the energy and money spent. A great asset is possessed in the fisheries of the Dominion.

Alberta's New Liquor Law

THE liquor law which went into effect in the Province of Alberta on July 1st, prohibits the sale of all kinds of spirits for beverage purposes. Importations from other provinces are permitted. The *Calgary News-Telegram* sums up the main points of the new law as follows:

Outside of the vendors to be appointed by the government, sheriffs, common carriers and the like, the only persons entitled to possess liquor are: Occupants of private dwelling, not including boarding houses, who may keep a quart of spirits and two gallons of malt liquor; persons engaged regularly in mechanical business or in scientific pursuits, who may keep 10 gallons of alcohol; physicians, who may keep two quarts; dentists, who may keep one pint; veterinary surgeons, who may keep a gallon; and druggists and ministers of the gospel, who may, apparently, keep an unlimited amount.

While it is allowable to import liquor from outside the province, the only parties allowed to sell liquor in Alberta for consumption in Alberta are government vendors and druggists on prescription. This, of course, does not apply to sales by the sheriff, nor the sales by brewers and others in Alberta to buyers outside of Alberta.

According to the act, the only persons the government vendors may sell to are those buying it for mechanical, medicinal, scientific and sacramental purposes. The vendor is authorized to sell liquor to those who desire it for mechanical or scientific purposes, only upon affidavit that it is to be used exclusively for these purposes and not for consumption as a beverage. Druggists, physicians and dentists may be be supplied with small quantities upon affidavit, telling how the liquor is to be used, and declaring that it is not to be used as a beverage. Preachers, however, may be supplied for sacramental purposes with any amount, seemingly, upon a mere written request, no affidavit being necessary.

Druggists and physicians may retail small quantities of liquor, the former only on physician's prescriptions, and the latter only when he really believes it necessary for the patient, in both cases, a complete record of the transaction, with the name and address of the purchaser, must be reported to the government. A dentist may give a patient a small drink out of the pint he is allowed to keep, if he really believes it necessary.

Continued on page 191.

Greater Mileage From Tires? Look For This Emblem

The Goodyear Service Station Emblem is a beacon light to motorists. It marks those dealers in automobile tires and tire accessories who give extra service. Goodyear Service Station dealers are merchants in whom you can place confidence—who will meet your most exacting requirements—who will go a little further than seems necessary in order to please you and ***to help you get greater mileage from your tires.***

Goodyear Service
at Goodyear Service Stations

A new and higher standard of service has been set by Goodyear. Goodyear Tires, Goodyear Tubes, Goodyear Tire Accessories are exemplifications of this better service. The Goodyear Service Station carries on the work of giving more mileage from tires. The man whose business is marked by the Emblem shown above will advise you on the care of your tires. He is a tire saver, and is just as anxious as we are to make Goodyear Tires give extra miles.

This Emblem is displayed by dealers in Goodyear Tires who give that better service which reduces your cost of motoring. They have in stock Goodyear Tires, Tubes, Accessories. They are tire savers as well as tire merchants. To deal with them is to noticeably increase the mileage of your tires.

More Than a Mere Phrase--- An Actual Fact of Real Value

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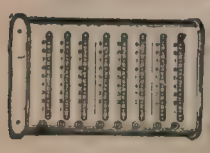

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The Son of the Otter

Continued from page 158.

strong man can get good hunting from it. There is fur there, and for some years it has not been hunted as hard as our ground, and therefore it should be seen to. The pelts we have just brought from there will belong to Mititesh, for she and her father baited the traps. But now any other fur we may get from that country must be divided in three parts, one for each of us, so that we may not lose the good of our greater hardship. I think this will be fair. Paul, what sayest thou ?"

"I think it is right, if Mititesh is willing," answered Paul, cheerfully.

"It shall be as Ahteck says," declared the child, gravely. "We have it all arranged that when I become big I shall become his woman and he will have everything that belongs to me."

"Oh ! Thou shalt be his woman !" laughed Paul. "It will be a long waiting for him, for thou art but a tiny thing, a *Pileshish*, a little bird scarcely fledged, while he is a great man, big as a moose. Well, I will dance at the wedding, thus !"

He began to execute some very fanciful steps on the floor of the little cabin, but Mititesh drew herself up with some dignity.

"In a few years I will be a grown woman," she said. "I will never have any other man, for my father who is dead said that he was wise, and I know that he is very good."

"That will be splendid," assented Paul. "I will wear new moccasins at the wedding, and dance until my feet go through the leather. I know that thou wilt surely grow into a nice little woman for him, and a rich one with all the money from the black fox."

But Ahteck looked persistently through the door, gazing away over the snows that stretched upon the opposite bank of the stream, pretending to hear nothing of this talk. It was a quaint idea on the part of the child, something that should merely have amused an ordinary man and caused him to smile. But to him it merely served to bring again the obsessing ideas that he could never aspire to the happiness other men obtained and that if he ever allowed himself to be overcome by love for a woman she would doubtless serve the evil powers as a means to strike at him through the loved one.

"There is another thing to say ," added Paul, after a moment's thought. "Ahteck will work very hard and so will I. We will do our best. But we must be sure that we are right. We will put all the pelts from Jean's line to one side, after this, and when we go back to Pointe Bleue we will go to Father Laroux and tell him of our agreement. If he says it is all right and fair to this child we will be pleased, and if he thinks that Mititesh is not having enough we will do whatever he says."

Ahteck nodded in assent. It was a very good idea. Every one at the reservation submitted knotty points to the good priest, and no one would have dreamed of disputing his decisions. But Mititesh came up to them.

"It is as you wish," she said. "I know that in the whole world there are not two other men as good as you."

From this time and on to the breaking up of the ice and the clearing of the lakes and rivers, the three worked as the beavers do when they make or repair their dams, or when the time comes to make provision of the branches of poplar for the winter's food.

To be continued.

The Point of Saturation

Continued from page 151.

honest dish. She had become inured to the complaints. She knew she gave the most that could be given for the money; and when clients are reduced to the twenty-five-francs-weekly pension level, the most well-merited complaints have no authoritative ring. I have spent my life in boarding houses, and take little notice of anything as long as the bill stays within my means. But Mrs. Blythe, with her silk stockings and French shoes and diamonds, seemed more cryingly anomalous here than in the Darrells' modest cottage.

I did not bestow my presence on the company that assembled nightly in the stuffy, over-ornamented parlor, and even curiosity could not keep me in to see if she did. I left the table for my evening stroll before the company dispersed. I am a man of habits.

But a higher power than habit had arranged our meeting. I was leaning on the low stone wall at San Miniato, gazing down on the olives and the bewildering array of spires and towers and lights, a shimmer of silver in the moonlight, when I perceived a veiled figure hurrying through the inky gateway. Then the sound of men's voices caused me to look round, and I saw Mrs. Blythe. I stepped up, therefore, from no volition of my own, and raised my hat, using the Darrells' name as introduction. The flash of relief was mixed with recognition. We turned and walked at a dignified pace along the terrace, leaving the young officers to retreat as best they could.

It seemed obvious to remark her

husband was not with her; she hesitated before she disclosed the news that he was in the Rockies. I knew by her voice that I had cut her on the raw. But she had not gained reticence. An hour after, we were still leaning on the wall.

She could not stay anywhere; she was traveling from place to place, choosing the quietest *pensions* in big cities because there was less chance of meeting people who knew them both.

I apologized for my presence, unnecessarily. She said she did not mean people like me—I did not talk! Dear, dear, how she had been hit! Yet I felt it was healthier for her to be writhing with her vanity cast down in a sort of flood, than keeping the fountain playing, knowing there was no real current feeding it. She was ravaged now, but she was honest in her wretchedness.

Of course she saw herself as one of the world's martyrs. There she had given her great woman's love, all of it, to some one who did not care. He did not seem able to care. He could not love. There was no one else she had to fear, because he was incapable of feeling anything for anyone. What little he did feel, had been given to her. But he was a classic image and so the hunger and the longing to help him and mother him and love him had to turn within herself, to devour——

She was undeniably suffering. I do not think I have ever met anybody so wholly sorry for herself. And all the time she spoke, I thought of Calvert Blythe, and I wondered that he considered the Rockies sufficiently remote. I should not have felt comfortable myself at the extreme tip of the North Pole. The whole force of woman seemed to reach out from her and clutch at that unfortunate man.

Then I found she was crying to me to help her; because if something did not happen soon—soon—she could not live.

I trust I have quoted enough of what passed to show we had left the conventional trammels of a casual conversation far behind. The fright she had received before I came up, added to the dissolving influence of Italian moonlight, had burst the never very substantial bonds of her first silence. After three months' wanderings with no one but her maid to talk to, she was, so to speak, pent up.

I think I have said before that through all my accurate diagnosis of the quality of her trouble I had kept a distinct liking for Mrs. Blythe. As she trembled and panted and let herself go to the full limit of superlative emotionalism, I could not help feeling there was a faint spark of something real in what she called her LOVE.

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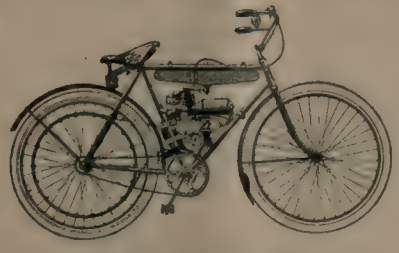

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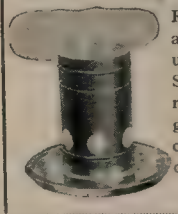

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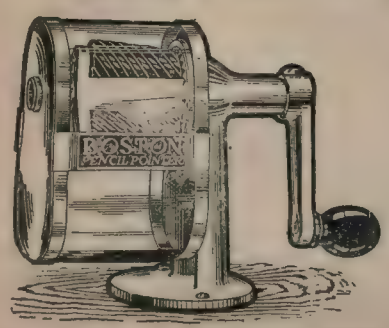

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him; she would have done anything, if it had been sufficiently colossal and dramatic. What she could not do for anyone was to leave him alone. She had made a mistake common to many large-hearted, wide-sympathied women—she confused her province with the Deity's.

A man wants a human being beside him, who is there when he wants some one, but who will let him alone when he wants to be alone. Aurelia wanted to be omnipresent, omnicsient and omnipotent. Hence her impositions and pretensions had come toppling down with a proportionate exposure of their impotence.

It seemed a plain if hateful duty to give Mrs. Blythe an unbiased point of view. Squirm as she might, she had not really let go one shred of all the vanity. She had only changed its color of success into self-pity.

"My dear," said I (I am a gray-haired old professor), "you smothered him."

"Mothered him," said Mrs. Blythe, wide-eyed. "Oh, perhaps I did! Yes, I do feel like a mother to him. I feel every possible sort of love that can be——"

"Smothered," said I, very clearly. "It's not unlike the other feeling, pushed to a conclusion. Every man has to have a little corner of his soul which he can possess alone; he has an hourly reckoning which he alone can make to his Creator; he has an inward light or voice which guides him, which he alone can see and hear. You could not get in between your husband and his Maker, Mrs. Blythe, and you never will."

"Don't you believe in love, then?" gasped Mrs. Blythe.

"Yes, I do," said I, for though I do not go in for creeds, I have some sort of a faith tucked behind the knowledge of this world. "But where do you think love comes from?"

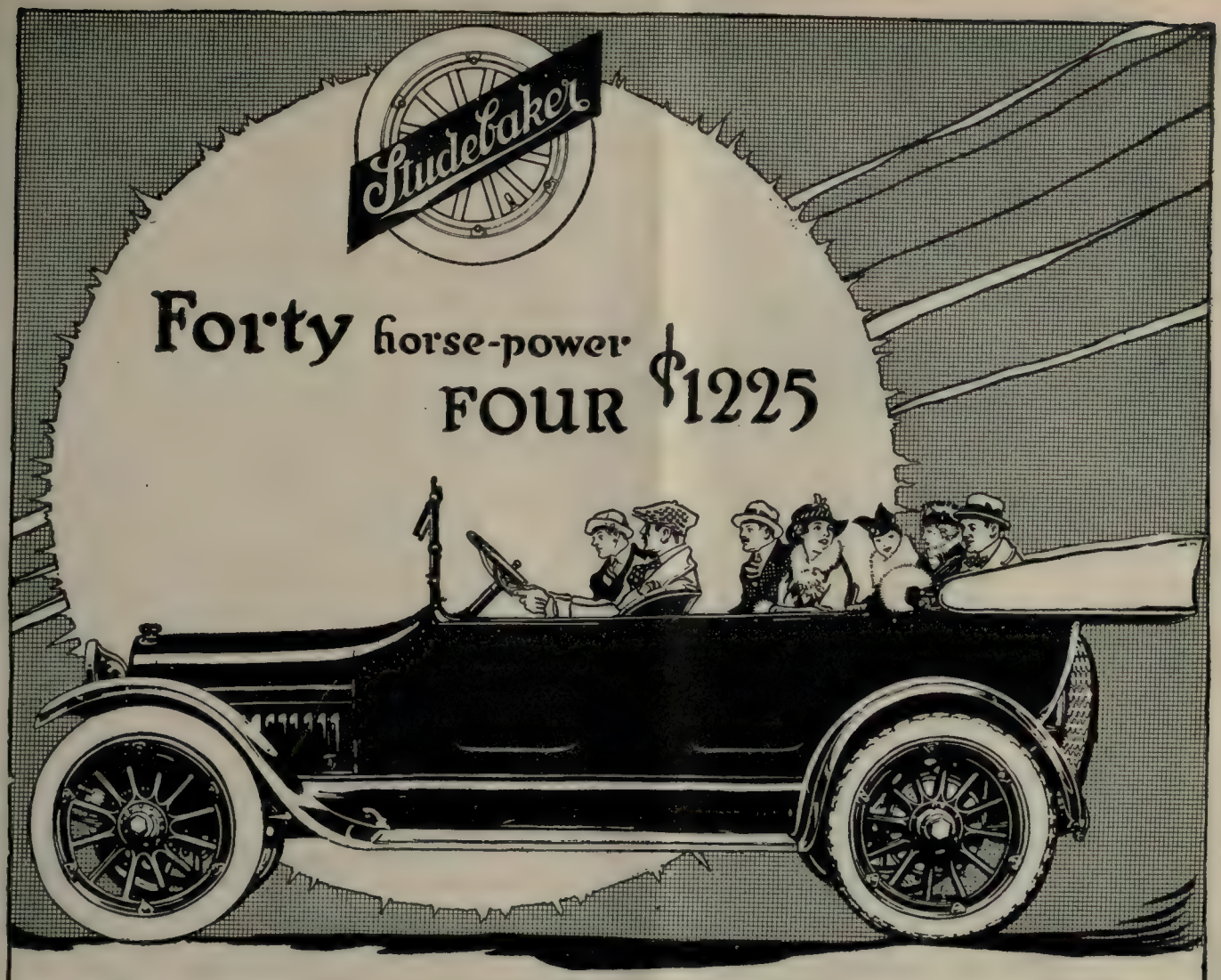
"Mine comes from me!" said Aurelia Blythe, with the fountain spurting up miles high.

"And where do you come from?" said I.

"Calvert," said Mrs. Blythe in a sort of gasp. "And I want to get back to him."

All very well in supreme moments to rise to a supreme consciousness of unity; all very well to live in the happy quiet knowledge of being of one mind in most things, all the important ones, at all events; but when Mrs. Blythe threw out her arms and cried, it was as if some overmastering parasite exclaimed, "Mine! Mine!"

It is one person's work to live his life. Calvert had not the responsibility of supplying life for her. She had been in the world for some twenty odd years before she had known of him. How



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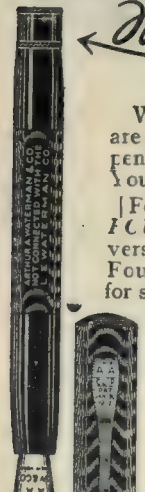

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then, could she claim him as her reason for existence?

The more one studied the claim she was making, the more clearly one saw she was asserting her right of feeding on a stubbornly-resisting victim. She complained of his lack of mental sympathy as if she received her ideas from him, instead of from the source of her existence.

If Calvert would not let her into all his ideas, apparently she had to starve. She had no thoughts of her own. She was cut off from her rightful supply of thoughts. She was cruelly denied the right of thinking.

She drew an ideal picture of a sort of tap root, plunged deep into Calvert's heart and mind and soul, forever gormandizing spiritually, intellectually; and then talked of her attitude as one of sublime self-effacement. She said she only wanted to live for him, but she confused the preposition "for" with "on"—a trivial mistake but a profound one.

I laid my view of the proposition before Aurelia. At first she fought, refusing to admit initial premise or deductions. But I stuck to it. She had come up against a stronger force than magnetism, that of truth. She wriggled and cried but, in the end, she saw. Then I looked on a poor battered thing from which no glittering rush of anything proceeded; and oddly enough, the child looked up at me, a real child this time, who held on to the wall, and asked what it was to do. She was scared, looking as if her world had toppled into fragments and she did not know what to hold to lest it should give way.

"Oh, poor Calvert!" said she. "I didn't know. Oh, am I like that to everyone?"

The wonderful herself had gone, and her world was void and she had lost her bearings.

I talked the usual moralities. She quoted, rather unexpectedly, a verse which showed she understood what I was driving at.

"Every wise woman buildeth her own house: but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands," said she. "That's what I've done. Plucked it down."

She could not get away from "I."

I gave her some more plain speaking, rather desperately. How could one hope to change a nature which had been turned inward from babyhood, worshiping itself.

From fragments she let drop, I visualized the lonely childhood, starved of natural activity and fed with dreams in which she (of course) played heroine, then the romantic marriage and unlimited audiences and materials for romances.

I was sorry for the child that stood there asking what it was to do. How should I know? One does not learn how to heal lives in universities.

The particular one I taught at could not defer the opening of its classes until I had settled Mrs. Blythe's affairs I had to go on the morrow.

We had not exchanged addresses. At breakfast, we both sat stiff in our respective places, and were mutually relieved, I fancy, not to say good-by. She was out when I drove off. Funnily enough, she went out of my mind from this time; it was as if a problem that had bothered had been solved. Anyhow, my part in the solution had been done.

When, two or three years later, I returned again to Italy, this time on a brief Easter trip, I approached the Pension Symthe without a thought of her.

I noticed the place was painted up, the hall was white and cool; the stairs fresh laid with matting. I glanced into the stuffy English-seaside parlor and beheld a restful room with hospitable chairs, and new reviews and pleasant decorations which included flowers and barred the usual ornaments.

When Miss Smythe trotted down the passage, I saw she was spring cleaned, too. She received me with the repose of one who is successful. I commented upon the changes, which she dismissed, I thought, a little curiously, merely saying she had now a partner but the business was still hers. It seemed to me she was slightly insistent on the latter fact.

The meals were up to the new standard; even a different type of board seemed to have appeared. The atmosphere was not congenial to gentle grasping. The people were more homely; perhaps the surroundings brought out their pleasant qualities.

I diagnosed the partner to be the shrewd-faced woman who sat opposite Miss Smythe and said good morning with extra geniality. Two days after the early sun awoke me so persistently that I had to leave my bed and sally forth. Florence was awake and full of flowers. I found myself close to the market square. As I paused to fear my eye upon the blaze of color set jewelwise midst the houses still in shadow, I ran against some one with a basket, and found I was apologizing to Mrs. Blythe.

Was it sunshine, or the unexpected nature of our meeting that had set the light into her eyes and rounded out her cheeks again? I looked once more and found Mrs. Blythe was smiling in a friendly way and knew me. Dear me! How that third picture stays! A pleasant picture of a woman in a simple gown, short-skirted and white collared and yet oddly graceful.

I held the basket while she marketed, in proficient Italian and with a knowledge of values that suppressed miscalculations. When we turned up the narrow street I had realized that the surging force had turned into a deep channel and was being utilized. Inquiries followed.

Mrs. Blythe's eyes opened rather wide. Did I not remember this had been my plan ?

As I stared, mute with astonishment, she reminded me of that far-off evening at San Miniato.

"You said, 'do something for somebody else,' " said she. "And when I said who, you said, 'Begin where you are. Think of the wretched little woman who runs your boarding house. She's got far bigger worries than you !' I saw her the first thing the next morning and found she was on the verge of bankruptcy. Some angel must have guided us. I stayed on from day to day. There was so much to do when one began. And there was no reason why I should go. Besides, in a little while, when I'd wakened up a little more, I saw more things that needed setting right. By that time, she was glad to take me into partnership. I'm the working member of the firm and do not appear."

Mrs. Blythe glanced for a second at her sunbrowned hands—bereft of rings.

"And Mr. Blythe ?" said I, irresistibly.

"I haven't heard from him for a long time," said Mrs. Blythe in a steady voice. And I saw her eyes sought a passing fruittere's with no ulterior motive than to scan a mound of lemons.

"You see, I'm self-supporting now," she added. "It's a sensation that is still fresh enough to be consciously enjoyable. How long are you staying ?"

Longer than I intended. An epidemic kept the college closed, and extended my leave in convenient fashion. Thus I was still at the Pension Smythe when Aurelia heard. She accosted me in the hall one morning after breakfast, looking a little like her old self; that is, her eyes shone humidly and her lip trembled.

"Calvert's coming, to-night," said she. "I saw his writing on Miss Smythe's desk. She does not know; nor does he. I mean, he doesn't know I'm here. Funny that he should come here—he is the last person to meet at a *pension* of this kind."

"Now, I should have said he was a man of refined taste," said I. I had discovered she liked me to say things about him.

"Exactly," said she. "He used to be foolishly exclusive."

"And the fame of the *pension* has reached him," said I. "Don't you realize what you've done ?"

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Canada Monthly Agency - Toronto, Ont.

"Find the Idea of a Tire's Origin and You Will Have Some Idea of Why It Succeeds"—Handy Andy.

The traction engine was made to grip.

So was Dunlop Traction Tread.

Nothing has yet taken the place of the traction engine for long, continuous service.

We don't think any other tire will ever take the place of Dunlop Traction Tread for the same function.

In a certain sense Dunlop Traction Tread is larger than Canada. "Traction's" fame is limitless. Near imitations are to be found in nearly every country where automobiling is in vogue. Men have written from various portions of the world seeking the agency for their territory. "Traction" holds the only transcontinental tire record ever made in Canada. It has never been known to fail as a skid-resister. It has made it possible for punctures to be a forgotten evil. It has driven out the dust nuisance. It has made automobiling by women more general. It has given men all over the country a new idea of mileage. In short, Dunlop Traction Tread, since its introduction in 1911, has popularized motoring and, for the first time in the history of the motor car, has made Safety a Certainty.

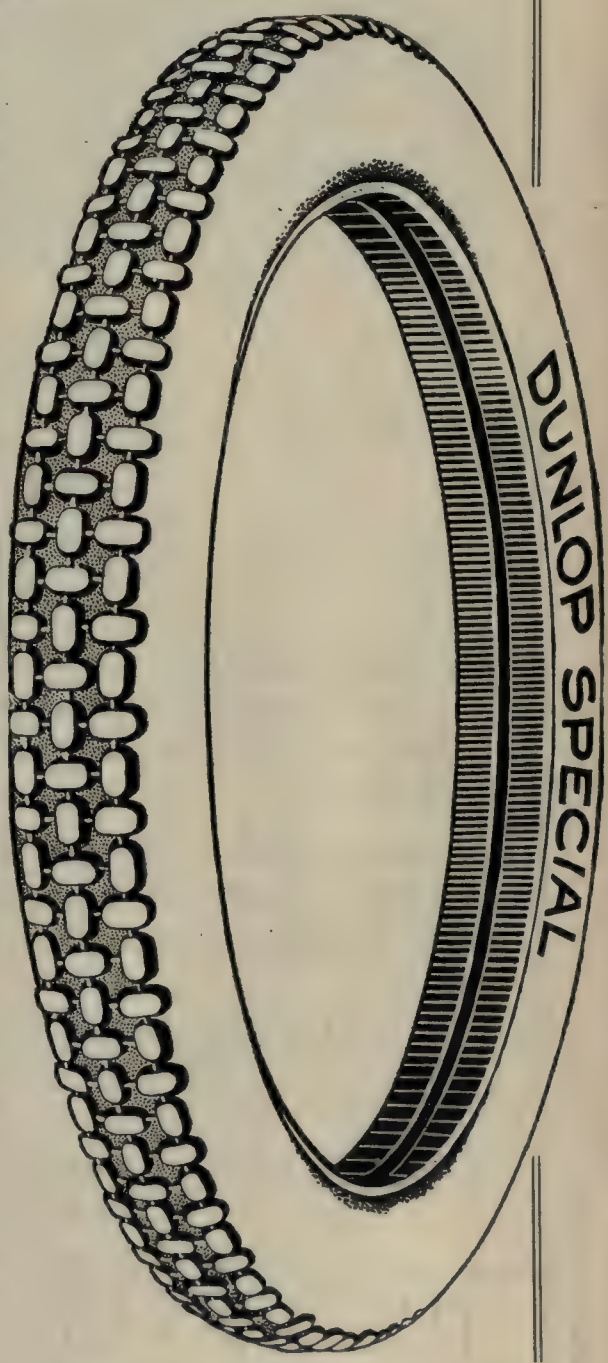
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company, Limited

HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORIES: TORONTO.

"You Ask Me Why I Consider Dunlop the Tire Leader, and I Say Who Comes First, Ordinarily Knows the Most, Gives the Greatest"—Handy Andy.

No matter what other tire makers may do for the betterment of their product, a close examination generally reveals the fact that we have been offering similar or greater virtues in our product for a long time previous. That is simply because we are the pioneers of the industry in Canada. If anybody should know tire-making from A to Z, we should. We have been manufacturing tires in Canada for nearly a quarter of a century—to be exact, twenty-two years.

No other tire company has been making tires in Canada for half that length of time.



Twenty-two years' experience means that into Dunlop Traction Tread, and into Dunlop Special, we put all the knowledge which has been accumulated through those years of successfully serving Canadians because we thoroughly understand Canadian conditions. It means that years ago we faced and mastered the issues with which other tire-makers are confronted to-day. True, a few tire users occasionally swing their allegiance from Dunlop to some other make, but it is almost a certainty those same tire users will come back to Dunlop Traction Tread or Dunlop Special. In the end, it is the Tire maintaining the best quality average which wins out, and we surely know more about Quality averages in Canada than any other maker, seeing our experience is as great as that of all other tire makers in this country combined.

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Branches: Victoria, Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Regina, Winnipeg, London, Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, St. John, Halifax.

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is the latest and handiest ever placed on the market. It produces a clear, bright, white light of 500 Candle Power for less than 1/3 of a cent per hour.

Get this lamp now and have your home lighted as well as the best of city homes. You can install this yourself, or anyone in the home can do it.

A child can operate it. Absolutely safe and odorless. Lights with a match. Very convenient. Fully guaranteed.

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MACLAREN LIGHT COMPANY

DRAWER D,

MERRICKVILLE, ONT.

that's all," said she, with a faint shrug of her shoulders. "I can't see Calvert sitting down to dinner with them all; still, I shan't have to."

She smiled faintly as she went upstairs.

I went off for the day. I seemed to need big spaces, and the hills around Florence give one that. Sullen clouds were hanging on the mountains; when I returned the town was gray and the Arno, swollen muddy yellow, foamed and churned beneath the bridges.

I was glad to get inside the *pension* even though its quiet atmosphere was troubled by the prescience of something coming. We were all seated when the new arrival came. He sat some way down the table, opposite, just as blank as ever. His vacation did not seem to have rested him. I did not want to speak but he recognized me, and after dinner contact was inevitable.

He was passing through for one night only.

His eyes traveled round the harmony of gray and white and fawn which comprised the background of the bowls and pots of flowers, and he added that he rather wished he had known of this *pension* sooner.

"I feel I could almost live here," he volunteered.

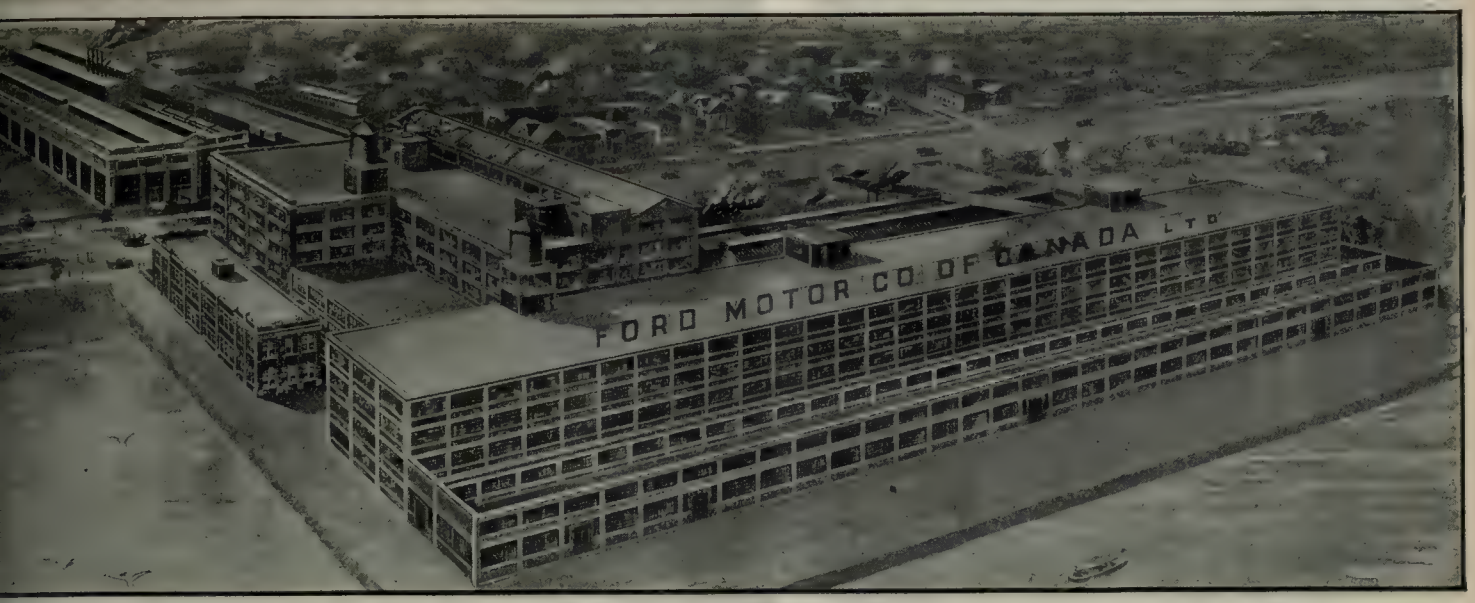
His gray eyes were set deep beneath level brows; I realized a face was evidence of certain qualities. It occurred to me that a very simple, straightforward, honest soul would feel blank beside the old Aurelia. If truth was a matter of course in daily living and thinking, one would not understand perpetual drama.

To this day I cannot explain why I persuaded him to visit the market in the early morning. I heard myself as in a dream singing the praises of the flower stalls and the market women and the exquisite surroundings. He seemed surprised at my enthusiasm. Eventually I felt a spark was wakened. I went to bed early, but could not sleep. I knew I was a fool. Mrs. Blythe had not looked unhappy—I should have known if she had been. And yet here I was lying awake like a green girl, nervous, fevered, even while I told myself their fate was not in my hands.

There was something unusually wistful about him, though. I had always liked him, I remembered.

How it was I overslept I cannot say; just before I had intended getting up I must have fallen into a sound sleep for I woke to hear a muffled sound which resolved itself into the gong. Brilliant sun; the scent of coffee; breakfast!

When I got down, the room was empty save for—the Blythes, both of them, sitting at the end of the long table with an indescribable air of in-



The Wagon Shop That Became the Largest Automobile Factory in the British Empire

k In 1903, the town of Walkerville, Ontario, was possessed of a concern called the ville Wagon Company.

n some day when business was not rushing, the general manager, Gordon M. or, wished to take a little stroll, he could walk around his shop in about 2 minutes actory clock.

ody would have believed at that time that this shop would, in a few years, develop largest plant of its kind in the Empire having a floor acreage of over 435,000 square making 3 times as many cars as any other automobile factory in the British Empire. t has come to pass.

ugh the efforts of Mr. McGregor and his Canadian associates, this wagon shop has ned into the great Ford plant at Ford City, Ont.

factory today is one of the industrial show places of Canada.

are the highest paid automobile mechanics in the Empire who put their best into ling of a car that has won its way into the confidence of the Canadian public.

are hundreds of machines designed by Ford engineers, which are marvels of the ul world.

y of them would do the work of an ordinary sized automobile company in a week or because of the demand for Ford cars they are kept busy the year round.

a new Canadian Ford Car is born every three and one-half minutes.

workmen are busily engaged in making additions so that the production of cars p pace with the demand. There never has been a time since war began when gangs ere not at work expanding the plant, literally building for the future.

in at the power plant and you will see two monster 650 horse-power gas engines. contrast to the early days when the factory power was derived from the hind wheel lel "C" car!

e immense heat treatment plant, Vanadium steel, the most expensive and best of heat-treated the Ford way. Here each steel part is especially prepared for the d strain it will have to withstand in the completed car.

machine shop contains many wonderful sights for the visitor. There are long rows expensive gear cutting machines. And there is the great machine that mills 48 at one time! And another that drills 45 holes at once in a cylinder casting from and bottom. Marvelous speed and equally marvelous accuracy!

there is the handsome office building in which close to 200 workers are employed. re are over 30,000 people dependent on the Canadian Ford Plant for their support. is plant the Ford car is constructed practically in its entirety—even the steel, as d above, is refined here.

ermore, and here is a record rarely found in other large Canadian factories, all but rth of the material used in the making of the Canadian Ford is bought right here a. Few products can lay claim to being so strictly "Made in Canada" as the Ford

der what this means to Canadian industry when it includes such immense pur- 25,000 tons of steel, 1,500 tons of brass, etc., 120,000 wheels, 200,000 lamps, and other materials in proportion. Practically the entire output of several large Canadian factories employing hundreds of workmen is taken by the Ford plant at Ford City, Ont.

But great as this influence is for the increased prosperity of the Empire, it does not stop there. All over the Empire are Ford Dealers who are important factors in increasing the wealth and prosperity of their communities.

The spirit of faith in the future that has prompted the Ford Canadian Company to proceed with a policy of full-speed ahead in times that have seemed to many to require the use of extraordinary caution and conservatism, is a happy, progressive, enthusiastic spirit that is radiated in every city or town of any size in the whole Dominion and in the Empire over the seas through the Ford Dealer whom you will find there.

Besides this there are the nine branches in Canada and one in Melbourne, Australia, four of which have been rebuilt since war began at a cost of over $1,000,000, that are powerful supports to these dealers in being elements of first importance in adding to the wealth and progress of the nation.

But, phenomenal as the development of the Ford Plant has been, its great success was not attained without its share of great difficulties.

The first three years of its existence were somewhat precarious. The first car was not shipped from the factory until six months after the company was organized. Nowadays, 20,000 cars would have been shipped in that time.

The first main building was a two and a half story brick structure and the entire plant occupied about one acre of ground. The machinery consisted of one solitary drill press.

But from 1910 on the business increased so fast that it was difficult for the plant capacity to keep pace with the sales and additional buildings and equipment were constantly being constructed and installed.

In 1911 the output was 2,400 cars, in 1912, 6,500 cars were built, and so on up to this year's estimated production of 40,000 cars.

The executives of the Canadian Ford Company make no consideration of the war. They are so thoroughly Canadian in their ideals that they take the prosperity of Canada and the triumph of Britain and her allies as accomplished facts.

No stops have been made in their plans for progress—not the slightest hesitation has been evidenced in developing this great Canadian Plant to its highest degree of efficiency on account of the war.

As evidence of this $652,000 has been spent on new buildings at Ford City—a million dollars has been spent on new equipment—over a million dollars was expended on branches in four Canadian cities—and 900 men have been added to the payroll—all this in a belligerent country during the progress of the greatest war the world has ever seen.

In addition, the price of the Ford car has been reduced $120 since that memorable August 1, 1914.

So then, this is the story of the wagon shop that became the great Canadian Ford Plant. An industry that is proud to say that it builds its product from Canadian material, with Canadian workmen and that backs its Canadian patriotism with its hard cash.

rd Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Ford, Ont.

Ford Runabout	$480
Ford Touring	530
Ford Coupelet	730
Ford Sedan	890
Ford Town Car	780

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

E-D

All cars completely equipped, including electric headlights. Equipment does not include speedometer.

Turn over a new leaf

Now that the warm days are here leave the heavy, overheating foods for something lighter and easily digested. Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes supply plenty of nourishment to the body to enable it to do its morning's work in comfort. The thin, brown flakes are palatable as well as being quite digestible.

Kellogg's
TOASTED
CORN FLAKES
10¢

136

Prosperity in Canada
$900,000,000
in New Wealth Added in 1915
Enormous Crops and Low Taxation Make Farmers Rich

CANADA, enjoying wonderful prosperity from the products of the farm, the orchard, and the centers of industry—Canada has come into her own. No country wrote a brighter page of history in agricultural and industrial development during 1915 than Canada. Nearly a billion bushels of grain produced. All industrial plants working overtime. Wheat average, 36.16 bushels per acre in Alberta; 28.75 bushels per acre in Saskatchewan; 28.50 bushels per acre in Manitoba. (Last Provincial figures available.) All other grains showed similar large yields per acre. Taxes average $24 per quarter section; should not exceed $35.

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if you wish. An immense area of the most fertile land in Western Canada for sale at low prices and on easy terms, ranging from $11 to $30 an acre for farm lands with ample rainfall—irrigated lands from $35, and the government guarantees your land and water titles. Balance after first payment extended over nineteen years with interest at 6 per cent. Privilege of paying in full at any time.

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Ready-Made Farms for Sale. Farms which we have developed by providing house, barn, well and fencing and in some cases cultivation, for sale. Special easy terms.

$1000 Loan for Livestock. To approved purchasers of land, in defined districts, after one year's occupation under certain conditions we advance cattle, sheep and hogs to farmers up to the value of $1000.

If You Already Have a Farm in Western Canada, here is your opportunity to increase it or to secure your friends as neighbors. For particulars and literature apply to

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timacy. I was just edging out when Calvert saw me. Then she turned. It seemed they had met at market.

I ate my roll as quickly as possible.

Later, Mrs. Blythe met me on the landing, her arms round a big pile of clean sheets.

"Has your husband gone," said I.

She shook her head with a faint blush.

"I thought he was going this morning," said I purposely, grim as ever.

"We're both going, when we go," said Aurelia, rather incoherently as far as words went. I asked no explanation, so she had to give it.

"He's tired of traveling. He used to be a sculptor before his uncle left him all his money. It's gone, most of it; been mishandled. Fortunately, he's paid in my allowance to my banker all this time and that's been accumulating. We're going back to buy a home with it." She paused a minute.

"He said, directly he came in, he felt this was like a home," she murmured.

Oh, dear me! She was as much in love as ever.

"Well," said I. "You may have learned your lesson."

She took a deep breath.

"I think— Oh, I do think—the *pension* has taught me how to let people go away from me," said she, and then turned to me with the smile that was steady now, no flashlight imitation.

"I couldn't bear to let the people go at first," she said. "I talked to everyone and got interested and wanted to help and advise, and then—oh, the wrench, as one after another moved on. Then, of course, they didn't write. And I saw I couldn't keep up with all the people's problems. So I made myself content with giving them what they'd come here for, food and shelter, just a resting place."

"And that's what he wants, is it?" said I.

She looked over the banister. He came up, two steps at a time, not seeing me.

"I've got a carriage," said he, and his voice was that of a man who has full charge of his responsibilities. "You must take a holiday to-day. Put on your hat and bring a wrap."

I caught the faintest gleam of light along her face, as if for a fraction of a second the heavens had opened.

Then she put down the sheets upon the chest.

"Very well. I'll go tell Miss Smythe," said she, and moved away, with her composed swift tread, the keys at her side jingling slightly.

It was his turn to stand still, looking after her, as if he, too, saw a rift where he had only known a gray expanse of mystery.

Kleath's Alibi

Continued from page 139.

their winter's clean-up. Spending real money was a novelty in Dawson and it was done with Florentine extravagance. Pipes were lighted with twenty dollar bills, change was made by boisterously tearing the corner off a note and poker was played with clinking gold pieces instead of pokes of gold or stacks of chips.

And the stage had brought a passenger, too. A small man, whose most distinguishing feature was unusual pallor, who always slid away from the centre of a group so that his back was not exposed to his fellow men—Conrad Haynes did not elicit the same hospitality from Meadows as that generally accorded newcomers from the Outside. Instead, Tim doled out his numerous whiskeys with a grudging hand, as though regretting the waste of so much good stuff, and he accepted payment for them with an eye suspicious of counterfeit.

"That guy's jes' nachelly festerin' with meanness," said the proprietor to himself as he watched Haynes' small white hand close greedily round the glass he shoved across the bar. "I gotta keep my finger on him, sure."

BUT as the evening wore on, and the demands of business, of arbitrator or kicker-out diverted Tim's mind, he lost sight of the stranger. He did not see Duke, usually distrustful of newcomers, exchange a few grudging remarks with Conrad Haynes, and had he done so, he could not possibly have suspected that there followed a recent rapid correspondence between them, in which he, in a measure, was concerned.

Haynes found the room at the rear of the Hall without difficulty. He blew out the lamp, and with an automatic silencer in readiness, he flattened himself against the wall behind the door.

A few minutes passed, then three people entered the room almost simultaneously.

"Why, Joe, *where* is the boy you said was hurt?"

In the thick darkness, Kleath heard Goldie's voice shrill with surprise.

"*Damn you*!" He heard his own, as something struck him from behind, turned the world bright with falling stars, and he stumbled forward to his knees.

HE CAME to with the sound of a woman's sobs beating in upon his consciousness. The blackness of the grave still enveloped him—choking—strangling. He was bound hand and foot and the cords cut deep.

"Who's there?"

"Chris! Oh, Chris—I thought they had killed you! Are you much hurt?"

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FOR COFFEE
" COOKING
" SALADS
" DRESSINGS
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EVAPORATED (Unsweetened) CONDENSED (Sweetened)

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¶ For Infant's Food, "Canada First" receives the highest endorsement of physicians. It is sterilized and produced under ideally clean conditions.

BAKED MACARONI

½ cup "Canada First" Evaporated (unsweetened) Milk
½ cup water
Salt and pepper
½ lb. Macaroni
Bits of cheese and butter

Break Macaroni in a saucepan, cover with salted boiling water and cook until tender, then drain and put a layer in the bottom of a baking dish, spread with bits of cheese and butter, dredge with salt and pepper, repeat until dish is full. Pour over the milk diluted in one-half cup of water and bake twenty minutes. Serve in the dish in which it is cooked.

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DON'T TAKE A SUBSTITUTE

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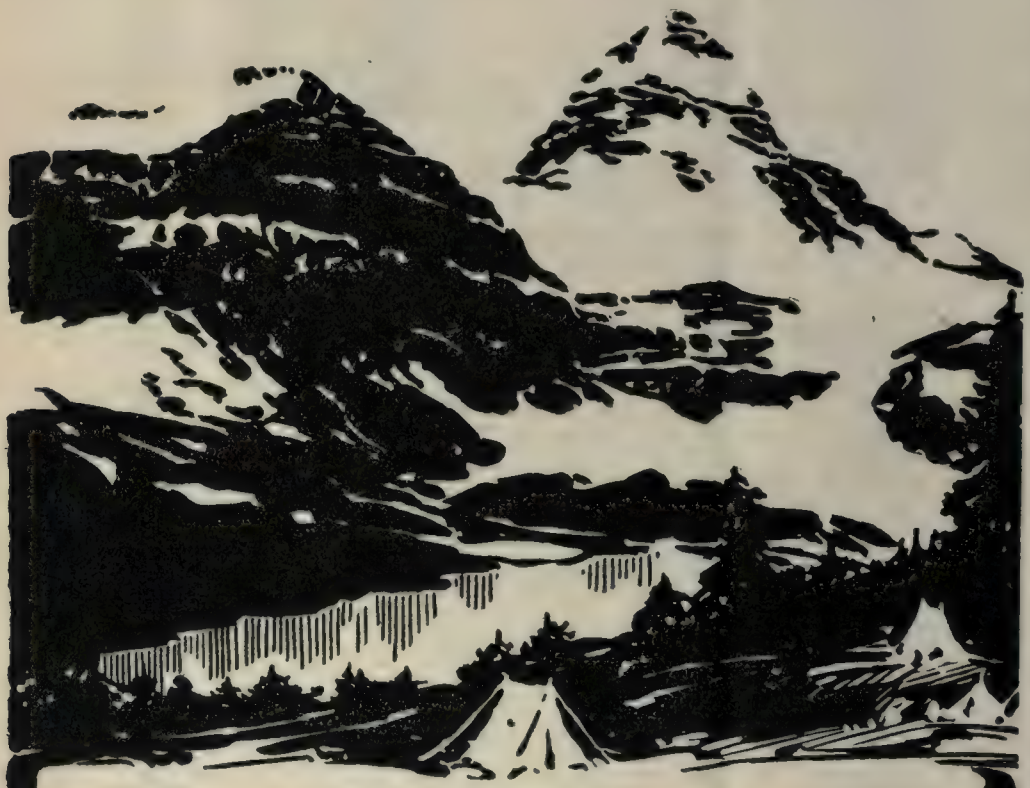

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"No," he lied. "Can you unbind me?"

"I'm tied, myself," Goldie moaned. "And oh, the cords hurt so!"

Through the Stygian black, he saw flecks of crimson and he cursed below his breath.

"Can you put your hands against my teeth?" he asked her.

She was not bound very carefully. Indeed, as Kleath worked at the knots, he began to suspect that Duke had not intended to keep his prisoners helpless for any length of time. Why?

Goldie free, it was but the work of a moment to cut Kleath's cords. She pulled them from the flesh into which they had eaten with a woman's shrinking, sick at the thought of the oozing wounds she could feel, but could not see.

"Come," he said, staggering to his feet, "let's get out of this. I have a score to pay. Where is the door—I'm a bit twisted."

"Get out?" she laughed, hysterically. "We can't get out, Chris. We're locked in the upstairs room of the old deserted roadhouse, ten miles from home. Crazy Larry McQuinn and Joe put us through the window while you were unconscious and I was gagged, and into a hack. Larry and that awful strange man drove us here and locked us in—ever so many locks. We can't get out!"

She fluttered into his arms from the darkness and sobbed against his breast. He bent his lips toward her. . . .

"Joe said he was sending us to Paradise," she told him. "What did he mean, Chris.? Is he coming back to kill us?"

With a jerk Kleath straightened. He put Goldie almost roughly from him, felt his way to the wall and leaned there breathing in uneven gasps. "*Sending them into Paradise.*"

"Chris?" cried the girl in sudden terror. "Where are you?"

"Don't touch me again," he warned her. "Let me think!"

DUKE had not tried to rob them; he had attempted no violence to Goldie as Kleath had feared when he followed her from the Dance Hall and into the little rear room. He had sent them to a deserted roadhouse and locked them in. But why? So unusual a deed must have an unusual explanation. Duke was not the man to brave Tim Meadows' livid rage and Kleath's cold anger without a reason. A thousand questions crowded into his aching head to torture him. But no answers gave him relief.

The few matches his pockets contained revealed the fact that there was nothing in the bare room with which to make a light, that its one window was boarded with a piece of solid wood, and that even could he break it, there was

no means by which Goldie could be lowered to the ground. The massive door was fastened with three new locks, and guided by his sense of touch, upon these Kleath set doggedly to work. A small file, a penknife and some hair pins were the only tools at his command.

The Alaskan night wore slowly on. In the deserted roadhouse there was silence save for the rasp of scraping steel and the sound of a man's heavy breathing. On the opposite side of the room Goldie slept. Physical and emotional exhaustion coupled with a sense of security had brought her peace; she even smiled in her sleep, subconsciously relying on the man she loved to smooth all her troubles away.

Kleath did not smile; his face was set and grim as he wrestled with the Demons of the Past. That dark spot, that foul blight which had laid corroding fingers on his life, mocked him now as he worked in the suffocating blackness and thought of Goldie. It seemed to Kleath like the ball on a convict's foot—borne unconsciously for a space only to make its dragging, tugging presence felt when the prisoner most wanted relief.

Duke had said he was sending them into Paradise. . . . .

"Into Hell," muttered Kleath, wiping the moisture from his forehead and his hands.

Bit by bit the steel gave way and as a pink dawn streaked the sky, he flung back the heavy door upon its rusty hinges and stumbled into the divine hush of a spring morning.

HE knew the code of the Yukon, where Love and Life are cheap, but where the name of a good woman is held dearer than the gold out in the Creeks; he knew that either he or Joe Duke must die, and that by every law of God or man it ought to be Joe Duke, and yet that simple code of loves and hates would then decree that he, Kleath, should marry Goldie Meadows. Tim Meadows would kill him if he didn't. Tim Meadows would kill him if he did.

He could not marry Goldie.

All of Dawson might forgive and exonerate them, but none of Dawson would believe their innocence. The men of the Yukon were not models of restraint, especially with a good reason to purge their acts of infamy. Goldie's name would wear a smudge across it. . . . For all Dawson would soon know. Those were not the days of silence and subtle chivalry.

A man stood up before witnesses and called his companion a liar, cheat or coward, and the crowd constituted itself a tribunal which sat in judgment on the case. That would be Tim Meadows' way.

He turned back into the house and

The Dish That Belongs to June

Puffed Wheat and Rice—the bubble grains—seem to belong to summer. They are light and airy, dainty and inviting.

Summer brings flower-decked breakfast tables, and Puffed Grains seem to fit there. Summer brings berries, and Puffed Grains mixed with them make them doubly delightful.

Summer brings dairy suppers. And these airy tit-bits, flaky, toasted and crisp, are the morsels to float in milk.

Playtime Bonbons—Mealtime Foods

These are both foods and confections. Keep a package of them salted, or doused with melted butter, for the children to carry at play.

Use them in place of nut meats, in candy making, on a frosted cake, or as garnish for ice cream.

Almost every hour of the day, from breakfast to bedtime, brings some use for Puffed Grains. People consume, at this time of the year, a million packages weekly.

Puffed Wheat	Except in Far West	**12c**
Puffed Rice		**15c**

Consider Puffed Grains, above all else, as scientific foods. They are Prof. Anderson's invention. Every food cell is exploded. Every granule is made digestible. Every atom feeds.

They are not mere tit-bits—not mere palate-pleasers. They are made to make whole grains wholly digestible. They are made to avoid any tax on the stomach.

Why serve these grains in a lesser form, when everyone prefers them puffed?

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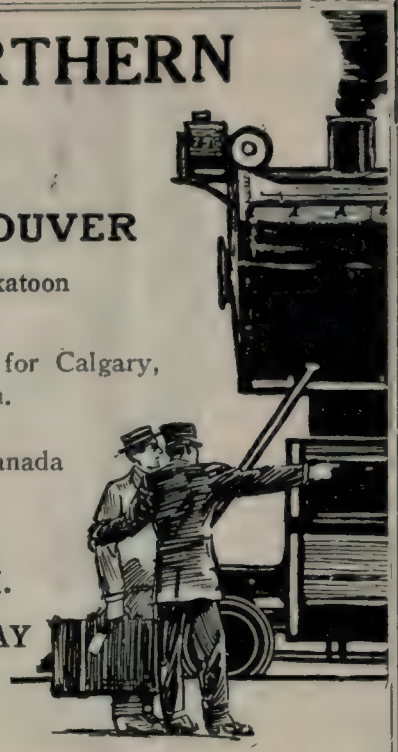

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stood on the threshold of the room in which Goldie slept. He called her and preceded her into the open. He kept his hands tight-clenched behind him, and looked at her with blood-shot eyes.

"You've got to hurry back to Dawson," he said, shortly. "It's just possible we have not been missed. You had best go alone. If your father wants to know where you've been, tell him. Between us we'll settle Duke unless he's skipped. But don't you breathe a word to another soul, and as for me, listen—"

He made an oath to her, awful in its solemnity, binding him to secrecy, no matter how great the pressure to speak. She stood quite still, hardly credulous of her hearing. That was not the Yukon way; those were not the words she expected him to utter. Let him tell—let him bring Joe Duke and his confederates to justice—then let him "do the right thing by her" as many a man had done in the Yukon's past, and thus clear scandal's slate of marks against her!

Scalding tears of outraged pride and anger blinded her. Last night she thought he loved her. She turned from him and walked rapidly off in the direction of the town. Kleath watched her go, understanding much that was in her thoughts, and when a curve in the road hid her from his sight, he picked up a huge stone and hurled it with all his force against the boarded window of his Paradise.

GOLDIE reached her home without adventure. She met no one save a haggard woman, whose startling pallor reminded her of Conrad Haynes. She shuddered, quickened her pace to a run and reaching the cabin, rushed through the door which was devoid of key and leaned against it quivering. The woman passed, walking as though her feet were sore. Her boots were new and creaked loudly in the stillness of the early morning.

Goldie tiptoed to her father's room. It was empty.

The circumstance was not unusual. Tim Meadows frequently on a busy night, dropped in his tracks at the San Domingo and lay amongst the drunken revellers, sleeping as soundly as the drunkest of them. If such was the case, he probably had not missed her, but the uncertainty was horrible; she could not rest without knowing. So presently when Dawson yawned and stretched itself, she hurried to the Hall. There, in a small, unfurnished room, lay her father on a bed of borrowed coats, and he was tended by Diamond Tooth Lizzie.

"Olie Colson done it," she said, succinctly, pointing to the swathe of bandages which entirely concealed Meadows' face. "Mistook him fer Jud Cheney

nd walloped him a good one with a ottle. Gawd, I never seen so much lood! Ran like the gutters in a stock ard. Everyone was fightin'. . . . im, he ain't unconscious now; he's loped. Nobody could keep him still hen he come to, he was ragin' that bad ith fury, so Doc he give him some nockout drops to keep him still till the ut begins to heal. We would 'a told ou," Lizzie went on, "only when we ad time to think about it, there wasn't o light in the cabin, and we thought it uz a sin to wake you. But now you'd est set here a spell, whilst I pound my ar."

IT was nearly noon when Kleath returned to Dawson. Knots of people were gathered on the streets and a sense of the unusual pervaded the atmosphere. Conversation ceased as he drew near and whispering followed him. He ground his teeth, thinking they knew.

"*Here* he is," cried Weatherby, as though some one had argued against his return. "Where have you been, Kleath?"

"What's it to you?"

A murmur ran round the group which had collected.

"Answer my question, first. Where have you been all night?"

"I don't intend to tell you."

"Then I arrest you in the name of the King and warn you that every word you say may be used against you."

Walt Hartley, the North West Mounted Policeman stepped forward and laid his hand on Kleath's shoulder.

The latter stared.

"What for?"

"Pickin' the safe an' robbin' the Bank of two hundred thousand dollars!"

"Prove an alibi, Kleath! We know you didn't pull this off! Don't get pinched for another's man work!" Many like cries went up from the bystanders. But Kleath was silent.

On him were found a pen knife, a small file and several queerly-twisted pieces of wire. Suspicion flared in the minds of his friends, and Duke's scheme became clear to him.

"I am innocent," he said, but that was all.

THERE was no such thing as languishing in jail in the Yukon. Justice was meted out swiftly and with decision. Kleath was arrested at noon; his trial was set for the following morning. Goldie heard of his arrest at night, as she sat by her delirious father. Had she been a woman of larger experience, she would have left her vigil and hastened to clear the man, who by his chivalry toward her was condemning himself, falsely. But Goldie was not a woman of the world. She saw only the fact that Kleath stood between two dangers—imprisonment for a crime he

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Canada Monthly, Toronto, Ont.

had not committed, and possible death for a real crime according to the primitive standards of the Yukon. He had compromised her, albeit unwillingly, and tacitly refused to "do the right thing by her." Men had been shot for less.

Her father's ravings helped to terrify her into silence. His threats made her flesh creep, paralyzed her reason, curdled her blood, and they were directed not against Olie Colson but against Bill Scott, the miner who in his drunken bestiality had frightened her two years before. The violence done Tim Meadows' person seemed to have made no impression upon him; the attempted assault upon his daughter turned him Berserker, and Goldie grew faint as she fancied Kleath's neck beneath that pair of huge hairy hands which twisted and wrung an imaginery body in their grip.

Into the court room crowded every able-bodied resident of Dawson and the vicinity. The jury, unlike other things in those highly-colored, extravagant days, was a skimpy affair, consisting of but six men. There was a prosecuting attorney. Kleath put up no defence.

Witnesses there were in abundance. A dozen miners could testify to the opening of the San Domingo safe; as many more had seen the accused at the San Domingo early on the night of the robbery, and none had seen him late. He had not been to his room. Evidence was conclusive that after picking the safe he had gone forth to bury his booty.

Once more Kleath was asked to tell how he came by the incriminating tools found on his person; once more he was asked to tell where he spent the night of the robbery. And once more he protested his innocence but refused to say anything further. A murmur like a growl ran through the room.

The judge summed up the case, turned to the jury and adjured them to be swayed neither by sentiment or passion. They left the court room for five minutes and returned, having found the prisoner guilty.

"Fools!"

A woman's voice split the silence like a sharp report. "You are condemning an innocent man!"

Immediately the room was in an uproar. Harkness, the clerk, beat his gavel on the bench and made yapping grimaces with his large mouth. No one knew he was calling the court to order. No one cared. Kleath sprang to his feet gazing down at the frantic mob with horror written across his face. Duke rested his hand on his hip and wriggled toward the window. Haynes, his back against the wall, glared at the frenzied scene with burning eyes, like an animal at bay.

Smearing loose-hanging lips across the cover of The Book, the woman took the witness stand. She did not look at the prisoner but swept the room with a glance from which two men quailed.

"My name is Nell Kleath," she said. "I am Chris Kleath's wife, just out of the Pen—two years before my time for good conduct."

She stopped and looked challengingly toward the spot where Duke stood. The stillness was oppressive; men who had seats sat far forward on them; those who had not, thrust out their necks and crooked horny hands behind their ears. Humanity's heavy odor pulsed over all.

"Eight years ago they pinched us—Cully Conrad and me. Caught red-handed, on the job. Gentleman Joe helped send us up—saved his own hide, the skunk." She cursed like a man. "Chris worked in a safe factory. That's why I married him—partly. It was easy to find out from him where the safes were sold, and then Cully and I ripped 'em. Chris never knew till we were pinched. Joe was handy in distributing the green. He always got away with it."

Her voice trailed off in a guttural whisper, and she asked for a drink.

"Haven't talked so much for quite a while," she said, grimly.

"Chris was good to me. Sent me money all the time and made plans to give me another start when my time was up. He might 'a divorced me but he was too decent. Thought the Yukon 'd be a good safe place to put me straight, so it seemed a queer thing that I should walk right into the old bunch out here. They knew Chris, but he didn't know them. He didn't know I was coming out so soon, either."

She turned her back on the judge and talked out into the room. "I walked most of the way . . had some money but it did n't last long. I was always so thirsty. . . There's a house down the road where I crawled to rest, a couple of days ago. Hadn't been there long, when in comes Gentleman Joe and puts three new locks on a door upstairs. I lay low and do some thinking. Didn't look right to be locking up a deserted roadhouse, somehow. Next, along comes Cully Conrad, close-cropped and white-looking, like me. He's riding on the stage and disappears into Dawson. I keep out of sight and wait. Not long. . . The other night—" she passed her hand across her head—"out comes a closed rig and drives up to the door. Cully and a big fellow drag a doped man upstairs and dump him on the floor. Then they carry in a woman. Lock them in and drive like Hell back to town. I could have picked the locks, if I'd liked—but I didn't. Eight years in uniform don't increase your human kindness."

"Go on," commanded the judge.

"In the morning I got a look at 'em. The man was Chris Kleath. . . Duke and Cully Conrad pulled that Bank

trick." . . . She flung her hands above her head and screamed. On her breast a crimson spot appeared and spread. "One of 'em pinked me," she gurgled, sinking slowly to the floor.

Duke had used his automatic silencer, shooting from his pocket. He dropped from the window and started to run. Then amid a roar which sounded like the voices of hungry beasts, the air around him filled with bits of whistling lead. . . .

THE day which has no night shimmered over Dawson. Although hilarity was at its zenith in the San Domingo Tim Meadows sat outside the Hall, a newspaper in his hand. Its most interesting item was a marriage notice and this he had read until he knew it by heart.

He blew his nose loudly, and brought the front feet of his chair to the ground with a thud.

"Gosh, it's lonely without Goldie!" he muttered, rising. "But I ain't goin' to complain. Her and Chris is better where they are—Dawson's no place fer a woman."

Lumber for the World

Continued from page 142.

chine," a marvelous invention which combines the work of several donkeys, and the locomotive.

The tidewater sawmill shown is representative of many to be found in and near Vancouver and Victoria, the average daily capacity of sawn lumber being 100,000 feet, the raw material, in the shape of the logs received from the camps up the coast being hauled out of the water to the saws, and the finished articles being loaded on to cars for the prairie, and Eastern Canada, and possibly at the same time into ships alongside the mill receiving cargo for China, the Cape, or Australia as the case may be. As has already been mentioned, the overseas export of lumber, while of appreciable dimensions —in 1915 it amounted to between fifty and sixty million feet—is but a small percentage of that despatched to points within the Dominion, and expansion in that direction at the present time especially, owing to high freights and lack of time, is difficult. It is in the home market that the mills of British Columbia will find the greatest opportunity for expansion at the present time.

AS the farmers of Canada well know, the splendid increase in the harvest of 1915, an increase in production fortunately not confined to the prairie but characteristic of the whole of the Dominion, not only meant greater prosperity in Canada; it meant that the British Empire was able to buy within its borders much of the breadstuffs and produce necessary to feed that section of its population which was not food-producing, the value of which was thus retained within the empire, to the benefit of the Canadian producers, instead of going outside the Empire. The same thing applies to lumber, large amounts of which have in the past been imported in spite of the fact that with the exception of a few hardwoods, Canada has in its own borders an abundant supply of timber. The purchase of lumber "grown and manufactured in Canada" will render available for the development and maintenance of home industries a large amount of capital which has hitherto been diverted to foreign manufacturers.

Letters of a V. A. D.

Continued from page 145.

who is going to get a D. S. O. at least!"

"Do tell us about him," begged Ethel and no person could have resisted her eager eyes. So he went on.

"There's a part of the German lines about which our generals have been able to get very little information. They've sent scouting monoplanes over again and again, but none of them have ever come back and lately the attempt had not been repeated until about a week ago when fresh rumors of activity in that vicinity came over to our lines. It was very important that something be known of the German positions and what artillery they had, so volunteers were called for to fly over and get some information. An Englishman and a young Canadian volunteered. Both were aviators, but the Canadian said he could sketch rather quickly, so he was told to make some studies of the formation of the enemy's lines while the other managed the machine.

"It was pretty hopeless and—I hadn't come over at the time but they tell me the other chaps hated to see them go up. They, however, laughed as they set out.

"The usual thing happened, word came of the Germans having brought down a scouting monoplane with two men in it. But the next event was not so usual. A poor little, buffeted specimen of a pigeon flew back to one of the cotes next day with a roll of tiny sketches enclosed in a goose quill and fastened into its tail. They showed just what we needed to know about our enemy. The Englishman says that all the time they were firing at them from below the Canadian sketched ceaselessly and only when the 'plane was so injured that they began to volplane down did he hastily attach the quill with the little roll of paper in it, to the pigeon's feathers and set the bird free.

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While they sank to earth they rejoiced to see the pigeon sailing high above the flying missiles and away.

"Neither of the men would have been much hurt if they hadn't struck an inconvenient stock of a tree and been tipped out. As it was, both had leg injuries which they cleverly allowed to cripple them as much as possible and apparently their captors wasted little medical science on them. Their supposed helplessness and a druknen guard contributed to their escape and both got back to our lines. The Englishman's wound didn't prove serious and he'll be back on duty in a few days, but I'm afraid there is more wrong with the Canadian's leg than we know. Your Colonel, however, will soon find out. He probably shouldn't have been on his feet at all and we're keeping him lying down now.

"Who is he? Where is he?" I demanded, recovering from a state of speechlessness.

"Here comes the chap himself!" responded Cyril, hurrying to the companionway where who should come limping up, clinging to the railing with one hand and to a stout walking-stick with the other but—Bobbie!

He looked very white but not an atom subdued and when we spoke of what we had heard he laughed and I, like a blubbering idiot, cried:

"Oh, Bobbie, your poor leg," I said, when I had recovered from my incoherence and Ethel and Cyril had walked tactfully off to the other side of the deck. "However did you walk on it?"

"Well," he said, "I didn't—much. A good deal of the time I crawled. And the other chap helped me a lot."

I couldn't help picturing him scrambling through underbrush and over stones like that and the tears came to my eyes again, and, well I suppose you will be able to guess that Bobbie and I are now engaged. I've been a conceited, critical wretch and I didn't believe Bobbie would ever ask me again when I had misjudged him so, but you see he did.

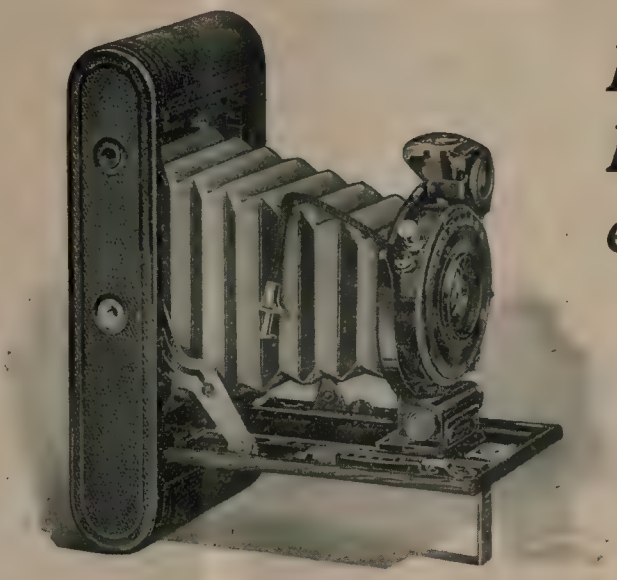
There was a bone broken in Bobbie's leg, and it will take a long time to knit, after all the strain that was put on it, and the Colonel says he may limp a little always, but we haven't told him that.

And when this horrible war is over, Glad, Bobbie can wear all the flowing ties and eyeglass ribbons and long hair he wants to, and I shall always know that he's the best and bravest man in the world.

Your humbled but happy

ANGELA.

P. S.—I wonder if I'll ever stop being absorbed in my selfish joy to the exclusion of everything else. When I made such a fool of myself on the boat it seems Ethel nearly cried too, out of



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sympathy, and Cyril took her off to the other side of the deck to comfort her and to give Bobby a chance to comfort me, and he must have done it awfully well—I mean Cyril—for Eth going about the hospital with a beatific smile and an appalling absence of mind concerning the duties of a V. A. D. I believe she is supposed to be deciding Cyril's fate but if I had the chance I could put him out of suspense at once.

Oh, my dear, I'm so idiotically happy. It seems wicked at a time like this, but I can't help it.—A.

Who Laughs Last

Continued from page 154.

his past life. Then we could crank up and take him home where his market price would be thirty cents a hundred, dressed.

It was too lovely to resist. I leaned down quietly and shut off the gasoline. Presently the *Peggy* began to hiccough. Then her engine stopped.

"My God!" yelled Jones. "The dam's only a mile away, and she's balked. Crank for your life, Banbury!"

Banbury had been up in front trying in a shaky sort of way to enjoy the scenery. We had worked him forward in order that he might have the pleasure of cranking the *Peggy*. He went as white as flour and jumped for the crank.

"Quick!" yelled Jones, slipping the spark over just enough to make the engine back fire, which she did, throwing Banbury over to the side of the boat with the last charge of gasoline in her. "Try it again," he yelled, throwing off the spark altogether.

That was the beginning of twenty minutes of the keenest bliss I ever enjoyed. We floated lazily down, bobbing about in the short, choppy sea, while Banbury cranked like a crazy man. We tried priming her. We tried changing batteries. We tried cutting out the pump, screwing down the needle valve and spitting on the fly wheel. We tried everything that was of no use to try, and Banbury cranked twenty times for each trial.

Between cranks, Jones and I cussed each other for leaving the oars at home. We moaned about the necessity of swimming out below the dam and hoped the boat wouldn't be damaged when she went over. And all the time Banbury was grunting and moaning and fighting for life. Going over a six-foot waterfall in a motor boat onto the rocks below, with no knowledge of the useful art of swimming, was just as pleasant to him as falling off the roof of a sky scraper. It was one of the most pitiful and most thoroughly satisfying sights I have ever seen.

Every time my conscience jabbed me, I thought of the old women he was so fond of frightening on the streets back at home, and my heart froze up like a water pipe in winter.

The plan was a beautiful success. A quarter of a mile from the dam, Banbury was on his knees alternately praying and yelling for help. He had a life preserver on, wrong side up. His two hands were a mass of blisters, for we had allowed him to crank most of the time with the compression on. He was all in, down and out, under foot, off the map. We would never be bothered with him again. All we had to do was to turn on the juice, twirl the fly wheel, and give him a ten-mile laugh on the way home. I let on the gasoline slyly and Jones went up front.

"Let a good man take the crank," he said soothingly as he turned her over.

The *Peggy* didn't start.

Jones cranked rapidly about five times. Then he primed the engine, threw on the compression and cranked until he was black in the face. The *Peggy* made a noise like the stone doorstep of the Coliseum!

We could hear the roar of the falls quite plainly now. We had about five minutes to spend cranking the *Peggy*, and her average balk when she lay down on us was an hour!

Right there Jones rose to the emergency. Of course we had no anchor. You never have an anchor in a motor boat. Some chump has always borrowed it. But in less than a minute Jones had disconnected the engine all around. In another minute he had tied the head line around the fly wheel end of the crank shaft. I grabbed one end and he the other. We hoisted it up, and with a mighty heave we dumped that engine overboard. There was a soul-stirring splash, and the *Peggy* swung around stern foremost and stopped. We were anchored safe and sound, a hundred yards above the dam.

Banbury had been trying to pray and had gotten as far as "Now I lay me," nine or ten times, when he realized that the obsequies had been temporarily postponed. For a minute the light on his face was seraphic. He looked out upon the beautiful greeen world only a few hundred very wet feet away as if he had a proprietary interest in it once more. He was so happy at being jerked out of the jaws of death, with tooth marks all over him, that he clean forgot us. But presently he began to remember. The fact that he was still hung by a hair over an exceedingly informal place in the river, and that he had no prospects of getting away until somebody turned the water off, began to worm its way into his bliss and curdle it. And presently he began to converse with us.

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And so on, indefinitely. He sat there and skinned us alive and we sat there and took it without gas. There was nothing else to do. Sometimes he'd rest by standing up and yelling for help; then he'd sit down, look us over calmly and coldly—he was as big as both of us—and begin again.

"What you descendants of a thousand years of cabbages need is judgment. If you are going to run a motor boat, you want to go at it right. You want to hire a nurse girl. Any little girl who has been through the first reader will do. Take her along to do your thinking for you. And you need a better boat, too. Why don't you get a piano box and use an electric fan for a propeller? If you don't want to make such a big improvement all at once, you could do it by degrees. You might start in with a tub. And you ought to begin studying a coffee mill when you get home. A couple of chaps of your calibre ought to learn how to run a coffee mill pretty well in about five years. The trouble with all fools is they want to do too much at once. Now if you would get an egg beater and practice starting and stopping it——"

It was very soothing, this conversation of Banbury's. After about an hour, it stopped blowing and began to rain—nasty, cold rain. We were as well protected as a church steeple. Banbury seemed to get still more peevish after it had rained a while. He would empty his shoes and his hat and wring out his coat, and by that time he would have thought up something more to say. He was a wonder at thinking up things. We sat there and took it. On other occasions we might have talked back, but what could we say? We threw all our repartee overboard with that engine.

It rained and rained, and dinner time passed, with nothing on board more nourishing than gasoline. Two o'clock went by, and after a stretch of time long enough to season a pyramid, three o'clock arrived; when it had arrived it went away as fast as an Arkansas freight train—and then we heard a motor boat whistle upstream.

When Banbury heard that whistle he jumped up and began yelling like

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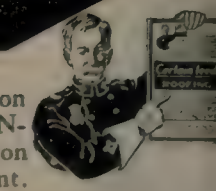

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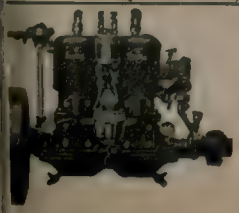

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mad. He danced and swung his hat and shrieked until I felt distressed over the waste of sound. The whistle came from a little clamming boat on its way down river, but it looked like a trans-Atlantic liner when it chugged up and tied on to us.

We were going to explain what had happened and humbly petition to be taken ashore when Banbury headed us off. The chance of rescue had driven him clean daft. All his fright had come back and he was possessed of just one idea. He wanted to get on solid land—to feel it with his feet, put both arms around it, and to camp there forever more.

"All I want," he shouted, hauling out his pocketbook, "is to be taken over to that shore there. Understand? There's five dollars in it for you. You take me over there, and so help me, if I ever set foot in a devil-built death trap again, I hope I go down head foremost."

"What's the hurry, old man," remarked Jones smoothly, "we'll get fixed up pretty soon and take you back."

"Take me back!" roared Banbury; "take me back! I'm going to walk back. I've been out with fools long enough. No more boats for me; I'm done with 'em forever. Just let me get on that shore over there and I'll show you how to get back. I'll walk—I've had my lesson."

"But it's ten miles and no roads, old man; you better come back with us," said Jones blandly. "We'll get home in time for supper. This is just a common occurrence."

"I'd rather crawl all the way," shouted Banbury. "Don't talk to me, you fools. You'll never get that boat back, anyway. Just set me on shore, my friend."

"Oh, very well," said Jones. "Come back for us, old man," he shouted to the clammer as the latter cast off; "we've got some work for you, there's another five in it."

We watched the little boat chug upstream to the bank, Banbury holding on with both hands. Then Jones grabbed the oil cans and got out the waste.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"We're going to go home in the *Peggy* and we're going to beat Banbury," he said grimly.

We watched Banbury scramble up the bank and disappear in the wet underbrush. The clammer stuck her nose into the stream again and chugged back.

"Some scared, he was," her skipper said as he tied on.

"And we're some busy," said Jones "Just anchor, will you?"

The clammer dropped a fifty-pound

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stone overboard, and we tied on. Then we hoisted our motor from the damp and lugubrious deep. Ever hoist a 150-pound motor in a tippy boat? It's no snap. I had a lame back for a week. But we managed it, the three of us, and hauled it in.

I have seen feverish activity on several occasions. I have seen men try to carry pianos and coal buckets out of burning houses, and I myself have argued with as many as four hundred bumblebees at one time when a boy. But those were moments of leisure compared with the next half hour. We dried that motor with everything in the boat. Luckily it had stopped raining. We poured gasoline on it and burned the gasoline—nice, safe job in a greasy boat. We oiled it and greased it all over. Then we bolted it down, connected everything up and cranked it. She started on the ninety-sixth yank.

We paid the clammer and sent him onto the locks, rejoicing. The *Peggy* wabbled upstream and we ran her, watch in hand, praying and hoping. She sneezed and she back fired, and she skipped about three shots out of five. But she kept going, while we patted her engine and dosed her with oil whenever she faltered. Just as the clocks were striking seven we ran her into the dock, yelled to the boy to take care of her, and sprinted for the street cars.

In fifteen minutes we were at my home. In twenty more we were out of a hot bath and in dry clothes. In fifteen minutes more, full of hot coffee and whatever we could find, Jones and I were seated on my front porch, he in my clothes two sizes too long for him, reading the Sunday papers and smoking—and waiting for Banbury.

When we had waited about ten minutes, a street car stopped and a horrible object got off. It was soggy and crumpled. It had cockleburs on its legs and Spanish needles in its hair It had lost its hat. It was plastered with mud where it had fallen down. It didn't have any coat. It wabbled when it walked. It was Banbury.

"Hello, old man," said Jones, as it went past, "why didn't you come on with us? You must have had an awful walk."

The object turned around and raised its fist. "If you ever speak to me again, either of you, I'll kill you!" it shrieked.

No, I don't ride in Banbury's auto any more. Neither does Jones. We are glad, because we are afraid of motor cars.

"Have any luck on your fishing trip?"

"Yep. Not a single native insisted that I should have been there a week before."

Alberta's New Liquor Law

Continued from page 164.]

Occupants of private houses, apparently, may treat friends out of the small private stock allowed them, unless the friend or friends be under 21 years of age, when a physician's prescription is necessary. A man, not a doctor, dentist or veterinary surgeon, may not keep a flask in his office, apparently, nor may he regale a friend with liquor anywhere outside of his private dwelling place.

Heavy penalties are imposed for any vendors, druggists, physicians or veterinaries who dispose of liquor for other purposes than is permitted by the act. A private person who keeps in his home more than a quart of spirits or a gallon of malt liquor is, apparently, liable, on summary conviction, for a first offence, to a fine of from $50 to $100 or, in default of immediate payment, to from one to two months' imprisonment. A second conviction, even though it be for some other offence under the act, will be punished even more severely.

Anyone, apparently, may lay an information against anyone else and the police have "full authority to enforce any of the provisions of this act." Seemingly, this means that a prosecution may be initiated very easily.

Once a man is convicted, there is no appeal, unless he files first an affidavit within five days absolutely negativing the charge and making it appear to render impossible any purely technical or legal ground of appeal. The prosecution, however, may appeal the case within 15 days after the date of dismissal, in cases where the magistrate has discharged the accused.

The usual order of legal procedure in prosecutions is reversed in the liquor act, which provides that "the burden of proving the right to have or keep liquor or sell or give liquor shall be on the person accused of improperly or unlawfully having or keeping or selling or giving such liquor." In another section, it is provided that, if prima facie proof is given, when a person is accused of an offence under the act, that such a person had such liquor in his possession or control, it is incumbent upon him to prove that he did not commit the offence.

The act also provides that the charge appearing in the information, summons or warrant, need not specify the kind, quantity or price of liquor alleged to be involved in the case, nor the names of the persons, other than the accused, connected with the transaction. This provision is strengthened by another clause which provides that, in cases where the evidence does not support the charge laid, the magistrate may amend the information to fit the evidence.

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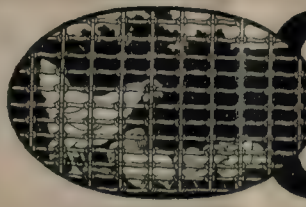

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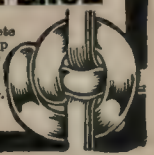

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CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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THE call of the Empire as echoed by the recruiting sergeants has not fallen upon deaf ears among Canada's sons. When our grandchildren and great-grandchildren study their Canadian history in years to come, they will thrill with pride over the part Canada played in the great war in the name of humanity. One of the best examples of the true spirit shown by Canada is the response made by our *new Canadians*. Louis Kon, of the Dominion Immigration service, deals with this phase of Canada's war forces in the September number of CANADA MONTHLY with an interesting story, which, although written in a fascinating fiction style, is based upon facts as he has found them.

What will Canada do with her war widows? Elizabeth Pollard, who knows from practical experience the prizes to be gathered from our vast stretches of prairie soil, suggests community farming as a means of providing a future for those left dependent upon the state by our brave soldiers. Her article in the next issue discusses this plan from a woman's viewpoint and shows how the manless family could be well cared for on a small farm.

Johnny Dewdrop's Quartz, by H. L. Laughlin, will give the reader a view of the frontier mining territory rarely permitted except to those who have been "over the trail." This bit of fiction also shows the lure that draws men from all quarters of the world to the new gold fields.

The Reeve of Silver Island is continued in September. Harry Moore, the author, has produced a mystery story here that ranks with the best productions of Jack London. It is easy to see in reading the first installment that John Best is weaving a net of chains for those who put him behind the bars unjustly. The September portion of the story shows the web completed and the victim ensnared.

The province of Ontario has made a test of its new compensation law for workmen. Robson Black reviews the workings of this advanced piece of legislation, and under the title of *A New Deal for the Injured Workman*, tells of many of the benefits the law brings to employer and employee.

Readers of *The Son of the Otter* should not miss the September installment. The love affair between Mititesh and Ahteck shows many new entanglements. Would you believe Ahteck a coward? The next installment presents him facing his world as a coward because he would not fight. It is a fine portrayal of the influence of religion and civilization upon the primitive man.

Hardly any of us appreciate the great wealth nature has bestowed upon us. Jean Blewitt will make you realize this after a reading of her *Nature's Pot of Gold.*

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1916

The Manufacturing Future of Canada	**John Appleton**	**201**
Illustrated from Photographs		
Miss Sunshine of Alberta	**Charles W. Stokes**	**204**
Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton		
Chemistry of Canning	**Helen McMurchie**	**207**
The Reeve of Silver Island	**Harry Moore**	**210**
Illustrated by M. B. Aleshire		
Gold Mining on the Rand	**J. Wilbur Read**	**213**
Illustrated from Photographs		
The Son of the Otter	**George Van Schaick**	**216**
Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant		
Hearts and Faces	**John Murray Gibbon**	**220**
Current Events in Review		**223**
Old Dr. Nominigan	**Jean Blewett**	**229**
Illustrated from Photographs		

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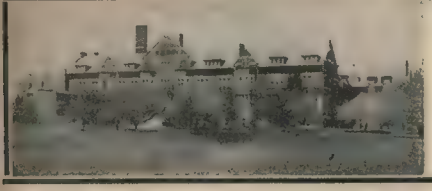

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"What," demanded the old skin-flint," "waste good money to see a circus ?"

"Yes, father," came the meek and mild reply.

"Young man," answered the oldster sadly, "it was only last month that I let you go to the top o' t' hill to see the eclipse of the sun. My lad, do you want all your life to be one wicked round of gayety ?"

~

It was a very hot day, and a picnic had been arranged by the United Society of Lady Vegetarians. Therefore, one may guess that the little party that sat 'neath the shade of the green trees was mainly composed of old ladies.

They were comfortably seated, and waiting for the kettle to boil, when, horror of horrors ! a savage bull appeared on the scene.

Immediately a wild rush was made for safety, while the raging creature pounded after one lady who, unfortunately, had a red parasol. By great good fortune she nipped over the stile before it could reach her. Then, regaining her breath, she turned round.

"Oh, you ungrateful creature !" she exclaimed. "Here have I been a vegetarian all my life. There's gratitude for you !"

~

"Johnny, how did you hurt your hand ? I hope you haven't been fighting again."

"Willie Jones called me a liar, mother, an' then he hit me on the fist with his teeth."

~

Jones—"I don't see your husband at the club of late, Mrs. Brown !"

Mrs. Brown—"No, he stays at home now and enjoys life in his own way as I want him to."

He was employed by a dealer in bric-a-brac and old furniture to scour rural districts in search of antiques, and suddenly he espied an old-fashioned cottage nestling at the foot of a hill. Surely in this old-world spot, there would be something in his line.

He knocked smartly at the door, and a weary-looking woman answered.

"Do you happen to have any antique furniture, madam?" he inquired. "Or any old ornaments, such as heathen idols or things of that sort?"

The woman looked puzzled for a moment.

"I think I've got one," she said at last.

Expectantly, he followed her into a room where a hulking fellow was fast asleep on a couch.

"Where is the article, madam?" queried the searcher after the beautiful.

"There it is," she replied, pointing to the couch. "He's the only idle thing I've got in the place—hasn't done any work for years. But he's certainly no oranment."

~

A Georgia negro last summer left the plantation and spent three or four days in the city. When he returned he was envied by every one of his old friends, for he was the possessor of a diamond of unusual size and lustre.

"Sam, is it a real diamond?" asked the boss one day.

"Now look heah, boss, if it ain't, I've been skun out of foah bits!"

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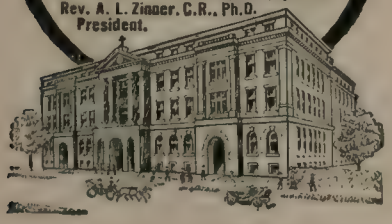

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The steam launch, which was carrying men across the harbor to a man-of-war, suddenly sprang a leak and sank.

An old fisherman, who happened to be near in his boat, stopped rowing to watch.

Presently, one by one, they managed to reach his little craft and clamber aboard. Then they turned on him angrily.

"Look here, you old idiot!" yelled one. "Why didn't you come to us instead of loafing here?"

"Law bless 'ee, sor," replied the old fisherman, in tones of wonder, "I thought as 'ow it were one o' them theer submarine things we 'ears about!"

~

A woman entered the police station in a Massachusetts town and in a confused, agitated manner implored the officer in charge to have a near-by river dragged.

"My husband has been threatening for some time to drown himself," she explained, "and he's been missing now for three days."

"Anything peculiar about him by which he can be recognized?" the officer questioned, preparing to fill out a description blank.

The woman meditated thoughtfully for a few moments, then her face brightened,

"Why, yes, he's deaf."

~

The book agent advanced toward the door.

Mrs. Flinn stood in the doorway with a huge stick in her hand and an ugly frown on her face.

"Good morning," said the stranger, politely. "I'm looking for Mr. Flinn."

"So'm I," announced Mrs. Flinn, shifting the club to the other hand.

~

What's the use of all of these here ologies and folderols?" demanded the old man as he looked over the list of subjects his son had been studying at college. "Why don't they learn you somethin' useful—somethin' you can make money out of?"

"Money isn't the only thing in the world, father," said the young man reprovingly.

"Mebbe it ain't son; mebbe it ain't. But I notice it's the only thing you ever asked for in the letters you wrote me and your ma while you was in college."

MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

I know no one in manhood's years
Of doubts and hopes and cares and fears,
Whose heart responds not to the thought
Of that first prayer his Mother taught:
Now I lay me down to sleep. Do you?

It has a charm that holds me up,
And takes the bitter from my cup,
O'er rugged road or rocky steep
With weary feet and eyes that weep—
Oft I lay me down to sleep. Do you?

When friends you thought by you would stand
Seem like some foreign far-off land;
When faith grows faint and hopes sink deep—
I pray the Lord my soul to keep. Do you?

When life seems void and objectless,
And paths lead through the wilderness,
Lord, show me then which one to take,
Lest I should die before I wake—
I ask Thee now for Jesus' sake. Do you?

This much I know must come to me—
My Mother's prayer will answered be:
When death shall come, life's thread to break,
I'll pray the Lord my soul to take. Will you?

Oh! Wondrous prayer, this precious link
That buoys the heart that lets us sink
Above the waves of dark despair—
My faith in God and Mother's prayer. Amen.

—By "Dad" Stearns.

Mayor Curley of Boston, was joked about the pre-eminence of Irishmen in public life.

"That's perfectly true; we always get to the top," answered Mr. Curley. "An example of this came to my attention a few years ago, when I was making a trip through Minnesota. I came to a small town in the northern part of the state. One glance at the signs on the stores showed that Scandinavians predominated. Johnson, Nelson, Gustavson, Hillberg, Olson and like names were all that I could see.

"'Any Germans here?' I asked the man I was visiting.

"'There ban none," he said.

"'Any Italians?'

"'No,' he answered.

"'And no Irishmen, either, I suppose?' I added.

"'O yaas, there ban two Irishers in town,' came the reply. 'One he ban mayor and the other he ban chief of police.'"

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CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
AUGUST

The Manufacturing Future of Canada

By John Appleton
Editor Financial Post, Toronto

The question frequently is asked: Will Canada be able to hold her own in the commercial warfare that will be continued after the present war of machine guns and artillery has been brought to a close? Will Canada be able to supply her own needs even in certain lines? Will she ever become an exporting nation? Mr. John Appleton, one of our leading economists, has analyzed these problems and drawn conclusions that will be of interest to every Canadian.

THE great war was preceded in Canada by a period of years during which there was an abnormal amount of planning, borrowing and reorganizing. Much also was accomplished in that period and no intelligent surmise of what will happen in the future can be made without having before us a correct idea of what had been accomplished preceding the cataclysm which upset the economic equilibrium of the world and shifted on to the shoulders of industrial America a larger proportion of current demands. Canada has always cherished a desire, quite national in scope, to be an industrial factor in the world's commerce and to-day the part she is playing is not negligible. Her aid to the empire in men taking their place along side those of the Allies, the novices in warfare and the seasoned warriors, has brought her a larger share of world attention, and following that will come a keener search for knowledge respecting the land and its resources behind the men who have done so well in the trenches and by so doing announce to the whole world that Canada is indissolubly part of the British imperial fabric. But more than that is now—but not heretofore—a world-known fact, and it is that Canada has within her territories industrial possibilities to be reckoned with in the re-adjustment of the world's economic equilibrium following the war.

What Canada Has Done For Her Allies.

WHEN war broke out, Belgium of all Canada's allies, was her best customer, excepting of course other countries of the Empire. The invasion of that populous country by the Teuton robbed Canada of a market which in 1914 bought $4,819,843 worth of Canada's products. Belgium, it should be remembered was the most densely populated country in Europe and therefore required food products in exchange for her manufactures. In the case of every other ally the increase in the demands upon Canadian resources has been most marked. France refuses at the present time to take our Maritime Province's lobsters, evidently regarding such a delicacy as a luxury to be eschewed in times of war, but after forbidding the importation of Maritime lobsters our brave ally took in the twelve months ending March 31st last, Canadian products aggregating $36,085,813 as compared with an average of less than $4,000,000 in years preceding the war. Of the larger volume of exports a very large proportion was from our factories. It took the British government some time to realize that Canada had potential industries and the chief allies were somewhat slower. But what has been the result? Our exports to all the allies before war averaged $12,000,000 a year and last year the aggregate was $55,000,000. France with her large population normally buys less than $4,000,000 from Canada and Russia with her uncounted millions buys less than $1,500,000.

The Disclosure of Canada's Industrial Power.

DEVELOPING trade with Russia, a land with resources not dissimilar to our own may be difficult; it will depend upon the skill of our work-people backed by the development of a merchant class able to develop foreign trade. But this fact stands out very clearly and it is that Russia has discovered in Canada a nation with great

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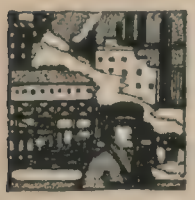
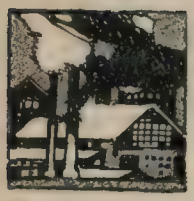


J. W. Woods
One of Canada's Leading Textile Merchants and Manufacturers
Photo British and Colonial Press

C. B. Gordon
Textile Member of the Imperial Munitions Board
Photo British and Colonial Press

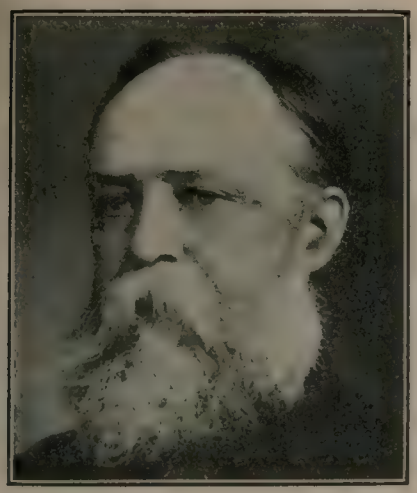


industrial possibilities. Some agricultural implements had been sold to that country and they were well thought of. From the war onwards the Russian buyer will recognize that the implements offered to him by Canada are from a country friendly to him and not forced upon him as were the Teuton products by the high handed threats and menaces of a great military organization. It is not wise to depend for trade upon the good will of a nation but when to good will is attached the right product and a better realization of manufacturing power behind it a distinct step forward has been made. The ability and readiness to produce which Canada possesses has been disclosed to the industrial and military leaders of the Slav millions and it remains for Canadian initiative and enterprise to take advantage of it—and see to it that the free Serf and Mushik of the Steppes know what Canada can do for them. The revelation to Russia is no greater than that made through the war to our other Allies and also to other countries, neutral but not disinterested, which have had their attention directed to Canada because of the great volume of wealth she has been able to serve her own cause—that common to all in opposition to the ascendancy of domineering militaryism.

Canada's Manufactures Before the War

IN the year 1910 the value of the manufactures of Canada was about $1,134,000,000 and of this about ten per cent. was exported. Since 1910 no census has been taken of the manufacturing wealth of the Dominion. In 1912 a careful analysis of the returns of output made by leading industries warranted the assumption that the value of the output that year was $1,300,000,000. For the twelve months ending March 1913, the exports which can reasonably be classed as manufactures were valued at $120,394,671. At the end of March last the exports of iron and steel fabrications alone were valued at over $50,000,000 and the products of grain and animal fully three times that amount. When the official figures are available they will no dobut show an export value of manufactures not far short of $350,000,000, if they stop at that amount. The Imperial Munitions Board at Ottawa pays out at present about $1,000,000 a day for factory products. Incidentally it may be pointed out that at present the requirements of the British government on the North American continent are all, or practically so, being ordered through the agency of the Board in question. Our manufacturing resources before the

Col. Thomas Cantley
President Canadian Manufacturers' Association
Photo British and Colonial Press



Sir Edmund Walker, C.V.O, LL.D., D.C.L.
President Canadian Bank of Commerce and one of the Empire's Most Distinguished Bankers
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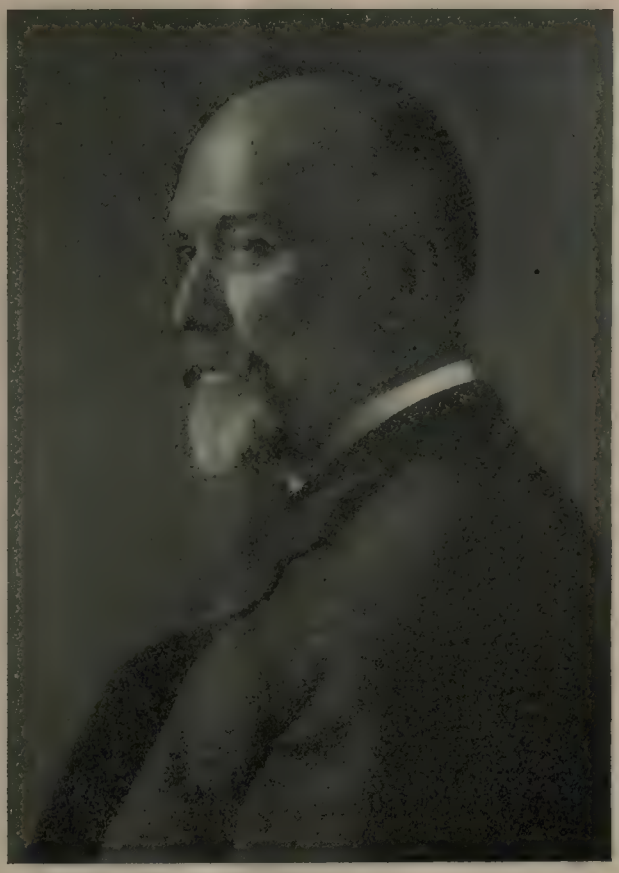
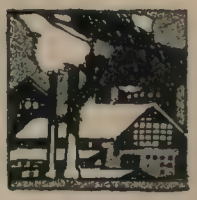
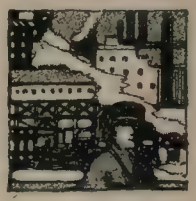
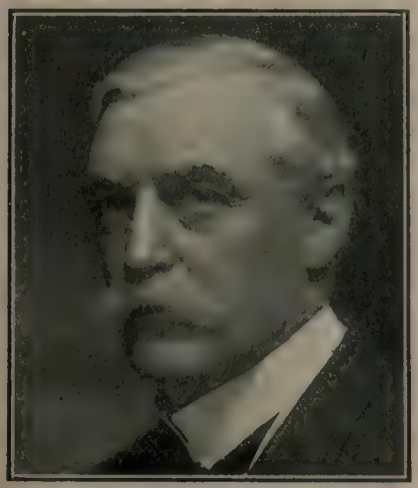


J. W. Flavelle
Chairman of Munitions Board; Successful Financier and Director of Several Outstanding Business Enterprises
Photo British and Colonial Press





war, not counting their potentiality, were not a factor in international commerce. They had developed as the chief factor in the domestic market, but not beyond it. Textile, steel and cereal plants had just attained to a strength that enabled them to hold a large share of the home market and to do that they went through a period of organization and re-organization which left them still in a state of immaturity. Profits were never, generally speaking, adequate or regular enough to bring to industrial exploitation the same activity and development the entire Dominion experienced in city and railway expansion.



Robert Hobson
President of the Steel Company of Canada, Limited
Photo British and Colonial Press

Pre-War Finances of Canadian Industries

BROADLY speaking when war was declared a great many of our now prosperous industries were struggling with great possibilities and little cash. They borrowed in their earlier years what was thought to be quite enough for putting down a plant that would meet demands. But it was found that when a plant was half completed it would have to be made big enough to handle twice the output originally planned. This meant a great deal more than the mere redrafting of the plans. It meant new financing. Hence the funded debt and the plant account expanded each year by great strides until the year of the war. Not only did the funded debt increase but also that ominous item "current liabilities." I have before me the report of the Dominion Steel Corporation issued quite recently. It shows current and working assets of $9,400,000 and current liabilities of $2,366,000. This very desirable feature is not pointed out with a view to boosting the common stock. Although the current assets exced so greatly the liabilities the time has not come yet when dividends on common could be paid and leave the preferred shareholders in a position of security. The figures are given to show how very different they are to those of a few years ago. At the close of the 1913 year the current liabilities amounted to $6,800,000 and current assets to $7,700,000. To get from under so heavy a load of current debt the funded debt was increased from $23,500,000 to $27,600,000. At the end of the 1916 year the funded debt was down to $25,669,000 and the current liabilities to $2,336,000 or less than the amount due to the corporation in the form of outstanding accounts and less than half as much as the value of commercial articles of a marketable character the company has on hand.

Continued on page 234.

Miss Sunshine of Alberta

By Charles W. Stokes

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

ONCE upon a time there was an actress who spent two months on a farm, and not because it was the craze, either. Loud laughter is here heard. There wasn't a photographer within eight miles.

But truth is sometimes stranger than what gets into the Sunday supplement. So behold Dolly Macdonnell (who scorned to take unto herself a fictitious stage name because her own suited her taste) on a farm. A farm in Alberta to wit. Dolly Macdonnell, playing superior chorus parts with lines of her own to speak, had gone broke just about that time when lesser theatrical luminaries inaugurate their "resting" period; and, pining for a vacation, but lacking the wherewithal to finance a trip to the seashore, had suddenly accepted the long-standing invitation of her uncle Macdonnell and left Chicago of an evening, descending upon Alberta two nights and two days later. Lucky Alberta, you ask?

Uncle Macdonnell had at one time tilled the soil of Iowa, in a small town in which state his late brother, Dolly's father, had expounded the laws and prophets from a Presbyterian pulpit. It is necessary to mention this to explain the judicial glance with which he took in the two trunks and one suit case which the baggage-men dumped off as accompanying Dolly.

"What made you bring all them?" he asked, after the greetings and kissings were over.

"Why, Uncle Tom," cried Dolly, "a milkmaid must have her proper costume, you know!"

"There ain't any milkmaids these parts."

"Of course I know there aren't, you old silly," she said, stifling her disappointment. She hadn't yet heard about there being no photographer! "Only a few things to keep me decent if I'm to stay as long as you say. Why are all those people staring at me—are they the hicks?"

"What's a hick, anyway?"

"A hick's a rube, and a rube's a hayseed, and I guess you know what that is."

"Guess so." Old Tom Macdonnell did not miss the sensation which his niece was causing, nor of the envy of the hicks who were edging nearer to the pretty girl in the smart suit. He raised his voice for their benefit as he said, flatly and cruelly, "I'll have them shake hands with you—some time or other. But, say, I hope you don't think I can take all this truck along, in one small buggy?"

Yes, Dolly had thought so.

"It can't be did. This here's a horse, not a tractor. Better take just what you want now, and I'll have Dick collect the others if he's down town to-night." So Dolly chose the suit-case.

"Who's Dick?" she asked, as they rattled along.

"Dick Hawkins. He's on the next section to me."

THE time was July. Across the prairie blew a gentle wind which just stirred the heads of the young wheat, already popping out. The sun shone, the sky was blue, and the distances infinite. Across the road suddenly darted a little grey animal, and Dolly screamed. It was only a gopher, her uncle told her, and elucidated the "only," at which she thought gophers were dandy. In the crisp air, Dolly recollected a very early breakfast, and felt the need of a big lunch—bigger than most actresses think polite; and she laughed, and her uncle laughed too because her laugh was musical and catching; and like the young lady in the poem, who declaimed so much about larks being on the wing and snails on the thorn, Dolly felt that all was right with the world.

"There's our house," said her uncle at length, pointing to one about a mile and a half distant, on the crest of a slight rise.

"That dinky little affair, with the green roof?"

"Well, you didn't s'pose your aunt and I lived in a two by four shack?"

Whereat Dolly laughed again. Some such idea had occurred to her. "Don't expose me," she said. "I can see Aunt Alice."

Mrs. Macdonnell wore steel-rimmed spectacles; this may give a clue to her character. She washed all her own dishes and did all her own cooking; and she looked after a small multitude of hens and now and then helped with the milking. She greeted her niece with the very pleasant manner of the childless woman, to which may or may not have been superadded a desire to know who was Dolly's dressmaker.

"This is your bedroom, my dear," she said, leading Dolly into a room at the back of the house. Dolly gave a gurgle of delight.

"Oh, how lovely! I didn't expect this!"

"Still thinking of the shack?" enquired Uncle Tom, following with the suit case.

"And flowers, too! And such a dandy little oak bed, and cretonne spread—and a dresser with a real mirror! Say, Aunt Alice, I begin to think you know what's what out here." She looked out of the window. "Some view, believe muh!—and what elegant curtains! Do you always get this sunshine—and aren't there any delightful cowpunchers around?"

TWENTY minutes later Dolly went into dinner—it was really lunch, of course, but country folks have such a vulgar way of calling it "dinner." She had shed her Chicago suit, and donned a skirt and waist, the latter of the material which I believe is called pique.

"We nearly always eat in the kitchen, Dolly," said Mrs. Macdonnell, beaming over her spectacles. "It's easier. I hope you won't mind."

"Why should she mind?" This from Uncle Tom. "She ain't in the city now—may as well get us't to us hicks first as last."

"Back to the land for mine," said Dolly. This was one of her fascinating little ways, the use of slang. Regrettably enough, it created quite a furore in that unsophisticated territory, where it was not even dimly guessed how old, according to the standards of slang, it was. She called her uncle a "bear," and laughed, and again a "hick" and a "rube"; and appalled her aunt by "Now what do you know about that!" and "For the love of Mike!"

"Let me help you wash up," cried Dolly. "I'm not company."

"No, no," answered her aunt; but Dolly had rolled up her seleves, and showed a pretty pair of arms. She laughed right through the process of washing up, to the occasional danger of some of her aunt's cherished china. Then she went out and inspected the farm—the fields, the little vegetable patch, the cows and poultry, the new barn. She still laughed so much that her uncle said she was like sunshine.

"Dolly Sunshine of Alberta?" she said. "They talk about Sunny Alberta."

She was laughing again in the afternoon when a man drove up and hitched his rig to the fence post.

"You must be Mr. Hawkins," said Dolly. "How DO you do?"

On his part he saw a rather pretty girl in a pique waist, with brown wavy hair and brown eyes which she shaded against the sun, with a supple forearm (did I mention that she had permanently shortened her sleeves so as to display her arms all the time?) that was invitingly plump. Dolly saw a tall young man with a freckled, brown-scorched face, terribly embarrassed—a young man in a very old suit and a dark grey flannel shirt. Possibly she had hoped he'd wear shapps and a Stetson.

"Come right in, Dick," cried Mr. Macdonnell from the porch. "Round the kitchen, you know. Meet my niece, Dick."

"Pleased," said he, blushing furiously and wiping his hand on the back of his pants. He was obviously unaware that handshaking is no longer popular in our best circles, and consequently no hand was extended to meet his; at which he blushed the more.

"She's got one hell of a crowd of baggage," said Mr. Macdonnell. "We want you to fetch it up if you're that way. None of these stage ladies travel without a regular Fifth Avenue store."

"I am glad you came. Where shall we go?"

"You'll stay to supper, Dick?" said Mrs. Macdonnell.

"Yes—that is—no—"

"Oh, stay, do! Don't be scared of Sunshine—she won't eat you." Dick Hawkins looked up at the word "Sunshine." "Oh," continued the old man, "that's our new name for her—Dolly Sunshine. She's going to use it in play-acting."

EVENTUALLY, after much pressing and postponing of fictitious engagements obviously concocted on the spur of the moment, Dick Hawkins stayed to supper. He found sufficient tongue to say that he was not a company man, Miss — Miss — er — Macdonnell, and that he hoped she'd overlook his slips. Whereat Dolly laughed, and precipitated him into silence. Then she took pity on him, and began to ply him with questions whether he liked batching it, and who washed up for him, and did he dress for meals or eat in his shirt sleeves? To all of which he returned desperate answers, and passed her the mustard when she wanted the butter,

to the intense amusement of her uncle.

"Two big boxes," said the old man, when Dick drove away.

"Good bye, Mr. Hawkins," said Dolly; but he made no answer. They stood watching him out of sight; then Dolly said to her uncle, "Do you think I ought to have offered to go with him?"

"Heavens, why ?"

"It's a long drive for the poor boy."

"But haven't you scared him enough already ?"

"Scared him—muh ?" (Coy Dolly !)

"Yes, I never saw him so scared before. Did you mother ? That's the way with us poor hicks, Dolly. Dick's probably your first scalp hereabouts."

At this Dolly laughed, and then became thoughtful. Finally she said, "Will you sit up for him ?"

"Lord no ! He'll just dump the boxes on the porch. No one will steal them."

"Well, I could thank him."

"You can do that next time you see him. He infests round here often. Besides, he'll be late down town tonight, and I guess it will be quite ten before he's back."

Dolly groaned inwardly. Ten late ! As a matter of fact, she went to bed at nine, and it was fully two hours before her wakeful faculties gave up the struggle. So that she heard Dick Hawkins dump the boxes on the porch —one—two. Very loud they sounded in the silent prairie air; and she smiled to herself as she turned over and tried whether lying on the other side would bring sleep nearer. This bed at sundown dope was a new one on her.

A SUNDAY night in early September. The last ray of the evening sun, lingering rusty red on the last roof towards the west, has entirely faded, and all the world is still. The yellow of the waving fields, and all the many, many shades of green which streak the prairie by day, from yellow-green to darkest olive, merge into one very deep, liquid blue. Overhead peep out a few stars.

Now comes a break in the silence as the people begin to filter out of church. The hum of talk, the laughter of girls, and the heavier voices of men, are heard in the dark streets. Lamps are lighted, and shadows pass and repass on window shades. Somewhere is heard the tinkling of a piano. There is a jingling of harness and the soft slushing of wheels in the prairie roads. To one of the rigs in a side street come a man and a woman; and as they drive past the church, the big lamp hanging over the porch shows them to be Dick Hawkins and Dolly Macdonnell.

Their road takes them down Main Street and across the railroad tracks. The station is deserted and unlighted; and the white posts by the crossing loom up spectrally. Then down the other side, and the team steps out smartly on that eight miles to home. The rig carries no light, but one is scarcely needed, because they are not likely to meet travellers coming into town so late on a Sunday night. . .

"What a glorious night !" she said at length. They had not spoken since they started.

"I hardly knew such nights existed," she said again, "until this one."

"Look at that little star," said Dick; " way off in front—ain't he just winking at us fierce ?"

"Why do you call it 'he'?"

"Oh, I sometimes like to think of the stars as little boys—they wink so."

"I do declare," she laughed, "you're a regular poet—you do say the cutest things sometimes."

"Do I, Miss Sunshine ?"

"Miss Sunshine ! — I wish you wouldn't call me out of my name so."

"It fits you well enough."

"How ?"

Dick struggled with many cute phrases during a pause of more than reasonable length, and finally remarked, "It's queer how easy you took to us."

"Not so queer when you remember I was raised in a farming section, in a small town no bigger than this. Uncle farmed down there, and I often used to go out and stay with him whole weeks at a time, especially near the harvest. You mightn't think I used to be able to ride a binder—but I could, like a cracker jack—and" (defiantly) "I guess I could now."

"Women don't usually do that round these parts. There ain't no call. 'Sides, I don't care to have them do it."

"Why not ?"

"It seems to me—"

"Out with it ! You mean it isn't womanly !"

"Well, s'pose that's it—though it ain't just exactly how I meant."

"We have just got to stay at home, and do all the less wonderful things, like feeding the chickens and milking the cows, and cooking all the food and washing all the dirty dishes afterwards! And sweeping up and making beds, and mending the clothes, Mr. Hawkins, and combing and washing children ! I wonder which wants the most strength —all that, or just riding a binder ?"

"I dunno," said Dick, utterly crushed. After contemplating his winking little star a spell, he added, "I must testify you seem to know all about it. Them chickens seem well fed since you been here. Likewise, Missis Macdonnell says you can milk her cows swell."

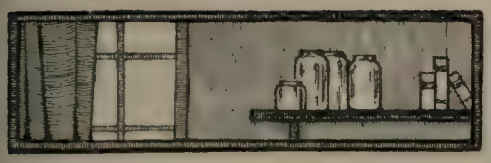
Continued on page 241.

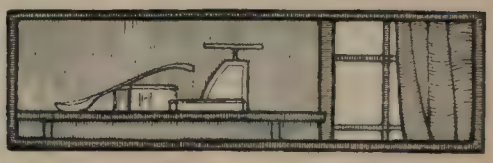
"You must be Mr. Hawkins"

Chemistry of Canning

By Helen McMurchie

Domestic Science School University of Toronto





"TWELVE pints of fruit," said the Housewife, displaying her jars of preserves with pardonable pride, and turning, she waited for the approval which her visitor might have been expected to show.

But the visitor was disappointingly silent. "How much did it cost?" she asked hesitatingly at last.

"Cost! Why, I never stopped to think about that—one must have preserves even if fruit and sugar are ruinously dear," and the Housewife in her turn cast perplexed looks at her questioning friend.

"I suppose it's all part of your queer ideas about economy and efficiency," she sighed. "You would like to have me calculating to the last decimal every mouthful that I give my family to eat, and registering it all neatly on a card catalogue like the inimitable Mrs. Fredericks. But, really, that won't do! For one thing, I haven't time, and for another, I don't care. I would rather feed my family well than split hairs over costs. Come now and try this strawberry jam, and see if my case isn't proven."

The guest tried, appraised as generously as the most liberal critic might, and went home still debating in her mind the question which her friend's answer had not laid. "After all, does it pay?"

The up-to-date housewife must ask herself this when she turns to the canning and preserving of fruits and vegetables.

Time was, of course, when no problem existed, when all such work was done at home for the simple reason that there was no place else to do it. The home was in early days essentially a productive centre, and canning was but one of many industries carried on within its walls. Modern conditions, and especially the growth of great centralized industries have changed all this, and we must recognize that many operations once regarded as proper to the home are passing outside and being carried on in great plants as part of the complicated process of commercial life. Canning is an excellent case in point; indeed it is curious to note how strong has been the prejudice against this transition and yet how steadily the commercial is replacing the home industry. Anyone who stops to consider can see that deeper causes are at work here than the mere tastes and preferences of individuls, and it is worth while at least to enquire into the reasons for this change.

FRUITS and vegetables hold a larger place in the dietary than their actual food value would warrant. Fresh fruits, and vegetables as well, serve less to build up the body than to tone it up and keep it in condition, and, in particular, to add relish to other foods. It is largely for their mineral salts and acids and for their flavoring matter that fruits and vegetables are valued. Some green vegetables, for instance, are better tonic than iron pills, and the extractives of fruits better appetizers than most medicines. For these reasons fresh fruits and vegetables should be in constant use wherever they may be had; but in times when they are not available we may turn to canned products as a welcome next best, less relished it is true than the fresh article, but offering a substitute not to be despised.

The canning process itself is much older than the knowledge of the principles on which it rests. Even to-day one finds much vagueness as to the *why* of canning. One person tells you that sugar preserves the fruit, or that salt is what keeps your vegetables; another will say that the exclusion of air is the necessary thing, and still another that heat is what does it. But on the reason that lies behind the rule no one will venture. It is to Pasteur that we are indebted for actual knowledge in this as in so many kindred questions, as his discoveries led to the conclusion that decomposition of fruit was due to the action of minute vegetable organisms which were always present in fruit, and which, unless killed, were bound to multiply and work destruction. Such germs may be classified as yeasts, molds and bacteria. The first of these thrives in mixtures containing sugar, and acting upon it produces fermentation; the second appears in the mould that sometimes gathers on the top of jelly, while the last class, the bacteria, are responsible for the greater part of the decomposition of fruits and vegetables. For the molds and yeasts are easily destroyed by heat, so that the housewife, cooking her fruit to preserve it, was doing the right thing even if she could not tell you exactly why she did it. But the bacteria presented to scientific investigators a more serious problem than the yeasts and molds, for it was found that they were not so readily destroyed as the others, but required a special and more complicated treatment. For while the parent bacteria, the old plants, could be destroyed by continued boiling, the spores, or immature plants, were not killed but developed and continued their work of destruction. A new

THIS is the first of a series of articles by Miss McMurchie, each of which will deal with some of the more important problems of the home. In the September issue Miss McMurchie will discuss the Scientific Side of Bread. Her article in October will deal with Engineering Problems of the Home. Other articles by this domestic science expert will be presented in nearby issues.

method had, therefore, to be devised to meet this difficulty.

It was found first of all that fruits containing an appreciable quanity of acid would keep more readily than those with only a negligible percentage. Thus fruits and tomatoes are easier to preserve than non-acid vegetables like corn, peas and beans. For the latter a special treatment had to be found. Ultimately two methods came to be practised; one which was known technically as fractional sterilization, by which the vegetables are kept at boiling point for one hour on three successive days, and the other the method followed commonly in commercial canning, where, by the use of steam superheated under pressure, the temperature of the vegetable can be raised above boiling point and sterilization thus rendered complete. This latter method has the advantage of destroying the spores once for all, while the former allows them to ripen into bacteria which can then be killed at the lower temperature. This method can be practised at home, whereas the other method is possible only where a special plant has been installed. It is, of course, surer and quicker, although the flavor of the vegetable is thought to be somewhat impaired by the high temperature.

PRESERVATIVES were at one time commonly used in commercial canning, but their use is now stigmatized as unnecessary, if not positively harmful. So, too, artificial colorings are generally condemned, and in some cases even the addition of water is considered an adulteration. Artificial aids serve only to cover up inferior material or slovenly handling; they are not necessary for the canning of fruits and vegetables and so are better banned.

The exclusion of air is necessary in canning fruit only in so far as the air is not sterile. Any defect in the sealing of fruit will admit the outside air and with it the germs whose work is so deadly. For this reason the greatest care must be taken that cans and sealers are air tight when the process of sterilization is complete. A test of this is to loosen the metal clasp of a glass sealer and to lift the jar by the lid alone. If the sealer is air tight the fruit will have shrunk leaving a vacuum and as a result the lid will be held down by the pressure of the outside air. One may then conclude that the sealer is really sealed.

Sugar is, of course, a preservative, and jams and jellies keep more easily than canned fruits because of the larger quantities of sugar which they contain. Fruits are in general much easier to can then vegetables, so the latter are as a rule left to the professional canner, while the housewife looks to her own jams, jellies and marmalades.

THIS brings us once more to the point from which we started, the relative merits of home and canned products. It is perhaps clearer now why the commercial enterprise has gained so in favor during recent years. Canning is a ticklish business, and the control of conditions is easier in the factory than in the kitchen.

The conservative housewife will deny this, will point to her selection of the choicest materials, her care in the process and the individual flavor of the finished product, not to mention the question of cost. It is worth while to consider these points.

First as regards materials,—if the housewife grows her own fruits and vegetables, obviously she may have the best of it both as regards quality and cost. But if she buys her fruit she is less fortunate; for one thing, the fruit has probably been picked at least a day before it reaches her; for another, if she lives at some distance from the source of supply she may not even have a chance to buy the best grade of fruit. The manufacturer, on the other hand, has his factory in the fruit district, and as a rule preserves his fruit on the day on which it is picked. He thus gets the fruit in the best condition, and this means less waste and a better quality of preserve than is possible with fruit delayed in transportation.

This claim for superior material with the manufacturer may be disputed, but the fact remains that, whatever conditions have been in the past, the jam and canning factories of to-day do use high grade materials. They cannot afford to do otherwise, as defective materials mean a poorer product and constant danger of spoiling. Then, too, pure food legislation has insisted on good quality. Compounds, i.e., cheaper jams in which a filler such as apples has been added to the fruit, must be clearly labelled as such, and in buying strawberry jam one may rest assured that it is strawberries one is getting not turnips. So, too, only pure sugars are allowed, saccharine adulterants being forbidden, and the commercial glucose used only in inferior jams which are appropriately labelled. The government is actively concerned in securing the purity of canned products, but it is not alone in its efforts. The Dominion Canners maintain an experimental station and laboratories with a view to discovering the best materials for use as well as the best methods.

In regard to method, it must be pointed out that manufacturers are more guided by scientific precepts than are housewives. They have to be; the housewife may lose an occasional jar of fruit and stand the strain, but a business man dare not risk losses which are sure to be on a large scale. Consequently every precaution is taken to render the canned goods sterile, this being the interest of the man who makes the goods as well as of the one who uses it. In the United States, the Bureau of Chemistry is in close touch with all canners, and gives them the benefit of its experiments and discoveries. These are, of course, equally open to the housewife, but she is less apt to profit by them. She cannot gauge times and temperatures as accurately as does the manufacturer, nor has she the same knowledge of their significance.

Similarly, as regards equipment, that of the housewife is usually limited to a preserving kettle, but the canning or preserving factory is fitted with nicely devised apparatus for superheating, for cooling, for sealing, in fact for every detail of the complete process. A uniform procedure is possible, and here again is a gain over the less exact methods of the housekeeper.

Of flavor, opinions will differ. One suspects the novelty and variety have a good deal to do in coaxing the palate. Probably, however, the best home product does surpass the best commercial goods, just because food prepared in large quantities somehow seems to lack

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The doctrine advanced by Miss McMurchie is rather startling. Some housewives doubtless will disagree with her most emphatically. We will be pleased to hear from any of our readers who can point out from practical experience just what is the difference in cost between home and factory preserves and canned goods. Is it not possible to produce preserves at home at a lower cost, even figuring the cost of labor, than they may be purchased at the store? If so what are the figures?

—THE EDITORS.

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individuality of flavor. But one can scarcely generalize on a matter so uncertain, and in a comparison of averages one suspects that the commercially canned goods have it. As regards canned vegetables, few people will deny the advantage of the factory over the home product.

THE question of cost is even more difficult. For large institutions where hundreds are fed daily, canned goods are proven to be cheaper, but for the average home the matter is not so easily determined. For one thing, the housekeeper quoted at the beginning is representative of most of her kind in that she does not reckon cost, rather regarding it as unimportant compared with quality. Even if she does essay to count the cost she generally makes out a better case for her product by neglecting the cost of labor and fuel and considering only materials. Even so, canned goods run close to the home-made ones, for the manufacturer, because he buys in huge quantities probably gets his sugar from 1½ to 2 cents per pound less than the housewife can. So, too, his fruit must run about 25 per cent. less, and vegetables are even cheaper. All this enables the maker to pay wages and rent and still have a substantial return for his money while selling close to the housewife's cost. But possibly it is unwise to ignore the cost of fuel and labor. Canning is trying work, it brooks no delay and often falls on hot days that tempt one to be out of doors instead of in the kitchen. Not only the climbing gas meter or the diminished coal bin, but also the housewife's loss of strength and pleasure must be reckoned if we are to balance values fairly.

Considering the question of canning and preserving in its larger economic aspect, it would seem, especially at the present time that the great thing to work for is the conservation of all food materials. Yearly thousands of dollars worth of fruit and vegetables are allowed to rot in our gardens, yet people are not seriously facing this wastage. In the present crisis, when all our resources should be so jealously husbanded, to waste food is little short of a crime. Wherever fruit and vegetables grown at home cannot be marketed, every effort should be made to preserve them. Two ways of doing this may be suggested. The housewife may avail herself of the scientific instructions offered by the various experimental stations, thus supplementing her own practical knowledge; and using the information gathered she may put down fruits and vegetables so that nothing may be left to waste. This applies, of course, to what is grown in her own garden for the preservation of which she is directly responsible. Secondly, an intermediate stage between home and factory methods may be adopted. The farmer who finds that his peach crop will fetch him little or no money because of a glut on the market may install a small canning plant of his own, employ people to assist, and in this way secure the surplus stock from spoiling. He then has canned goods instead of raw fruit to offer on the market. This expedient is largely followed, especially in the southern states, as for instance, in the tomato clubs by which tons of tomatoes are yearly saved from spoiling. A safeguard is thus formed for the marketing of perishable products and a profitable home industry may thus be built up.

Of course, as canning on a large scale increases, and canning factories multiply throughout the country and are more widely distributed, the bulk of work is sure to pass from individual hands to centralized control. The claim of this article is that such a transference may in the end be a boon to the housewife. She may secure a standardized article, safeguarded by government regulation, and that at a cost little greater than that of home manufacture. Besides, household tasks are lightened, and this is perhaps the most welcome feature of the whole movement which tends to take the preparation of food from kitchen to the factory.

Probably the housewife would unfeignedly welcome this change were it not for an uneasy feeling that she is getting out of work. A strain of innate conservatism pledges women to the methods of their grandmothers, and they perhaps feel that bought jam bespeaks the improvident housewife, and that to preserve her own fruit will be counted to the housewife for righteousness. But new occasions teach new duties, and while the old idea of housekeeping as concerned in the MAKING of products is passing, the modern housewife finds herself instead with the responsibility of BUYING thrust upon her. She may welcome the change, with the added freedom from drudgery which it gives, but she should remember that her interest must follow her vanishing tasks, and that as purveyor for her home she is bound to have a knowledge of food products and their manufacture. Her duty is to secure for her family as clean and wholesome food as she herself could have produced. So the housewife sends her challenge to the manufacturer, and, to put it colloquially, it is then up to him to deliver the goods.

We find that a strain of innate conservatism pledges women to the methods of their grandmothers; they feel that bought jam bespeaks the improvident housekeeper, and that to preserve her own fruit is to be counted to the housewife for righteousness. But new occasions teach new duties. The old idea of housekeeping as concerned in the making of products is passing. The modern housewife finds herself instead with the responsibility of buying thrust upon her.

The claim for superior material by the manufacturer may be disputed, but the fact remains that whatever conditions have been in the past, the jam and the canning factories of to-day do use high grade materials. They cannot afford to do otherwise as defective materials mean poorer product and constant danger of big losses. The housewife may lose an occasional jar of fruit and stand the loss, but the manufacturer dare not risk such losses. Consequently every precaution is taken to render his goods sterile.

The Reeve of Silver Island

By Harry Moore

FROM the mainland at Wilkie to Silver Island, in Lake Erie, it is sixteen miles as the crow flies.

Under favorable conditions, the single-deck wooden steamer *Marie* can make the trip one way in less than two hours. In bad weather and a heavy sea, this staunch little craft has been known to take much longer; indeed for your edification the skipper will recite the incidents of a certain voyage that took from dawn until dusk. But that was during a terrific "sou'-easter" when the waves washed over the decks and the firemen sweated blood keeping up fires in the boilers.

Promptly at nine o'clock one calm, beautiful morning in September, the *Marie*, with a crew of eight and nine passengers, had pulled out of port at Wilkie and had steered a straight course for Silver Island.

The passengers, who shall with one exception be nameless, were a clergyman, returning after spending a week on the mainland; a farmer's family, consisting of himself, wife and three small daughters; and a big man in a check suit, who the previous night had registered at the Aberdeen Hotel, Wilkie, as John Best.

While the others, sitting in the shelter of the skipper's cabin, talked on spiritual matters and the tobacco crop —two topics dear to all true islanders— John Best paced the cramped deck before them, his head bowed low on his breast, and his hands tightly clasped behind his back.

Forty-two years had given this man a sturdiness of form; a life filled with bitter experiences had furrowed his brow; but there were withal traces of benevolence and a big heartedness in his deep blue eyes and rather round face.

Occasionally raising his head and hungrily turning his eyes towards a gradually enlarging dot on the horizon, John Best paced ceaselessly. Suddenly he stopped, his head went erect, and standing with his hands on the rail forward, he listened.

THE captain, leaning over above, was conversing with the minister below, and he was saying that fifteen years ago that very day—September 10th—he had as a passenger to Wilkie, a young islander named Bill Wurst, who was on his way to serve fifteen years in the penitentiary for murder.

"I knew this lad Wurst," said the skipper—"Ever since he was so high, and although he was what you might call wild, yet his pranks never did anybody any harm. You know, Mr. Owens, I often think that the law makes mistakes. I'm not a lawyer and therefore don't know much about the matter, but it strikes me that men are often sent to gaol without having been given a show. In the case of Bill Wurst it was circumstantial evidence only.

"Now, as I was saying—I knew this boy ever since he was a little kid. His parents were poor, but highly respected. His father, old Herman, carried mail backwards and forwards to this boat for many, many years. The boy's mother was a lady. Had she been rich, she could have taken her place—and been fitted, too—for any kind of society.

"Well, one morning the body of John Stanton, an old fisherman, was found in a row-boat off the West Side, and Bill Wurst, having been the last one seen with the old man, was arrested, tried and convicted. Circumstantial evidence—every word of it! The boy pleaded and pleaded: but there was no use—they sentenced him to fifteen years close confinement. And think of it, he was a man of but twenty-six.

"Shackled in that cabin down there he was when I went in to see him. A constable sat on each side of him.

" 'Bill, my boy,' I said. 'I'm sorry to see you in this shape. Tell me as man to man, did you do it ?'

"The tall fellow arose to his feet and his lips trembled—'Skipper,' he began—'I've known you ever since I was a little fellow in dresses. You have always been like a father to me, and I could not tell you a lie. Before God, I protest my innocence. I know nothing of Stanton's death. But Frank Law knows—Frank Law knows.' Those were his very words—'Frank Law knows.' Frank was the son of Judge Law and a wild harum-scarum rowdie.

" 'Then why are you here ? Could you not prove your innocence ?'

"Bill Wurst's head sank on his breast and his eyes stared at the floor—'Skipper, it's hell to be poor. With money, I could have fought them—with money, I could have had a good lawyer—as it was—' he threw out his arms in utter helplessness and sank to his seat.

"Fifteen years ago to-day it was, Mr. Owens, and no man on the island has ever heard of the boy since."

"A very strange story," commented John Best, taking a part in the conversation— "And I hope you will pardon me for passing an opinion. Tell me, how did this young man's parents take this terrible event in the life of their son ? They loved him did

"Should I have done it, should I have done it ?" he kept asking himself

they not? Are they still living?"

"The father died nine years ago," the skipper told him—"He was broken-hearted and his mind was gone. The mother still lives—a finer old body God Almighty never gave breath to. You will see her cottage, stranger, south of the hotel, and if you pass there at night, you will notice a light burning in her window. That light has been there for fifteen years—for the old body believes that her boy will come back again."

THEY were crossing the northern channel taken by the lake steamers and the skipper returned to the wheel. John Best went to the prow of the boat, the engines chugged, and the approaching island rapidly assumed shape.

"A stranger to these parts?" asked the clergyman, appearing suddenly alongside.

"I'm from the west," answered John Best evasively, in a husky voice.

"You'll find something worth while here," the minister said pointing to the island. "To my mind, Silver Island is the land mentioned in the Holy Word as 'flowing with milk and honey.' Situated as we are in the same parallel of latitude as sunny Italy, we can grow grapes, melons, tobacco—most anything. A splenid climate, fine people and contentment." Mr. Owens looked over the side of the boat and watched "the bone in the teeth" of the *Marie*, then he turned to John Best.

"By the way, are you a member of any particular church?"

"A Methodist," answered John Best, quietly—"At least, I suppose I am, for my parents were both members—"

"Parents living?"

"Mother is—father is dead."

"Going to stay long on the island?"

"It all depends—if I find business good, I may settle there—"

"And what might your business be?"

The big man smiled genially at his interrogator.

"Real estate," he replied.

Nearer and nearer they drew to the island, finally the wheel ceased to turn, then the engines reversed, and the *Marie* slowly and quietly entered a channel and swung alongside the dock.

For a minute John Best stood and looked up the quay to shore, then he walked into the cabin, picked up his grips, gave some instructions about his trunks, and left the boat.

Stared at and commented on by the groups collected to see the boat come in, he strode briskly up the walk and coming to a road, he went south, passed a hall, a couple of houses, a post office and general store, then he turned to the left, struck up a gravelled drive, climbed the steps and entered the waiting room of the Aquatic Inn.

The proprietor—a small man, with a very red face—took his baggage, handed him the register to sign, they conversed and then went to the bar.

"And I may be here for some time," John Best concluded, buying a cigar, "Providing of course, the people use me right."

"The people here are all right," the proprietor declared, walking to the till and dropping the money into it with a jingle—"You'll find Silver Island folks a decent lot, but devilish hard on the man who breaks the law. Now, I've had by troubles lately, and I don't mind telling you, for I know a straight man when I see one. They put detectives in here to see if they could catch me selling after hours, and——"

In the hall near-by, the dinner-bell rang, and when the sound died away, the landlord advised his guest that "the washroom is at the end of the hall. Step this way, Please."

Suddenly he stopped, and standing with his hands on the rail forward he listened

II.

SILVER Island ,with its light-houses on the north and south points, was a foot-shaped body of land, four miles across at its narrowest part and nine miles from heel to toe. Its population was in the neighborhood of seven hundred people, having their own

municipal council (consisting of a Reeve and four councillors), a "town" hall, a small brick-lock-up, and a steamship line of one boat—The *Marie*. Three post offices—North Side, East Side and West Side—distributed and collected mail at the postmaster general's pleasure. On the West Side, the dock, hall, and most important of the business-places were located.

Divided into three wards, the island had a school and a church in each division.

The islanders lived principally by farming, fruit and tobacco growing, and fishing. Time was when they had worked in the quarries on the North Side, but the demand for building stone fell off, the contractors and their ships came to the island no more and the quarries were closed and the machinery dropped to pieces through disuse and rust.

Then the islanders went more into tobacco and grape culture and at their leisure watched the gathering armada of "sand-suckers" at work off the south point.

The island was rocky at the north, sandy at the south, and in the centre—or, as termed locally, "middle-ground"—a bog.

While the island had its allurements in summer, when tourists came and visited its large vineyards, or passed a pleasant afternoon driving on its splendid roads; in winter, communication with the mainland was impossible, save occasionally when someone made the trip to shore on an ice-boat. These were rare occasions, though, and he was indeed fortunate who made the round trip without mishap.

But to return to John Best.

That afternoon he rambled along the road towards middle-ground. Arriving there he spent a long time in deep study. Before him lay an expanse, four miles wide, and at least three miles deep. Here and there amid the rank growth of marsh hay and weeds were ponds dotted with ends of sunken logs—breeding places for flies, mosquitoes and reptiles. Turtles slipped from the logs as he approached, and an ominous rattle in the weeds near the road cautioned him that there was danger ahead. For the island was noted for its deadly rattlers, the poisonous copper-heads, and the numerous, but harmless, water snakes.

WITH the eye of the promoter, John Best gazed on this waste land. Irrigation he knew from the ground up, but the reclamation of this strip of country would mean work of another kind. With water all around, how could this territory—it being lower than the shore line—be drained? He stood for a long time in deepest thought, then a smile crossed his face. He had an idea. Supposing a canal was dug across the island and a pump was installed to pump the drainage from the canal into the lake. He began to laugh—the thing was shaping itself. Why stop at one canal? Why stop at one engine? It was big business—it would take a lot of money—and yet—and yet—it was feasible. Feasible? Why the thing was simple and simply had to be done. Before he turned away, John Best had made notes on the project, and had planned a scheme that looked as good on paper as it was possible to look. The only thing lacking was the money. "And yet," he muttered, "That may come just when I am ready for it. Then Silver Island will be a veritable Garden of Eden."

Jubilant in spirit, he started down the road, searching the trees as he went. Finally he stopped, crossed the road, and reaching up his hand, followed with his fingers a mark that had been cut in the bark many, many years before. It appeared above his head and was almost grown over.

His
B. W.
Mark

"Bill Wurst—His Mark—" He said aloud—"Years and years ago—a million years it seems—" He pulled out his knife and cut the initials "J.B." below. "A million years is a long—long—time."

He returned to the hotel late for supper and ate heartily. The Aquatic Inn was noted for its bountiful food, and John Best enjoyed his meal immensely.

After supper he sat on the balcony with his feet on the railing and watched the lights in a foreign country, nine miles south of the island. Then the shadows deepened, the stars appeared, so he got up and went down the south road, his heart beating madly and a sickening feeling at the pit of his stomach.

He stopped in front of a small cottage facing the road—its old chimney silhouetted against the sky. In a window a light was burning. The small gate stood open, so slipping inside, he crossed the lawn and flattened himself against the wall.

The gray-haired little woman sat by the table, her knitting needles in her hands

Presently the air filled with millions of fish-flies driven in from the lake by a warm south breeze and he watched them as they drifted against the window like snow fanned by a blizzard. After a while the flies died out, the air cleared and John Best advanced along the wall, raised himself and looked inside.

He saw a gray-haired, little woman, sitting by the table, knitting needles in her hands, and lying before her a large print copy of the Bible. From where he stood he could see clearly that the book was open at "The Parable of the Prodigal Son."

Suddenly the woman raised her face, their eyes met for a fraction of a second, and as John Best popped out of sight, he heard a faint shriek.

Trembling nervously he ran into the shadows of some trees, the door opened and he saw her, with a startled expression on her face, peering into the night. Then she turned, closed the door, and he stumbled to the road and hastened to the hotel.

He went to his room and sat down in the darkness, his head in his hands, and a tempest in his brain. Then he arose and went to the window.

"Should I have done it—should I have done it?" he kept asking himself—"Would any other man resist the temptation—after—fifteen years? God only knows—God only knows——"

A rap on the door disturbed his reverie, and the landlord handed him a lamp.

"I forgot to place one in your room," he said, apologetically.

"I never thought of it," returned John Best, rubbing his eyes. Then as the host turned to go down the stairs—"Do you know of a building that would make a good office?"

The hotel man scratched his head.

"There is no building that I know of. But why not rent the front upstairs rooms in the hall. Reeve Simpson has the leasing of the building—I'll show you in the morning where he lives."

III.

UP with the birds next morning, before seven John Best had routed the reeve out of bed, had visited the hall and leased the rooms. It was a splendid location, with a good view of the dock, the road and the lake.

Discovering that there was no furniture store on the island and not wishing to be delayed by having to go to Wilkie, the new-comer was forced to provided office furniture the best way he could. He gathered a chair here and a chair there, he got a desk from the

Continued on page 245.

Gold Mining on the Rand

By J. Wilbur Read

Illustrated from Photographs

THERE was a time, not so long ago, when the United States led in the production of gold. That day is a thing of the past, as it has been for some years.

In 1910 another U. S. A. was formed by the federaton of the British colonies of South Africa,—Cape Colony, Natal, The Orange River Colony and the Transvaal,—under the name of United South Africa. To-day the Transvaal leads in the production of the precious metal, and the new U. S. A. now holds the record that formerly belonged to the Yankees.

For some years since the Boer war the Witwatersrand Gold Field has produced fifteen million dollars worth of gold bullion every month, or approximately one hundred and twelve tons weight of the metal that was the most valuable of all until the development of the electrical industry caused platinum, which is much scarcer, to soar away above it in price.

Gold was discovered on the Rand in 1886. At that time Kimberly was the nearest railway station. It lies three hundred and nine miles southwest of Johannesburg, the center of the Rand, and supplies of all kinds were transported by ox wagon from the diamond producing center of the world to what was to become the gold producing center. Transport cost ernomous sums in those days, but the capitalist had confidence in the newly discovered gold field, and the price was paid without a murmur. The arrival of the railway at Johannesburg put the ox wagon out of business as a medium of transport.

The "Reef," as the gold bearing ground is termed, is four thousand five hundred feet above sea level where it crops out on the surface, and as yet nobody knows how far below sea level it extends. In several of the mines stoping is now being done over a mile below grass roots, and as shaft sinking is constantly progressing much greater depths will be attained. There appears to be no limit to the depth at which the ore can be obtained, but naturally the time will come when the working costs will become so great, as the result of the long haul to the surface, that the mines will be compelled to close down. This is largely due to the fact that the ore is of a very low grade,—so low, in fact, that if it was refractory it would be impossible to work it at a profit. But the ore is "free milling," there being no other metal mixed with it, hence there is no necessity for smelting it as is the case with refractory ores that carry several metals in a conglomerate mass. Smelting is expensive, whereas the cost of extracting gold from free milling ore is comparatively low.

FOR fifty miles one can travel along the Reef and never step off of ground that is being worked for gold. From the surface, to over a mile below grass roots, men are busy, night and day, breaking ground to be crushed in the batteries, where the metal is recovered.

The Rand is not a poor man's gold field. The ore is so low grade that enormous sums must be expended before any returns on the investment can be realized. Capital is sure of its returns, however, as the "reef," or strata, of which there are two, runs fairly uniform in value, and never "pinches out" as the vein often does in a mine where the ore is refractory.

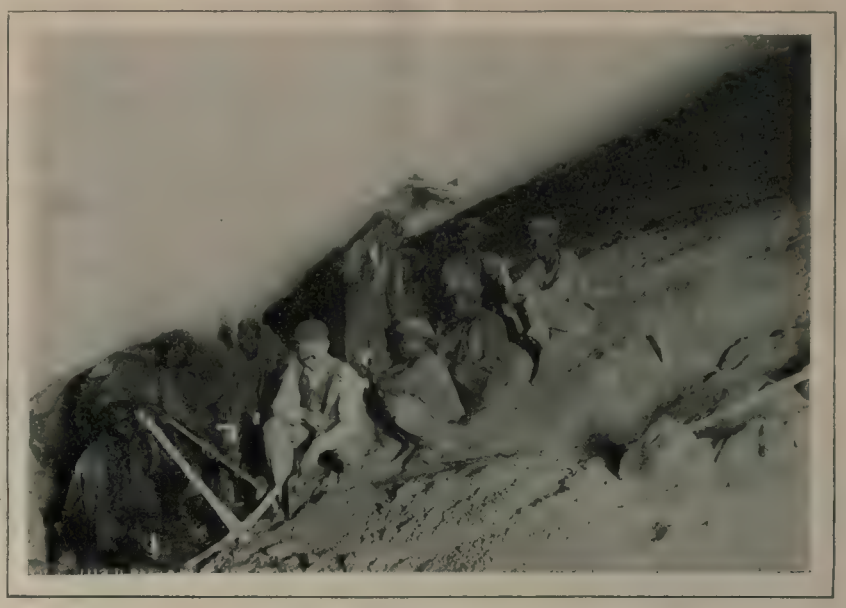
The two reefs, known as the "Main" and the "South," lie close together, the distance that separates them varying from fifty to three hundred feet, hence both can be worked from the same shaft. The reef varies in thickness from a foot, to forty feet in a few places, but is usually about three feet thick. As it is a fixed quantity, the element of chance, inseparable from mining where the ore lies in a fissure vein, is absent. In placer mining there is also the chance that the supply of ground will soon become exhausted, for the sand carrying the gold has always been deposited by a convulsion of nature that scattered it in certain places. The reef is inexhaustible, however, and appears to go to the center of the earth itself.

When the first mines were opened up on the Rand, shafts were sunk following the dip of the reef, which inclines to the south. Around Randfontein at the western end of the reef, thirty miles from Johannesburg, the gold bearing strata are practically vertical, but in most places the incline is such that the workers can walk up and down the stopes without the aid of ropes or ladders which are necessary where it is steep. This series of mines, that follow the reef from the surface, are known as the "Outcrops," the name coming from the fact that they are worked from the point where the ore crops out on the surface.

After work had progressed for some years and the presence of an immense body of ore was demonstrated beyond a doubt, another series of mines was laid out south of the outcrops. Vertical shafts were sunk, until the reef was struck, and not until that was accomplished did the production of ore begin. These shafts, on the "deep levels," are usually about two thousand feet deep. At the bottom of the vertical shaft a chamber is cut in which an engine, worked by electricity, is installed to do the hauling in the incline shaft that follows the dip of the reef. In the deep levels the mining is all done from the incline shaft, the vertical shaft being merely a means of approach to it.

When the Boer war broke out in 1899 a third series of mines, south of the "deep levels" was in process of development. This is known as the "deep deeps," the vertical shafts on them being about four thousand feet deep. "Catlin shaft" on the Jupitor Gold Mine, eight miles east of Johannesburg, is four thousand two hundred and fifty five feet deep, it being the deepest shaft in the world on a gold mine.

WORK on the "deep deeps" is handled as on the deep levels, the incline shaft starting at the bottom of the vertical. All of the shafts on the deep levels, with the exception of a few of those that were sunk first, contain four compartments, or haulage ways. When the "deep deeps" were sunk the long haul made it necessary to provide even more room, the result being that the newer shafts have six, and in a few cases eight, compartments. Two compartments are devoted to hauling the men, and they contain cages with three decks. The other compartments are used for hauling ore. One revolution of the drums on the hauling engine operates two cages, or skips, as the car is termed that carries ore. While one cage is descending the shaft the other is being hauled to the surface.



A stope on the Walhuter Gold Mine

At the top of the vertical shaft stands the "banksman," who attends to loading men and supplies to go below. He closes the door when the cage is loaded, signals the engine room, the engineer, or "driver," as he is termed, waits thirty seconds as the law directs, starts the engine and the cage descends the shaft. At the bottom of the shaft is another man, known as the "onsetter," who attends to loading the cage underground, his duties being identical with those of the "banksman."

A man known as the "skipman" takes the place of both banksman and onsetter in the incline shafts, this being true of those that start under-ground as well of those that begin at the surface. He rides up and down in the skip, and attends to the work at both ends of the shaft.

Prospecting on both the deep levels and the deep deeps is done with a diamond drill. These drills are not owned by the mines, as they are used so seldom that it pays better to let the contract for the work to men who specialize in it. The drill is rigged up and the work is done by boring a hole into the earth. Sections of steel pipe are joined together as the work progresses, the bottom section, or bit, cutting the rock with carbons, or black diamonds, that are set in it. As the pipe is sunk into the earth it encloses a core, or vertical section of the ground. This is raised to the surface where it shows each strata of rock through which the drill passes. Upon striking the reef there is great rejoicing among the stockholders and a consequent advance in the price of shares in the property under development. Many times the Johannesburg stock exchange has gone wild and prices have soared skyward when the driller has struck the reef.

Work now begins in earnest, and preparations are made to handle it to the best advantage. When it gets to producing ore each mine becomes in itself a small village. Between fifteen hundred and three thousand Kaffirs are employed. They are recruited "up country" and signed up for six months. They are housed in a compound, provided with rooms to sleep in. The mine also feeds them, and provides medical attendance, having a hospital where they are cared for when sick or injured by accident. These "boys," do the manual labor and are paid wages varying between thirty seven cents and seventy-five cents a day, their rate of pay depending upon the nature of the work they do. Their food consists of "mealie pap," or corn meal mush, which is supplied daily. Meat is furnished twice a week.

All skilled labor is done by white men, the kaffir being merely a semi-civilized savage. Ultimately he may become civilized. There are tribes in Central Africa, members of which are employed on some of the mines, that actually know no more than an intelligent horse or dog.

On each mine there are a number of buildings, among which are the office,

surveyor's office and drawing room, compressor house, engine rooms, boiler houses, machine shop, carpenter shop, drill shop, assay office, crusher house, battery, cyanide tanks, extractor house, boarding house, single men's quarters and houses for the married men. At the top of each shaft (the law requires two on every mine), there is a head gear, or frame work of wood or steel, that enables the cages and skips to be hauled above the surface.

SHAFT sinking begins when the reef is struck, and the various buildings are erected as the work progresses, the battery, cyanide tanks and extractor house coming last as they are unnecessary until the mine begins producing ore.

When the shaft strikes the reef development work begins in earnest. Drives, or tunnels, are run from each side of the shaft through the ore body. Driving is done from both shafts simultaneously, two approaching each other and meeting, while the other two run to the boundary of the mine where they stop, although many are ultimately connected with the next property.

A chamber is cut at the bottom of the vertical shaft where the incline shaft begins. A hauling engine is erected in this chamber to operate the skips in the incline which follows the reef downwards. At distances varying between a hundred and fifty and two hundred and fifty feet apart other drives are run from the incline, the one at the bottom of the vertical being known as the first level. The next below is the second level, each level corresponding to the stories in a building, being known by its numeral.

Shaft sinking on the Village Deep Gold Mine

A head gear on the New Gold Mine

Battery Interior, Walhuter Gold Mine

The average life of the Rand miner is three years and eleven months. This is not due to accidents, of which there are few, but to the fact that they contract "miner's phthisis," a disease for which no cure is known. The dust settles on the lungs, becomes imbedded in the tissue, and the sufferer usually dies of hemorrhage. A section of the lung of a man who has died from this disease looks like a slab of cement when viewed through a microscope.

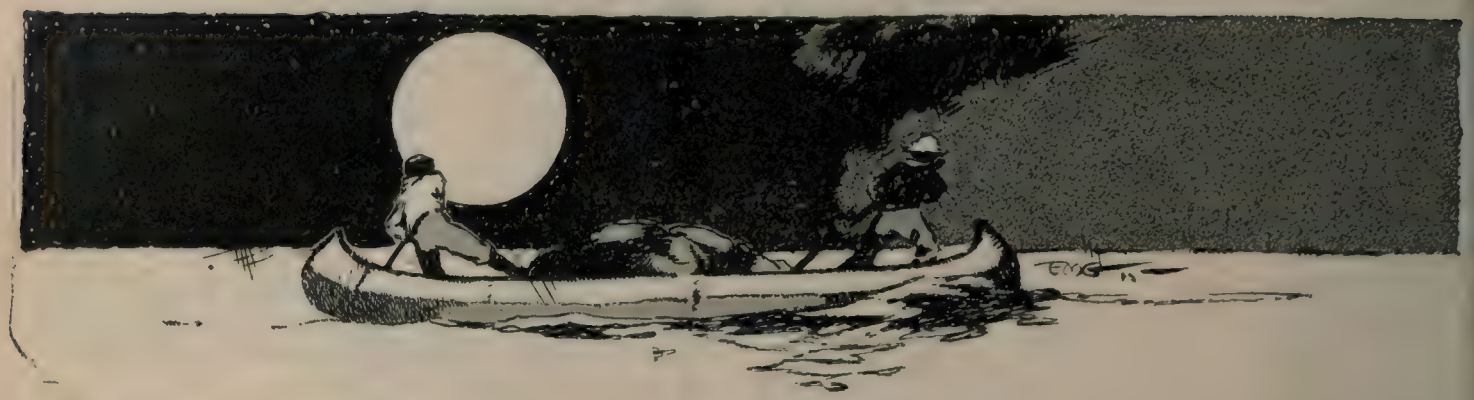
Development work—driving, shaft sinking, raising and sinking winzes,—is the most deadly as the conditions under which it has to be done make proper ventilation impossible. This being the case the developer is forced to breathe more dust than the stoper, who is able to secure cleaner air. It is the developers who make the most money, however, hence men are always anxious to secure this work, although a few will not do it. The work is done by contract, the developer being paid by the foot for the ground he breaks, and the stoper by the fathom. Formerly this practice was universal, but today many miners are paid a stated sum per day, the result being a smaller check when pay day comes around. Shortly after the war a shaft sinker on the Village Deep Gold Mine showed the writer the check he had received for his month's work. It called for $1,765.37 and was the biggest ever

Continued on page 249.

The Son of the Otter

By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

The sun gradually lingered in the sky, sending forth warmer rays, and the bears began to come out of their holes, still very fat, and in a few days became thin and gaunt owing to hard searching for food that was yet very scanty. The hunters trapped seven of them at this time.

They had also accumulated good packs of other fur, for the winter had been a prosperous one, in spite of fierce cold and heavy snows. They buried the mother of Mititesh, and as soon as the river began to clear they greased the stove and all the traps and hung up the wire snares in bundles. Then they gummed the canoes carefully with spruce gum melted in a tin can, to which they added fat so that the gum would not crack, until the tiniest hole or split in the bark was well covered over.

At last came the time of leaving and Paul sang all day long, while hard at work. With the long days and the warmer weather, and in spite of the rising clouds of mosquitoes and black flies, there was a cheeriness in the mere feeling of being alive that was like being born anew. At last, very early one morning, they entered the canoes which were now very lightly laden and would always travel with the currents. The little river was swollen with the last of the snows that were melting on the high hills, and they had to be very careful of upstanding rock-ends and snags, often holding back the canoes hard with poles or paddles. It took them only until noon to reach Jean Caron's old camp. His canoe was very old and they decided that it was not worth taking away, since it would have also been a hindrance. Hence they merely said some long prayers before leaving in earnest for the long journey to the south, that would take but a few days. Ahteck held his canoe close to the bank while Mititesh knelt in the bow with a fine new paddle, made just as high as herself. Ahteck had fashioned it for her of spruce, with his *couteau croche*, the crooked knife with which the men of the wilds are able to accomplish wonderful things.

The men took off their caps, made the sign of the cross and paddled away down stream, the canoes gliding fast over the heavy flood. But when they reached the first lake Aleck, instead of going to the outlet and traveling down the river, that is frightfully rough in high waters, they made a portage over some high hills and down to the Riviére Brulée.

Then the road lay through a series of small lakes abounding in pike into the Wassiemska River and finally reached the great Peribonca, near the narrow entrance into Lake Tschotagama. Portaging over many stupendous falls, less than two days more saw them at the mouth of the river, where they chanced to find a small stern-wheeled steamer that was getting ready to start across the great lake for Roberval. As the wind was high on the lake they decided to take it. Putting their canoes on deck, after piling their bales and packs in the stern, they were soon tossing on the waves of Piakuamits, the Shallow Lake, as the Indians used to call Lac St. Jean.

They were still a good many miles away when they began to distinguish Pointe Bleue. Then, in the bright sunlight, amid the tender greens of pastures and the browns of recently ploughed fields, appeared the little houses and the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company and of Revillon. Above these was uplifted the spire of the little church of the Oblate Fathers, missionaries who have for many years labored among the Indians of the North. Upon the shore there is no dock, for the beach is rough and steep and badly exposed in stormy weather. When the little steamer arrived within a hundred yards of it the engine stopped and backed a turn or two, and the men put their canoes overboard, piling in the heavy fur packs. They got in, very carefully, and Mititesh followed. It was ever so interesting and pleasant to look at the shore. After the long winter it was like getting to a new country. The poplars and the birches, in soft greens, seemed to wave a welcome in the breeze. In some far-away burnt places the fire-weed threw a warm and gladdening touch upon the land. The cows, the few horses attached to rickety buggies and carts, the people stirring on the shore, all gave an impression of a life easier and more kindly. It was wonderfully beautiful.

Upon the beach there was a small crowd, because some one had noticed that the steamer, instead of making straight for Roberval, was coming to Point Bleue. This could only mean that hunters were returning. Men were looking for friends, women were awaiting their men, and no one ever knew whom the boat might bring. At any rate it was an arrival from the distant hunting grounds, with furs to be inspected and commented on, new tales to be told that would only be variants from those they had been brought up on, and yet must always be absorbingly interesting.

Paul and Ahteck paddled very carefully for the waves were rather high for the canoes, and there was no little danger of capsizing. The little steam-

er's bell jingled, its whistle emitted a thin white cloud, in salute, and it departed along the shore towards the dock at Roberval.

They landed safely, with the help of some men who stepped into the water to steady the canoes, which were at once unloaded and carried up on the stony beach and left there, bottom up. It was good indeed to get back after the long winter. Ahteck saw his mother, who was running towards him, and the two children galloping madly ahead of her and shrieking, "*L'Oncle Caribou, L'Oncle Caribou* !"

Paul also had a sister to greet him, and his old mother. Dear me ! But it was a great reunion ! The children insisted upon being lifted up and kissed, a procedure that usually filled most of the bystanders with astonishment, for it is a custom that is being but slowly adopted by the Indians.

Then, for a moment, little Mititesh felt very lonely. There were no people hurrying down to meet her. The two men who had been so kind to her were being appropriated and made much of by others. She felt that she was like one of those old canoes stranded on the beach and beyond repair, a thing of no interest to any one. The two children who had leaped to Ahteck's arms had taken him away from her. There would be no more long journeys with him through the forests, no campfires in the snowy wastes, under the shelter of great rocks or upstanding timber with branches all glistening with ice and snow. The end of those wonderful days had come.

The woman Uapukun was looking at her big son. He had put his hand on her shoulder, tenderly, but had given no other token of the great love they bore each other. The woman kept on gazing, studying him, seeking to discover whether on his face she could find any change in his spirit. But she realized that he was still under the spell—was still bending under a load tremendously great even for his massive shoulders.

Then the man stepped over to where little Mititesh was waiting, looking very wistful and sad.

"This is the daughter of Jean Caron," he said, gently pushing the child forward. "Her people have died in the big woods. They were very good to me some years ago, when I first came here. We buried them both and put up crosses. I said I would care for this child, that the man might die in peace. She will live with us."

The kind-hearted woman greeted the child pleasantly. In that land it took but very few words to explain tragedies, for they are so common. Since her son wished it she would be only too glad to take another child to her heart. Ahteck had spoken; he was the man

Synopsis

Peter McLeod is appointed agent for the Hudson Bay Company at Grand Lac to succeed the inebriate Jim Barry, recently deceased. Upon his arrival at the Post Peter finds stores depleted and accounts unkept. He tries to restore order and accidentally discharges an old pistol which wounds him in the leg. The various remedies applied by the Indians result in blood poisoning and he is near to death. Uapukun, a lovely young Indian girl, nurses him back to health and is rewarded with his love. She had been a servant for Barry's wife, during that unfortunate woman's lifetime, and her knowledge of affairs at the Post is a great aid to Peter in straightening out the financial chaos. She tells him that the brighteyed youngster Ahteck, always at her side, is her brother; both presently become essential to McLeod's happiness and he marries her. One evil day, when he is away on a week's hunting trip a band of Nascaupees arrive and their spokesman reveals himself to Uapukun as the avenging husband who has sought out her hiding place. She can purchase his silence only by giving him expensive stores and firearms. She refuses and he is about to strike her when Ahteck, hearing his threats, rushes upon him and fells him with a blow. He believes he has killed his father. He insists upon leaving home lest the punishment of offended deities may include those he loves, and journeys to Pointe Bleue, where he works in a sawmill and lives with the family of Jean Caron, whose little daughter, Mititesh, alone can rouse him from his gloom. He goes on trapping expeditions with Caron's friend, Paul Barrotte, and finally abandons his work at the sawmill for this newer occupation.

Upon the death of Peter McLeod, Uapukun seeks out Ahteck, overcomes his scruples, and, with the snug sum which Peter has left her, makes a comfortable home for Ahteck and the two children. With the coming of winter, Ahteck and Paul Barrotte start on their hunting trip to the North. Hither comes Jean Caron for help. His home has been burned, his wife and daughter, Mititesh, face starvation His feeble strength fails him within sight of the shack and, with one despairing cry, he falls unconscious. Ahteck and Paul hear his appeal and quickly bear him to the shack. Ahteck goes at once to Caron's camp, where he finds Mititesh, half starved, mourning over the body of her mother. Ahteck places the body in a tree to await burial in the spring, and returns with Mititesh to his own camp. Ahteck takes up her father's line of traps for Mititesh and finds a valuable black fox. Upon their return from the North this pelt is sold for enough to pay all of her father's debt at the Company's store and leave her more than a thousand dollars in the bank. Ahteck refuses to take Mititesh back to the North country the following years, but insists she attend school. Here she rapidly develops into a beautiful maiden but never loses the idea that she has promised to be Ahteck's woman. The big trapper, fearing his love would bring disaster, fights against an avowal of his love and even tells his mother that he does not love Mititesh, which denial the maiden unavoidably hears.

of the family, and she would never have thought of discussing the slightest of his desires. It was not only her love she would give for his sake, since she would have lain down her life at his bidding, with happiness in her eyes, if this could have served to lessen his pain. She took the girl's hand in her own, affectionately, and bade her welcome, whereupon Mititesh smiled again and, there and then, began to worship her.

"Pierre, Lucie!" called Uapukun, "this child is Mititesh, whom you know, and from now on she is to be for both of you like another sister."

The children came forth, bashfully at first, and shook hands, looking curiously at her. But they made friends very soon, impressed by the pleasantness of her voice and the gentleness of her manner. They wanted to take her away immediately to see a couple of bear cubs that had been brought in by an Indian, a week or two before, but they could not prevail on her, for there was still some work to do.

Uapukun had brought with her a tump-line and took a fair load upon her shoulders, though her son protested, for her soul longed to share his burdens and make them smaller. The men walked behind her, staggering under great packs, and Mititesh also carried something, while the younger children ran on ahead, bearing the two guns, that were higher than themselves. Other women who had come down to witness the arrival went slowly home, envious, to wait longer for their men.

It was extraordinary to see a road again, and houses and fields. When they neared their own they could see the old cow peacefully munching the grass close to the fence, while a leggy calf stood by. A litter of curly-tailed piglets were scampering in the yard; some geese came forward, with necks extended, truculent as usual; a hen was scratching for her chicks. It was all ever so marvelous.

They entered the little house, that was exceedingly neat and clean, for the wife of Peter McLeod had learnt the best ways of the white women. She put down her pack upon one of the wooden benches and turned to the others, standing up and speaking in a manner that had some dignity.

"*Statomiskatinou*, a welcome to thee Ahteck, who art safely returned, and to thy friend Paul. A welcome also to child Mititesh. This house is gladdened at the sight of you all. May the blessing of God be upon us!"

They all crossed themselves, devoutly, and Paul took leave of them to return to his mother's house, that was farther down the road. There was a little feast with many good things to eat, and then friends came in, to find out whether the hunting had been good, and cried in amazement at the pelt of the black fox, the news of which they afterwards scattered far and wide. It was late before they all went to bed, so that the children, who had utterly refused to leave the room, began to nod and were finally borne away by their mother. Before retiring, however, Uapukun remained alone for a time with her tall son, a moment she had been longing for. They sat together, in the doorway, where the night breeze was blowing soft and laden with scents from the flowers on the hillsides. A slender crescent of moon showed in the sky, and tiny clouds scurried across it, so filmy that they never quite concealed it. A woman, belated in visiting a sick neighbor, passed along the road and saw the two, dimly, so that she wondered what pair of lovers there might be in that house, for they were hand in hand, very near one another. It was a joy and happiness for them. To the woman it was like a reprieve from some harsh sentence, for the one great terror of her life was that the curse they both believed in might overtake her son when he was far away, so that she would never see him again.

But now he was with her once more, her first man-child, the great sturdy son whose heart was yet as that of a little one, though his courage, like his body, was that of a giant. For the time being it seemed to them as if all dread spirits of evil were being swept away by the same wind that carried off the clouds, and as if *Tshishe Manitou*, the good spirit, was now swaying the whole world.

When they finally rose the woman kissed her tall son, tenderly, and once in her room, where the two younger children also slept, she knelt for a long time by her bed before her lips touched the poor little ring that had been Peter McLeod's. With all her heart she had given thanks that Ahteck was still with her.

CHAPTER XVI,

THE SALE OF THE BLACK FOX

In the morning, of course, every one rose quite late. The attractiveness of a real bed to people who have slept on the ground, and on hard bunks, for many months, is rather hard to describe, although at first sleep does not come very easily in such unwonted luxury. The two children began by filling the little house with the noise of their laughter. They caught up the hands of Mititesh and scurried away with her, to show her many treasures. There was a bark canoe at least two feet long, and a rag doll, and the skin of a weasel captured by the boy during a raid on the chicken coop, and a Canada jay in a cage made of sticks, who shrieked all day long and would take a bit of meat from one's fingers. Besides all this there was the cow and her calf, and the chickens, and five geese led by an impudent gander who always appeared to have a chip on his shoulder.

People began to troop in the road in front of the house, for there was great excitement that day in Pointe Bleue on account of the black fox. Old decrepit men long past their days of hunting came to see it, and touched it most carefully. One or two of these ancients spoke of having seen others just as fine, but the young folk scoffed and declared it was impossible.

It was really a quite long procession, that marched down to the Hudson's Bay Company's Post, and the agent opened his eyes when the skin was placed on the counter. He did his very best, without much success, to conceal his admiration, speaking slowly with a show of great candor.

"It is a very fair pelt," he declared. "Yes, a very nice pelt indeed. It is worth a good price and of course I will pay well. Oh! Ahteck, thou are the lucky man! It is fortunate, with a trapper of thy sort there will be little haggling. We both know the worth of fur. I will give five hundred dollars and, to boot, a new rifle that shoots many times, stronger than thy old 44, a rifle that drops a bull moose in his tracks when it is aimed by a hunter such as thou."

He expected a long conversation, but Ahteck quietly picked up the skin.

"It belongs to Jean Caron's daughter," he said, "for it was taken on her father's line. I must show it everywhere and get the best price for her. It may be that I will come back, but I must see others."

The agent did not worry much, for he knew that it would be a long time before the pelt could be bought and was glad of an opportunity to communicate with headquarters.

At the French company the process was repeated. The agent at once offered fifty dollars more.

"It is a good price, *monsieur*," said the man, a polite little *Frenchman from France*, as he was called to distinguish him from the *habitants*, "but now I will tell you. You are known to all as a good trapper, a man who takes no debt and always brings good fur. I want a man like you always to deal with our house. I will say at once five hundred and seventy-five dollars. Think how great a lot of money that is. Enough for a nice new house, or for horses and cows. Think of all that may be bought for that!"

His arms opened widely, as if seeking to embrace a vast bulk of things in order to show the inexhaustible purchasing power of such a sum.

But Ahteck only nodded quietly, and with a calmness that was exasper-

ating to the Frenchman, repeated that there was no hurry, and that he would wait before deciding.

"One instant ! Just one last word !" exclaimed the agent. "I know that my house will blame me for paying such a price. Never will I obtain forgiveness from them. They will tell me I am as a child that does not know how to buy. But I want you to deal with me, and now I say six hundred dollars, all in money. By no means in trade. Here it is, all cash, fine new bills, look at them—just give one look ! It is enormous !"

With the speed and deftness of a conjuror he had opened his cash drawer and was covering the wide counter with bills—ones and twos and fives and tens, till an immense space was taken up and the crowd stood around, fascinated by all the huge wealth spread out before them.

But Ahteck, towering above the others, stood quite unmoved. Had he not for some years helped with the trading at Grand Lac ? Did he not know all the arts and wiles employed in dealing with the Indians for their fur.

"There is no hurry," he repeated. "Maybe I will come back again."

He left the place, quietly, with the interested crowd at his heels, while the agent rapidly picked up his money and locked it in the drawer before running over to the telephone to obtain the telegraph office at Roberval and send an inquiry to New York. He knew that at Revillon's, that year, good medium black foxes were quoted at about two thousand dollars, and that this was such an exceptional pelt that it would retail for much more.

In the meanwhile the Hudson's Bay agent was speeding toward the same office in his buggy, to wire at headquarters for instructions. He knew Ahteck of old and was aware that, in the end, only a big price would get that pelt.

The news, of course, had already spread very wide. People as far as Chambord, and perhaps Chicoutimi, had heard of the black fox. At the Hotel Commercial in Roberval a couple of fur buyers from New York and Chicago heard about it as they stepped into the bar to buy some cigars. They did not wait for the end of the long tale the bartender was ready to narrate but rushed out in the road. One of them, a long, lathy chap, beat his competitor by a couple of yards in the race. Their goal was a rickety buggy harnessed to a despondent horse attended by a half-breed *charretier*.

"Give me a show too, old man !" panted his stouter rival.

"Not much," exclaimed the winner. "To Pointe Bleue, my man, and hammer that old plug of yours."

Mititesh soon became as one of the family, helping Uapukun with the house work

The driver only understood the name of his destination and started with local leisure, until his excited fare shook him, yelling "*Vite, vite* !"

But a moment later another buggy arrived on the scene, with a horse that seemed rather faster, and the fat man annexed it.

"Pointe Bleue !" he shouted. "Five dollars if you catch that other fellow and pass him !"

Their sporting blood was aroused. Through the long street of the peaceful village they bumped and rocked over great ruts, scaring dogs and chickens, watched with amazement by the quiet *habitants* and mightily cheered by the usual irrespressible smallboy.

But when they reached the open country the contest, if anything, grew still more exciting. There were many sharp hills up which the horses panted going down again at a gallop that menaced the wobbling wheels with destruction. But the first man held the narrow road and smartly prevented the second buggy from passing him, at least until the reservation had been reached. Here, however, the road became much wider and the rear carriage shot ahead with a whoop of triumph. But they were neck and neck when they reached Ahteck's house, where the horses halted with vacillating knees and smoking nostrils.

Jumping out they both yelled together "Where's that fox pelt ?"

Ahteck had just returned. Some of the men were still discussing the events of the morning, in front of the house. Uapukun was quietly ironing a boiled shirt for her son, for the next Sunday's mass, and little Mititesh was sewing; the other two children stood together, and gazed with staring eyes.

Ahteck looked at the two men very calmly. He hardly seemed to remember where he had placed that skin. He scratched his head very deliberately, and at last found it under some other furs.

But the buyers were shrewd fellows and had already cooled down. They were not particularly impressed, having had a long experience in dealing with Indians. They examined the pelt very carefully, and a look of indifference passed over their faces, as if they realized that they had taken a

Continued on page 249.

HEARTS AND FACES

By John Murray Gibbon

This is the changing point in the career of George Grange, Artist. This short story gives one only a brief glimpse of the hero. For his early life in Scotland, and for his further development in Paris and his life and friends in the Latin quarter, we refer you to the book, "Hearts and Faces," by John Murray Gibbon. (Published by S. B. Gundy, Toronto.)

THE sittings for the Royal Portrait were arranged so that the portrait would be in time for the Academy Exhibition. George Grange had gone through all the preliminaries except presentation to the King and that was due at the next Levee. Eight years of drudgery, of clean, hard living and now—this portrait of the King, on which his future career depended. "England's Greatest Portrait Painter" had been the ambition incessantly driving him on. He would be another Durer or another Holbein, picturing the great men of his age, who shaped the policy, the thought, the happiness of their country. To reach that end he must relax no nerve. Honor and fortune were within reach of his hand. But he must be careful. A breath of scandal would annihilate his chances.

Had not Durer intrigued for *his* King's patronage that his place in history might be secure? George followed his illustrious example without shame. His studio dinners to the Committee in charge of the Portrait were perfection in food and wine. His after dinner supply of nude sketches for their inspection, unlimited.

The half dozen stiff society men on the Committee were relieved to find George living as a man of the world, not as an ordinary, old-fashioned artist. The days of Bohemia were past. George had now a studio in Tite Street with a man to look after it, a boy in buttons at the door, and a chef to cater to his somewhat fastidious tastes. In the anteroom a dreamy haired young Frenchman played airs on the piano. This was a hint George had taken from the history of Mona Lisa and found it beneficial to the nerves of sitter and painter alike. Many of his brother artists accused him of advertising himself as "The Artist Who Paints To Music." George cared not for their criticism as long as his patronage increased.

For the same reason he had joined an exclusive sporting club and frequented useful houses at tea time in frock coat and silk hat. In gaining a fashionable clientel he used wit as well as intrigue. One lady offered to secure him sitters if he would paint her portrait free. "I will paint your portrait," he replied, "not for what you offer, but because your face is beautiful." She was woman of the world enough to disbelieve him but she was enough woman of the world to repeat his version to her friends.

Who that had known George in his unstable college days could have prophesied this chase for fame?

Nathaniel Reid had begun the change which London continued. When the big, burly Scotch artist found real instincts for art in this aimless young Aberdeen student, fast drifting into a bookworm and a recluse, he took him into the open air.

"For God's sake, *live*," Reid urged him. "Don't grovel on at yon college. Ye have two hundred pound a year—money enough to live without working for it. Ye have no mither nor family. Come with me out-o'-doors, sonny. I'll guarantee to teach you the elements o' painting. Which is it to be? King's College and slow death or the world and life? Books that'll suck the guts out of ye or life and workin' from the life that'll make a man of ye. That's yer choice—Guts or Greek. Come, burn all yer books. There's no such a book as the Book of Nature. Read that."

HAVE you ever seen a plant that is sickly and backward, however much you may water it and feed it with fertilizer? In despair you transplant it to another soil, less rich perhaps but sunnier. Leave it to look after itself. In a month you find a strong, vigorous growth with blossoms blowing and clean, healthy leaves. The deeper it has been planted, the stronger the growth. So it often is with human souls. Nathaniel uprooted George from the provincial soil that encouraged a lazy growth. He planted him deep when he forced him to go through all the drudgery of learning to paint. George grew into a new man in the soil of art.

Reid formed his ideas of life as well as art. "The lassies are fine for young chaps as want to write poetry but so far as art goes they're no damned use.

Love, whether requited or unrequited, is a disturbing, meddlesome affection and the less you see of the lassies the better for yer general health of body and peace of mind. Gosh! Don't I know! Havna I been there mysel': Ye go and get a bonny wee lass up on a platform, an' yer eyes get all fuddled up wi' a kind of glow and ye don't see a damn thing about her that ye ought to see. It's just the same in life itself. A lassie 's all right so long as she does not interfere with yer digestion. But take this from me, anything that puts a man off his porridge is better left alone. For what does it all end in? Why it ends in yer gettin' married.

"Now, sonny, d'ye think you could put in a day's solid work if ye was married? See what would happen. There's bairns, twa, three, sprawlin' about and botherin' the life out o' ye, an' the wife keeps bobbin' in an' out o' the room where ye just want quiet, sayin' 'Geordie, rin oot an' fetch half a pun o' soap, an' Geordie, what's a' that mess ye've been makin' in the kitchen sink?' an' 'Geordie, why can ye no fold yer trousers up tidy?' an' 'Geordie, where's the hammer an' the nails?' an' Geordie this an' Geordie that, till ye're driven fair daft and end by takin tae drink. . . . I maun get ye started on the right way of lookin' at things."

"Come with me out-o'-doors, sonny! Come, burn all yer books. There's no such a book as the Book of Nature. Read that"

IN the early winter Reid had cut George from his apron strings and sent him to London. He had now to go through the drudgery of learning to draw for he must learn command of form as well as mastery of color.

Though eager for friends George alienated the other students by his extreme neatness in dress. The "out at elbows" looked askance at his clean collars. And in turn, their very carelessness exasperated George into dandyism. It struck him that it was more sanitary if less artistic to differ in costume from an old clothes dealer. If he could not be friends with the men about him he could at least study their faces. He sought their company and the crowds on the London streets that he might know men and women right down to their hearts.

In all his eight years in London, George made only two friends. The first, Ravin, a French artist to whom Reid sent him, had tremendous influence on his work. In his loneliness George was acquiring a shy attitude to art. Ravin came into this young Scot's life just as a beam of sunshine on a summer morning steals through jealous shutters. One laughs and opens the window to the blessed air.

With Ravin George explored the curious foreign quarter of London and under his expert guidance learned more of human nature than in six years among the conventions.

With Ravin's favorite model, an auburn haired beauty, George frequented concerts and theatres and learned to encounter women without sucumbing to them. He saw about him other models and artist who mated; many a pretty, witty model degenerated into a wretched slut and the man submerged in poverty and drink. Sex was surging in George but some canny Scotch quality in his nature kept him virgin, valued ambition always above indulgence, halted him on the verge of any real adventure. A portrait painter must have no scandal in his life.

GEORGE owed his meteoric rise to fame to a lucky chance. A variety actress, thirsting for notoriety, claimed his "Portrait of a Wicked Woman" a libel on her character. The contentions of both parties furnished amusement to newspaper readers for a week. Crowds flocked to the New Gallery where the picture was on exhibition. Five reprints of the catalogue were necessary. Finally when the case was settled by the actress withdrawing her accusation and paying all costs, George's name was made. Sitters of all kinds flocked to him. When the insolence of some of his patrons made his head ache he consoled himself that this state of affairs would not be for long. When he should have painted the King's Portrait he could pick and choose among the sitters who sought him.

A month before he was to begin work on the Royal Portrait, Ethel came into his life again. His heart which

had been asleep so long, awoke and stirred.

One Sunday he dropped into a Roman Catholic Church to enjoy the sensuous rite of incense, of music, and of color. The service appealed to George. With half shut eyes he watched the slender flame of candles mellow against the vestments of the priests.

A sob roused him. A few seats in front of him sat a woman, richly dressed. When she turned her face he recognized her—the same delicate, tender color and crisp gold hair. He had not seen her for six years yet it seemed yesterday that he listened to her self-told tragedy, and saw the bruises on her arms. That moment of intimacy had changed her for all time to George. Henceforth she had been, not a professional model with a drunken brute of a husband but his "Lady of Dreams." She had passed out of his life as quickly as she had come and all he had of her was a letter written from Paris, returning the money he had loaned her and thanking him for the debt of kindness she could never repay.

"We have inherited quite a lot of money, Wolseley and I, and he is quite changed. Money has reformed him. He is working hard and getting on awfully well. He is a theatrical manager, quite important already. With capital one can do so much. We are quite reconciled and he is a new man."

George had seen her husband's name in the London papers lately. He was extending his theatrical business and was taking one of the London houses.

George met her eagerly when the service was at an end. She offered him her hand and gaily urged him to call. Good living evidently suited her. She had lost the old sharp look of her days as a model. Yet he hated the patronage of money and all the while she chattered to him she seemed to say, "I am well off. I can afford this beautiful gown. I can give you a good dinner. I am my own mistress. Once you could have had me for the asking. You can't win me easily now."

Ethel had too close acquaintance with her mirror not to know her physical charms. She realized the impression she made on George. His keen, intellectual face caught her fancy anew. She had heard of the name he was making for himself in portraiture. His too was a generous nature or he would not have spoken to her again so kindly. In spite of her confident air she was longing for sympathy. A horrible suspicion had haunted her for weeks that her money was in danger. A change in her relations with her husband made her think of George still more. She would not pursue him, but her smiles, her coquettish eyes gave him great encouragement for seeing her again.

THE weeks that followed were feverish ones for George. The Royal Commission came ever nearer. Yet since his encounter with Ethel his mind was more concerned with her face than that of the King. He wondered whether she ever thought of him? Did her husband really treat her well. There were nasty stories still about Wolseley Greville judging from casual inquiries George made. A man of such a past was not likely to be changed No doubt he found it policy to humor his rich wife. . . . When would George ever meet a woman he could really love? How long was he to live this lonely life?

Now that George had met Ethel again it seemed that every one was talking of her. She held a stall at a charity bazaar, assisted by a Duchess, and her photograph was in all the illustrated papers. An officer whose portrait he was painting asked if he knew pretty Mrs. Greville. Another patron, a lady, offered to arrange a sitting for her dear friend Ethel Greville who would make such a charming portrait. Other incidents constantly recalled her.

The unrest that took hold of him was far too deep for him to fathom. He wondered if he was unwell because he could not work. He was just in the mood to feel the glamour of sex. Incessant work may for a while distract the mind from petticoats but only for awhile. The mind has a frame built of flesh and blood that cannot be sustained or satisfied with work alone. It has its hours for food and its seasons for the thrill of mating.

ONE night after the theatre came the culmination of George's temptation.

He yielded to her invitation to supper after the play. "There won't be many of us. My husband is out of town. We can talk of other things than plays. Just for the sake of old—that is, just to please me."

Her appeal was made winningly. And later in her comfortable brougham that held just two, with the windows closed and her warm, perfumed body so near him, her golden hair brushing his cheek, he felt the resolutions of years slip away from him.

The supper table was laid for two only. "Such a nuisance," she explained. "The others just phoned that they could not come after all. Never mind. I have been longing for a quiet tete-a-tete with you."

At first they both felt awkward in each other's presence. Then the simple fact of propinquity smoothed down the angles. How exquisite she was in figure! George knew that if he searched through London he could not find a lovlier.

"We can help ourselves," Ethel gaily dismissed the footman. "I do hate servants. Don't you think the Bohemian way is much better. Servants listen to what one says and things get about."

Ethel chattered on vivaciously but her voice came blurred to his ears. What would his old mentor have said to this midnight supper party. "Keep clear o' the lassies," Reid's words rang in his ears. "If ye can't, make the best o' them. Fit them with yer work, don't let yer work fit them." How could any relation with Ethel ever fit into his work as a portrait painter? This was a risky game.

Now she was quoting Keats "Ode to Psyche" to show him how her lessons progressed. For as soon as she had acquired money she had begun to improve herself. George was thrilled by her voice. She put such passion into the words:

". . . . Two fair creatures, crouched side by side
In deepest grass, beneath the whispering roof
Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran
A brooklet, scarce espied.

" 'Mid hushed, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,
Blue, silver, white, and budded Tyrian,
They lay calm, breathing on the budded grass;
Their arms embraced, and their pinions too;
Their lips touched not, but had not bade adieu.'

"You know the rest. And then, the end, my favorite lines——

"And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm Love in!"

The firelight was playing in her hair. As she looked at him it seemed to flame in his heart.

"I still am pretty, amn't I?" she said softly. As she leaned toward him he saw how low her gown was cut.

His lips moved but without words.

"Tell me your thoughts," she whispered. "I *am* pretty, amn't I?"

"I was thinking," he answered slowly, "that that is what Delilah must have said to Samson. Would you, too, bring the Philistines upon me?"

She caught at his hand. "I am at your mercy. Perhaps *you* can do without me. I can't do without you. I can't live without love. Tell me

Continued on page 252.

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

The Wonderful Submarine Feat ?

WHEN the Hun submarine landed at Baltimore last month the pro-German press throughout the United States sent rush orders to the galley rooms for the jumbo type with which to inform the world of the wonderful feat performed by a German in crossing the Atlantic with a cargo of merchandise in a submarine. *The Montreal Herald and Telegram* summarizes the "bally-ho" cry in the following:

What a mass of exaggerated rubbish has been written about the arrival of a German submarine at an American port ! Judging by some of the American papers, anybody would think it was the most outstanding feat of the war, while the accounts from journalists in Berlin would seem to indicate that the German people think the incident is going to turn the world upside down and win them the war. We read that it was in Herr Lohmann's gigantic brain that the scheme for a line of submarines was hatched, that he is now constantly interrupted by a continuous stream of messengers bringing telegrams of congratulations, and that "the epochal event has created a tremendous sensation throughout Germany."

Heavens above us ! What is there remarkable in a German submarine crossing the narrowest of oceans when a British submarine has made the journey from Australia to the Dardanelles, and when submarine after submarine built in Montreal has gone across to the war zone under its own power ? These vessels were not built especially for crossing oceans. The German boat, we are told, was. The Deutschland is over 250 feet long, equipped with modern engines, and built of steel. She ran most of the distance on the surface, and gave an imitation of the Jules Verne idea by submerging only when other vessels were around. What is there wonderful in the trip of a big modern boat like this compared to the feat of sailing one of Sir Thomas Lipton's racing yachts across the ocean, or compared to that of sportsmen who have crossed in motor-boats ? What is there in it to compare with the feat of Captain Slocum, of Annapolis, N.S., who not only crossed the Atlantic in a fisherman's dory, but sailed completely around the world alone in a nine-ton sailboat he built himself in Massachusetts in 1892 ?

Why this "epochal" feat of the Germans, as it is called, is as nothing compared to other modern achievements in navigation—nothing compared to

Kirby, in New York World

Nobody Home

what British submarines have done with nothing more than the barest line to chronical the event. For feats in navigation that of the Deutschland is beaten to a frazzle by achievements of hundreds of years ago. The Vikings, who crossed the ocean in open boats, did a far more wonderful thing, and Champlain, when he came sailing up the St. Lawrence in his little cockleshell, the Don de Dieu, had the latest German feat beaten a mile. The trouble with the Germans is that they have "arrived" so late in the day that everything they do is a source of gasping astonishment and of world-splathering braggadocio.

The Thrift Problem in Canada

THE Bishops of the Anglican church at their recent annual meeting went on record that the gravest danger they saw in the present war crisis is the over prosperity of our people. The editor of the *Financial Times* of Montreal offers a solution of this difficulty with a plan to induce our people to purchase our war loan bonds in place of disposing of them in the Yankee marts. He points out that our people should be educated along lines of national and individual thrift. He writes:

Donald Macmaster, K.C., formerly an eminent Canadian, and now as always an eminent writer of letters to the newspapers, has been advancing in the London Times some suggestions for the encouragement of saving. There may be need for the encouragement of saving in Great Britain, and doubtless is; but it is as nothing compared with the need for encouragement of saving in Canada. Yet nobody appears to be seriously worrying about the matter in this country, and most of us are actually boasting about the activity in the trade in various undoubted luxuries, as being forsooth a sign of "prosperity."

Mr. Macmaster's chief suggestion for British use is the granting of an increased rate of interest in the post office savings banks for savings accounts, contingent on their being left untouched for a specified period, say eighteen months or two years. There can be no doubt that a large element of the public, both in the Old Country and here, can be induced to despoit funds in the savings banks when (owing to unfamiliarity with the method, failure

to realize the saleability of the security, or other reasons) they will not use those funds for the purchase of bonds. The question therefore arises. To what extent might this class of depositor in Canada be induced to increase his deposits, if he were offered a considerably higher amount of interest in consideration of agreeing to leave his funds on deposit for a lengthened period? Merely to render the deposits a fixed-date liability instead of a demand liability would do the Canadian Government little good, unless the amount of deposits were increased; for the clerical work in connection with the government banks could not be greatly reduced even if withdrawals were stopped altogether, and the gold reserve held on account of these demand liabilities is only ten per cent.—a matter to-day of about $5,300,000. Withdrawals and deposits run generally about $800,000 a month, or nearly ten million a year, so that the average life of such a deposit, as things are now, is about five years.

That the post office savings bank is, in Canada, a poor means of reaching for the savings of the middle and working classes is obvious enough from its record. Its branches from end to end of the country have about the same volume of deposits as the two specially chartered savings banks of private ownership in Montreal and Quebec alone, and about one-twentieth of the savings or "notice" deposits of the ordinary chartered banks. Post office savings bank clerks are civil servants, and Canadians somehow do not seem to love to do business with civil servants except when they have to. For its recent loan the Government employed the channels of the chartered banks almost exclusively—with brilliant results so far as concerns tapping the funds of that class of citizens which uses the chartered banks. For the purpose of promoting economy in other classes, however, it seems that the post office itself (not the post office savings bank) may still be a mechanism well worth trying.

We can see no reason why, by putting them up in attractive form and displaying them, with clever advertising matter, in all government offices and other conspicuous places, the Minister of Finance should not sell a good many million dollars of one-dollar certificates, exchangeable into ten-dollar "bonds" or (even five-dollar ones if practicable), ranking for interest at 5 per cent., not at a fixed date but six and twelve months from the date of sale by the post office authorities as stamped on the bond; such interest to be payable either in cash at the post office of origin or in the form of certificate at any other post office, the certificate to be remitted post free to Ottawa and a postal order there issued to the holder of the bond and charged against the account of the original issuing post office. The ten-dollar bonds should be repayable in two or three years from the date of issue, with an advantageous option for their exchange into an ordinary long-term coupon bond at 4 per cent., so as to afford an inducement for making the saving permanent.

The interim one-dollar certificates could be allowed to bear interest at any desired rate not in excess of 5 per cent. but not to be paid or allowed until the certificates are exchanged for ten-dollar bonds. Thus a one-dollar certificate which has been outstanding for six months would be worth $1.02½ at the post office of issue in exchange for the definitive bond.

It is quite possible that the money thus raised would cost the Dominion more for salesmanship and clerical labor than an ordinary 5 per cent. issue; but it would be money which could not otherwise be secured by the Government, and the borrowing of it would not diminish by a cent the ordinary reservoirs of available capital. More important by far than this, it would be money which as to about 90 per cent. would be spent on current consumption (of dispensable luxuries) if not thus corralled for the purpose of national and individual Thrift.

Are We Really Prosperous?

NOW comes the editor of the *Financial Post* of Toronto with a review of general conditions in Canada which would indicate that we really are quite prosperous and if able to learn her lesson in thrift—that Canada will come out of the war with her head up and colors flying.

"For the half year which has just closed the extent of the building done in Eastern Canada does not come up to that of last year. So far the *Financial Post* has received information from 26 Eastern Canadian points, and they show returns for the month of June amounting to $3,529,000, as compared with $3,428,000 last year. At the same points the permits issued for the first six months of this year amount to $12,364,000 as compared with $13,039,-028 last year. In the West the returns are somewhat better than for the six months' period of a year ago. Nine points report permits aggregating $2,464,355, as compared with $1,694,-970. It cannot be said, therefore, that building is as yet active. There is, however, more inquiry as to the cost of building, and quite a number of manufacturers are watching for prices to adjust themselves so that building can be done at a reasonable figure. At some points, Windsor and Galt, in Ontario, for instance, additions to factories are quite common, and at points where industries are active there is considerable building of small houses. The tendency of the factory owner is to locate at suburban or rural points so as to avoid the taxation and high rents of large centres, and in consequence some building is being done that is not covered by the issue of building permits.

"Judging by the Customs collections at our principal ports, it is quite evident that much merchandise is being brought into the country, and at a rate out of all proportion to the volume which came in last year. This outside buying indicates great buying strength, but it is suggested by bankers and shrewd business men, who look beyond the immediate present, that Canada is over-buying from abroad. There is no doubt but that this buying on so large a scale is sapping the economic strength of the country, and the result will not be apparent until the artificial stimulant of war orders is withdrawn. It cannot be urged too strongly that the only safe and sane position for the business men to be in at the present time is one of freedom from current liabilities. One of the most assuring features of the last bank statement was the reduction in commercial loans. The immediate cause was the liquidation of grain liabilities. Some caution, however, is being exercised, otherwise the commercial loans of Canada would be very much higher than they are at present. Banks would readily accommodate the good borrower, but it is the latter that very judiciously refrains from incurring any more than necessary liability.

"As reported elsewhere on this page, the crops are advancing very satisfactorily, and they are now at a point that would justify business contracts on the basis of a normal crop. It is also fairly clear that prices will remain high until the present crop is garnered and marketed. Should orders for munitions fall off during the next few months, other factories making common every-day necessaries will continue active for an indefinite period. The dearth of commodities is now being disclosed by the strong purchasing power which the people now have.

"In some branches of the wholesale trade there are indications that in the country districts of Eastern Canada there is a tendency on the part of the retailers to curb their buying on account of the unusually wet weather and also high prices. The fact that the price movement in many lines, including most of those in the hardware trades and many in the grocery and dry goods trades, has evidently reached the top is a factor inducing caution, although there is yet no indication that the readjustment to lower levels will be immediate."

The Future Government of the Empire

ONE of the marked characteristics of the British race is that no matter what may be the programme for the day, there always are plans "on the hook," as the printers say, for the future. Even now while the whole energy of the empire is bent upon pushing to a successful conclusion the war with the Huns, plans are being discussed by the British statesmen and press looking to the needs of our government in the future, to the end that the Empire may be able best to continue its leadership. Under the above title the editor of *The Nation* discusses some of these plans for the future, several of which doubtless will be of interest to Canadians. He says in part: The mood which bids us look forward to the day after peace is signed for the opening of an era of constitutional reconstruction is the best proof of the vitality of our civilization under the shocks of war. The more we look forward to-day, as the proposed Irish compromise bids us, to these tasks, and the more our rulers are pledged to undertake them, the better shall we be armed against the lassitude and distractions of a new time. A nation does not always live with its bow bent, and there is a risk that peace might find us disposed, in the reaction after years of emotional and physical strain, to postpone big issues, and take a long holiday from public duty.

It is well that before this time of relaxation and unbending comes, the pledges should be given which will forbid us to postpone too long the larger tasks of reconstruction. Some of them have their direct bearing on the world's future peace. A move towards restricted trade, and the ordering of our intercourse by the hatreds of this war, would, on the one hand, be the sure preparation for future strife. A bold move towards the federation of the Empire and the organization of the democratic control of our foreign policy, would, on the contrary, give the impulse towards similar steps in other countries. Democracy is an international idea, and its advance moves across frontiers in broad waves. The biggest step towards European peace would be the complete democratization of Germany, and in particular the reform of the Prussian Three-Class franchise. Every step which we take will hearten the reformers in Germany, as every step which they take will prepare the way for the obliteration of the bitter past. The same thing is true of Russia, which is burdened with a franchise system based on the Prussian model. The future of nationality in Europe depends mainly on the adoption of federalism by Russia and Austria. The obstacle to it is the dread of the centralizing bureaucratic mind that federalism means weakness. If we adopt it, we may do something to set a general fashion of regarding it, on the contrary, as a guarantee and proof of strength. Side by side with these older constitutional problems we would place the political emancipation of women. That also is an international idea, and our adoption of it may set the model for Europe. An exhausting war is commonly followed by a world-wide period of reaction. It lies with our will to break that tradition.

For the moment, the most arresting aspect of the Imperial Conference which is to meet "immediately after the war to consider the future government of the Empire"—or, in Mr. Asquith's phrase, to "re-fashion" its "fabric"—is the promise that it shall deal with the Irish question. That the whole Empire should be called in to advise on the settlement of one of our domestic questions is a novel, but also a proper, departure. There are more Irishmen outside Ireland than within it, and neither their voices nor those of the colonists of British origin are the voices of outsiders, indifferent to our concerns. It is only candid to add that we welcome this consultation with the less hesitation because we know the verdict in advance. The Dominions have always urged Home Rule. Their help will be especially vauable by reason of the experience which all of them have had in the construction and working of federal institutions. For before these islands can take their place in an Empire reconstructed for self-government, we must solve our own problem of devolution. The United Kingdom, if it is to take its place side by side with the Dominions, as the greatest unit in a federal empire, must acquire a constitution somewhat similar to theirs. That raises, not merely the question of devolution, and the provision for Wales and Scotland of some measure of Home Rule, but also the question of the Upper House; and each of these questions includes, both for men and women, a franchise issue.

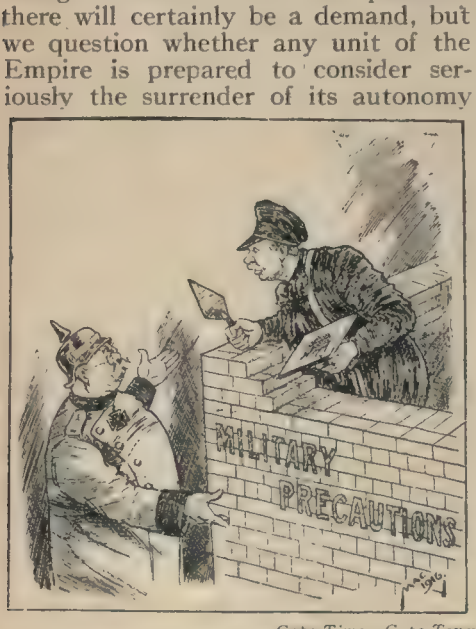
The obstacle to any federal constitution is often the reluctance of the central Government to abandon any of its powers. That is the Russian

Montreal Daily Star

German Merchant: If the British navy has been defeated, then why have we to sneak about in a submarine which is afraid to show itself outside of neutral waters?

case. The obstacle in our case is rather the reluctance of the units to surrender any of their powers to an Imperial body. The Dominions are, in fact, more nearly independent allies than colonies. They possess and exercise the right to levy tariffs, even on the trade of the Mother Country; they have full control of their own armed forces, including even their navies, where these exist. Their share in bearing the financial cost of Imperial Defence has been very small, and it has taken the form rather of the occasional gift of a great warship, than of any regular assessment. They handle every question which affects the citizens of other parts of the Empire by legislation at their own discretion, and we are not sure whether they would agree to lay the subject of Indian immigration, for example, before an Imperial Conference, as we are laying the Irish question. The Privy Council, by its Judicial Committee, retains its authority in purely legal matters, while the whole Foreign Policy of the Empire is centralized in our Foreign Office. But these are the only formal and effective bonds of Empire, and neither of them is democratic.

The true federal system, such as the United States and the German Empire possess, would include at the least as its province the management of tariffs, defence, inter-State questions (like emigration), and foreign affairs. For some consultative organ for the interchange of ideas in all these questions there will certainly be a demand, but we question whether any unit of the Empire is prepared to consider seriously the surrender of its autonomy



Cape Times, Cape Town

On the Border

The Bosch: "Do you build your wall at me, sir?"

Hollander: "No, sir, I don't build my wall at you, sir, but I build my wall, sir."

(The Amsterdam newspaper *De Telegraaf*, in the course of a leading article, says it is satisfied that the measures taken by Holland are warranted by the German concentrations on the eastern and southern frontiers, and points out that the menace is badly hidden.)

in any of these questions save the last. Circumstances might, for example, conceivably induce every unit of the Empire, one after the other, of their own motion to adopt permanent compulsory service or training, though we hope, on the contrary, that a League of Peace will make it unnecessary for any of them. But we are quite sure that neither we nor the Colonies would accept conscription imposed by any Imperial Legislature. The case is even clearer as regards tariffs. Neither the Dominions nor the United Kingdom is ever likely to surrender the tariff-making power to a common Legislature. Agreements there may be from time to time for some common policy, but the variety of economic conditions in the Empire is too great to permit any part of it to surrender its autonomy. Colonies which live by the export of food and raw material will never submit to be outvoted by the representatives of a country which lives by manufacture; and the converse is equally true. The creation of a genuine Zollverein (comparable to the American or German models) lies, if anywhere, in the far distance; but if ever it comes, it will be by treaty and negotiation, and then by separate acts of local legislation. For a generation at least, the inequality of population between the mother-country and the Dominions must stand in the way of the creation of real representative government, exercising the power to tax or conscript. We doubt if the Dominions would consent to be outvoted at every turn by the British delegation, if its numbers were based on population, nor could we be asked to accept the fiction of equality which governs (and commonly nullifies) international assemblies. Where, moreover, in such an assembly, would India stand? It could not be ignored, but on any basis of population it would swamp all the rest of the Empire.

It is not a helpful task to dwell too long upon the difficulties, where the sentiment of unity exists. It has been immensely strengthened by this war. The valor, the endurance, and the superb self-sacrifice of the Australians and Canadians, who have given their best blood at Gallipoli and Ypres, make an unanswerable demand, which we must somehow satisfy, for the inclusion of the Dominions in the councils of the Empire. Alert democracies will rush unquestioning at the call of spiritual and physical kinship to the aid of the motherland in peril; but when the cool mood of peace returns, the fathers and mothers of these young men will ask for guarantees that the future policy of the Empire, whether by diplomacy or by defence, shall be so conducted that the need for such tragic sacrifice shall not recur. The

L. Raven-Hill, in Punch, London

The Grapes of Verdun

The Old Fox: "You don't seem to be getting much nearer them."

The Cub: "No, father. Hadn't we better give it out that they're sour?"

current talk to-day is too much of securing safety by arms or (worse still) by exclusive trading. The saner and broader mood will return in which men understand that it is on policy that safety chiefly depends. In the control of that policy the Dominions may ask for a share, and no one among us would give a niggardly reply. Questions of trade, tariffs, and defence may best be managed, perhaps, by periodical conferences, more frequent and more business-like than those of the past. It may even be necessary to set up standing councils, on which the Agents of the Dominions would serve. But we question whether these councils can in our day become Legislative bodies. Their function will be to recommend policies which the several Parliaments may adopt or reject. The growth of any closer federation must depend, we think, on the readiness of the Dominions to tax themselves voluntarily for Imperial purposes on a scale which approaches our burden in this country. When that point is near, the chief obstacle to federation will be gone. To force it now might be to revert to the tradition of Bunker's Hill.

The more urgent and the easier question is, we think, the admission of the Dominions to the control of foreign policy. An arrangement by which their agents or representatives might meet the Foreign Secretary periodically in Council might satisfy their requirements, but it would leave ours untouched. We also require a Foreign Affairs Committee (somewhere between the French and American models) which will bring varied sections

opinion into close and confidential association with our diplomacy. A reconstituted Upper House might serve to link these two requirements. If representatives of the Dominions and of India sat in a reformed Upper House, and if the Foreign Affairs Committee were a joint delegation from both Commons and Senate, we should have created an authoritative Council for the Empire's external policy. To turn the House of Lords into an Imperial Chamber might, in the end, be a good solution of more than one of our Constitutional problems. To some common Council for a World's League of Peace we look forward with President Wilson. The Dominions must share the determination of our voice within it. Its success will depend in great measure on the ability of the Empires which support it to democratize their own institutions. This League cannot be based on the old broken structure of close, secret, and unrepresentative diplomacy. It will stand securely only on a democratic platform.

The Farmers' Side of the Tariff

THE question of tariff or free trade is one of location, according to one of our foremost economists of the Empire. Be that as it may, it is interesting to note the opinion of the editor of the *Grain Grower's Guide* of Winnipeg—the official organ of the largest organization of agriculturalists on the North American continent if not the world—views the subject of free trade. In a recent editorial entitled "The Tariff and Efficiency" this editor says:

The organized farmers of Western Canada favor free trade and direct taxation on land values as the best fiscal policy for Canada. They know from practical experience that it will remove a considerable portion of the heavy economic burden under which they are laboring. It is also a fact not so generally admitted, but we believe quite capable of demonstration, that a policy of free trade, or rather free imports, would be the best policy for the healthy development of our manufacturing industries. Any well informed manufacturer will admit privately that a great many manufacturers (like a great many farmers) adhere to antiquated methods which not only increase the cost of their production, but at the same time lower the quality of their products. In such cases the farmer has no corresponding compensation, but places his product on the open market and is compelled to take a price for it that does not give him a fair return for his labor. We would not advocate any legislation, nor do the organized farmers advocate any legislation, to bonus such farming methods. They do advocate an educational policy to help such farmers and a fiscal policy which will enable such farmers to procure the latest and most up-to-date machinery for the operation of their farms. In the case of the manufacturer, however, there is not the incentive to modernize his business methods because the government steps in and provides legislation which enables him to charge 25 to 40 per cent. more than a fair market price for his product. For this reason he can still make a profit on his business even though he is not entitled to any more than the inefficient farmers. Under a policy of free trade or free imports the Canadian manufacturer would be compelled to use the very latest and best machinery and labor-saving devices and put out a product that would compete with the world. The British manufacturer has been operating under free trade for the last seventy years and as a result the high standard of British manufactured products is a byword throughout the civilized world and British manufacturers have prospered. In the case of the abolition of the customs tariff in Canada our manufacturers would be able to buy their raw material at a very much lower price than they are at present and would consequently be able to put their product on the market at a price which would compete with that of other countries. We have in Canada men in the manufacturing business of ability equal to any in the world and we have workmen whose skill is not surpassed. We have also large capital engaged in manufacturing. These men do not need to lean upon the tariff. Canada is well adapted to a great many manufacturing industries and in those lines can easily compete with the world. The protective tariff is bleeding the agricultural industry and is a drawback to the best development of manufacturing.

DEAD MAN'S HILL.

Who was the "dead man" of Dead Man's Hill?
Plenty of comrades he has to-day
Lying around him so calm and still,
Corpses in blue and corpses in gray,
Friend and foeman, a grim array,
Shattered by shrapnel and scorched by flame,
And the poilus grimly smile as they say
That Dead Man's Hill lives up to its name.

Was he some wanderer lone who died
On a winter's night when the air was chill,
And the snow lay deep on the country side,
And the dirge of the wind was loud and shrill?
And so did he come at last to fill
A nameless grave? Nay, who can tell?
I only know that the Dead Man's Hill
To-day is but known as a living hell.

—LONDON EVENING NEWS.

How the Wounded Tommy is Handled

IN an article in the current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* Wilfred T. Grenfell gives some interesting glimpses into the workings of the Royal Army Medical Corps.

The question, What provision is made for the average wounded Tommy before he reaches England? is so frequently asked these days that a brief sketch of the various progressions of the medical service may be considered timely.

First of all, the Army itself provides, from the R.A.M.C., a doctor for each battalion, who always remains with the regiment. The men know him by sight, and know where to find him. He has three orderlies of his own, a Maltese cart for supplies, and four stretcher-bearers to each company—twenty-four in all. These men have received special training in the work of stretcher-bearing and the giving of first aid; in other respects they are ordinary soldiers, and do not wear the Red Cross. If fighting is very heavy and these men are killed,—as very often happens,—the medical officer may ask his battalion commander for additional assistance. At a pinch, the field-ambulance men (of whom more will be said later) will help to carry the wounded along the trenches. These men also supply the line with sterilized water, look after the latrines, and wheel round the medical supplies.

A few yards behind the line the medical officer has one or more heavily protected dugouts, called regimental depots. To these the wounded walk or are carried, and receive first aid. An extra doctor, or even two, from the R.A.M.C. field ambulance help here in "unhealthy" times. Roads do not lead to every part of a line; often they could not be used if they did. To be near is not always to be accessible; so, farther back from the trenches, in as safe a spot as can be found where it is possible to carry a man by hand or on wheeled stretchers, the "advanced dressing station" of the R.A.M.C. is placed. This is probably in a cottage, or barn, or in another, and larger, protected dugout. This dressing station must be at a road-head if possible, so that the motor ambulances may come and carry away the wounded who have been collected there from two or three depots. On account of the firing, these ambulances may not be able to come in till dark.

In spite of all precautions, the shadow of danger hovers dark over the men who work in these stations. In the midst of a heap of bricks and rubbish, in a ruined village of France, some blue crystals of copper sulphate one day attracted my attention. I wondered how they had come there. "Oh, that's all that is left of a dressing station," came the reply. "A 'coal-box'* went square into it; but the wounded were in the dugout behind it, and were not touched."

It is hard going for the motor ambulances over the shell-torn roads; but squads of Tommies are eternally repairing and filling up holes. The wagons have good springs, and are as merciful as anything could be. In places where the motors cannot go, horse-drawn ambulances assist.

The next stop is the field ambulance, which collects the wounded from three or four dressing stations. It usually has room for about one hundred and fifty patients at a time. It must be ready to move at once if the line moves, and yet be able to keep patients for two or three days if necessary. It provides for operations on men wounded in the abdomen, or chest, for in these cases every moment gained is priceless. If possible, it is located beyond reach of the enemy's guns. Each bed is, in reality, a stretcher, raised on rough wooden legs, so that it can be quickly carried off, patient and all, if need arises. Each field ambulance has ten medical officers and two hundred and thirty or two hundred and forty men for stretcher-bearing and for tent work. Its motor ambulances leave for the dressing stations about sunset; to avoid accidents, as far as possible their work must be done at night. The doctors go right on the field with the stretcher-bearers, and many have been killed at this work. They must stumble along in the dark—not even wearing the Red Cross badge, because the white on its serves as a mark for the enemy's snipers. Three of these doctors are civil surgeons, specially brought out for their known skill and experience. Yet no man in the R.A.M.C., of whatever eminence, receives more than the regimental pay of his rank, however much he loses by accepting the commission.

Of course, all the desirable conditions can seldom prevail. More than once these field ambulances have shared the fate of the advanced dressing stations; they have been shelled, and lost men thereby. More than one brave man has had to operate hour after hour in these unfavorable situations, at the peril of his life, just as the shells may also destroy the roads, upset the ambulance cars, and kill the stretcher-bearers. Yet one field ambulance at least has saved many lives by being a "special abdominal hospital." One poor fellow was operated on an hour after being wounded, and was saved as a result. The roof was one day knocked off by a shell, but no one was hurt, and the "special hospital" only moved a few hundred yards to one side, nearer a friendly mound. It is all in the day's work.

That is the spirit in which my friend Colonel—— accepted his vicissitudes. Earlier in the war he had made his field ambulance in a church, where he had three hundred wounded. The Germans overran the place before he could move the poor fellows. He chose to stay by his wounded. From the enemy he could get neither food nor dressings; indeed, he was forced to help them, while foraging as best he could for his own men, between times. One morning the Germans raised hurried barricades across the streets. An excited battery, drawn up in the road, began firing, and was shortly answered by another from a distance. Then a French battery suddenly came into sight on the sky-line. The Germans hastily packed up and disappeared, but not before they had rushed to the church, seized on any wounded who were able to stand or hobble, and carried them off. The colonel, rushing out to welcome the incoming French, found himself brought up short at the point of several bayonets. He had been mistaken for a disguised German. But when once he was recognized, the hearty Frenchmen overwhelmed him with more kisses on both cheeks than fall to the lot of the average British officer.

From the field ambulance, the stream flows on to the next stage in the long journey—the hospital at the nearest rail-head, called a Casualty Clearing Station. Now that the roads are better, traveling is safer, and shells seldom reach so far back. In France, where firm trust in the line prevails, there has been a wonderful development of these stations. A large proportion of their two hundred beds are real hospital beds. The presence of nurses and sisters adds a psychic and spiritual factor of untold value to the man on the road to recovery. Patients likely to get well in a fortnight need go no farther than these stations. Every ingenuity has been exercised to adapt the school, brewery, or whatever the buildings occupied, to the purposes of preventing wastage, and at the same time so thoroughly renewing "Tommy" that he may soon be back in the fighting line again. Some casualty clearing stations have become really marvelous hives of work. Out of the eight officers at each station, four are probably civil surgeons with varied, special lines of work; while the eighty-five men allotted include carpenters, tinsmiths, washmen, store clerks, dispensers, armorers, wardmen, and that useful variety of man called "batman." This place is really like a large sieve. Cases that will need long treatment, and, in rush times, less serious cases, are placed on hospital trains, each with three medical officers and two nurses, or on large canal barges if the jolting of the train is liable to hurt such injuries as bad fractures—five hundred men in a train, or thirty on a barge. A motor convoy, with a doctor in charge, always does the transference work.

Some casualty clearing stations are almost entirely rest-camps, sending the less serious cases back in a week or two, but with everything renewed, washed, repaired, and ready for the line. Splendid new surgical methods have been devised, and fractures can now be set here so that frequently they will need no rearrangement at the base hospital. Many operations entailing the removal of larger and more obvious foreign bodies can be performed; much other major surgery is also accomplished. Hundreds of our soldiers are now healed at these developed casualty clearing stations, and are saved the time and expense involved in sending them to the base.

And now, the serious cases, arrived at one of the bases, which are purposely multiplied so that the stream can never be entirely blocked by any accident, are carried in motor ambulances (in France now the property of the Red Cross Society) to the stationary general, or special, hospitals provided. In these are found every comfort and convenience of the most modern hospital. To-day over fifty thousand beds are ready if required. These hospitals at first had to be installed in hired hotels, or in canvas marquees; but gradually they are being transferred to veritable cities of asbestos, iron, or wooden huts, on the beautiful French seacoast. There are infectious hospitals, special fracture hopsitals, hospitals for slight dressings, massage, and finishing-up purposes, fine convalescent camps, and beyond all this, provisions for games, for recreation at night, and for religious exercises.

Those men who cannot return to the line are periodically shipped to England on fine hospital steamers, still in charge of doctors and nurses, and go to hospitals in England if necessary. That only one hospital ship has been torpedoed, or mined, in this "everyday" service is a marvelous testimony to the efficiency of the naval guard. In order that empty beds may always be ready "across the water," and no wounded men be left untended, there must al-

Continued on page 235.

*Soldiers' slang for a shell of large calibre. THE EDITORS

Old Dr. Nominigan

By Jean Blewett

Illustrated from Photographs

The first Ojibway squaw who had her first tepee there named it Nominigan, meaning "among the balsams"

WE were away at last. Starting on a holiday is one thing, starting on a hunt for health is another; but we were determined as far as possible to combine the two. We were off to Algonquin Park, to the heart of the ancient wood, to see what loafing, fishing, fresh air, and sunshine would do for the man of the house who was slowly, too slowly, recovering from a nervous breakdown, caused by overwork.

If only Peter had consented to this outing in time to prevent his illness, instead—but what will you? Some are born to holidays, some achieve holidays and some have holidays thrust upon them. Peter belonged to the latter.

We talk about the strength of heredity, the power of environment, but, after all, habit is the force to be reckoned with. Habit is the thing that leads when the leading is good, and drives when it isn't. The man who sticks to the treadmill till the motion is second nature to him does not step off—he either jumps off, or falls off. Peter has chosen the latter method, and had managed to tangle himself up to such an extent that the old treadmill's shadow stayed right with him through the weeks that followed. By and by, a haggard, hollow-eyed, weak-kneed Peter had, acting on the doctor's urgent advice, signified his desire to start upon the trip planned quite awhile before.

The ancient philospher said "Do nothing in haste," and someone has remarked that the flavor of the fruit we long for improves with waiting. Do not wait too long, though, if a holiday be the thing in question. By the time we were ready to start we were so tired we didn't care whether school kept or not. Only that we had wired the Lincoln Deans of Montreal to join us at Ottawa, and go on to Algonquin, I believe we would have postponed the trip still further.

ON an August evening we left the Grand Central terminal New York, arriving in Ottawa next morning after a good night's rest. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Deans were on hand, and our party proceeded via Ottawa Division of the Grand Trunk to Algonquin Park, 169 miles further on.

We had planned to stay at the Highland Inn. Friends of ours summering there the season before had come home in love with the place, bringing back,

To think that in less than a week later Peter was to get into trouble with the powers that be for rushing off to fish before he had secured a license

besides the acquired tan, red cheeks, and health, tall fishing stories, moving tales of unsurpassed scenery, reports of meals to make one's mouth water. But to secure the necessary quiet for our invalid we decided on a camp in the woods.

Mrs. Lincoln Deans rather insisted on it. She had made a couple of visits to the Maine Camps, and come to the conclusion that a camp in God's great out-of-doors was the very best thing for body and soul.

"I've secured accommodation for us all at the Nominigan Camp," she told us. "One has to speak ahead these days. Nominigan—oh yes, you say it softly—so—" trailing the word off her pretty lips. "It means health, you poor sick man," she went on addressing Peter, "or the equivalent of health—the first Ojibway squaw who had her first tepee there named it Nominigan, meaning 'among the balsam.'"

My old enthusiasm returned in a flood as we drove the seven miles through the wood to camp.

"The bigness of things takes my breath," I cried. "To-morrow I'll see the beauty, and feel the charm of the place, but this first day I can only sense its size—and but yesterday I broiled in New York. Think of it!"

A delicious coolness grew and spread. At "Nominigan" a wood fire glowed in the grate, welcome and supper waited us in what visitors term "The gathering lodge" a long two-story building of squared logs, boasting a gothic roof, and rustic verandah. Peter was hardly able to take his place at the table, but I was ashamed of the way the rest of us demolished the good victuals.

"We'll soon have a try at the speckled trout," Lincoln Deans said to Peter as we half led, half carried him to our own particular cedar cabin. Peter's answer was a groan of utter weariness.

"I'll never feel up to it," he exclaimed with mournful conviction, "never."

To think that less than a week later Peter was to get into trouble with the powers that be for rushing off to fish before he had secured a license!

Not only that but he had vim enough, pepper enough to argue his case. Why should he pay five dollars for the privilege of fishing while his friend Deans paid only three! Dean a Canadian? Well, so was he—by marriage, wife born and brought up in Toronto. Anyway he had caught more fish than Dean—here was the money—and could he get the latest in tackle at the park store? He could and he did. Before long he was living out doors, and eating three square meals a day without coaxing. He could walk without weaving by this time. He was getting human again. No more raging or weeping himself into exhaustion, if crossed in the smallest matter. His irritability was lessening every day. The nervous activity which like a tormenting devil had harried and driven and chased him (and everyone about him) into perpetual unrest, was losing its grip. Rest that was not of the body alone, but of the mind and heart as well, laid its healing touch. Then came a wholesome exhilaration, a waking-up to life as it were.

WE were 2,000 feet nearer the sky than we were wont to be.

This world of wood and water—a couple of million acres of it—is wise old Mother Nature's sanitarium. She gives away none of her prescriptions. Why should she? How could she? "Come ye city people—worn out, tired out, blinded with dust, and loaf and visit with your souls," she cries aloud, "while I make you fresh, and new, and strong; wash you with the mists of morning, heal you with breath of balsam, and with a philter brewed of the heat of the sun at noon, the silver of the moon at night, a red drop from the heart of all the young and growing things—with other and subtler compounds make you forget you ever thought yourself old and unlovely." "*Wholesomeness*" is the word she writes

over the entrance, and gladness is spelled out in little lights of laughter (a wilderness electric sign) on the exit.

Our party had the table between the window and the stone fireplace. At noon with said window wide open, we ate to the music of the birds. We thought nothing could be nicer than the table with its fine napery and silver waiting us in the sunshine. But when dinner time came and we sat, the closed window with its background of red gold sunset, on one side, and on the other the woody smelly hearth fire throwing its glow on floor and ceiling, taking us all into its welcoming circle, we weren't so sure.

"I'd like to capture the chef and take him home with me," Lincoln Deans remarked. "We never get a fish cooked like this."

"We never get a fish like this to cook," his wife reminded him. "There's no fish has the flavor of the one you catch yourself, and send to the pan before the water dries on it."

"I caught this one," bragged Peter. "You know that big rock at the point? They were hiding behind it, and—" followed a stirring, thrilling description of the landing of the fish upon which we were feasting.

"They don't feel safe anywhere since Conan Doyle was here," laughed the Toronto youth who has a canoeing party of ten with him. "Hear about the eight pounder his wife caught? Regular patriarch of a salmon-trout—fished for by every angler of repute who came to the place—used to shake his saucy tail and give one and all the go-by. Well, no sooner does he learn that Sherlock Holmes is on his trail than he flies in such a panic Lady Doyle has no bother at all capturing him. Has her photo taken with him. I saw it reproduced in English magazine later with: "Eight-pound salmon-trout caught by Lady Doyle, wife of Sir Conan Doyle, in Smoke Lake, Algonquin Park, Canada, June 26th, 1914."

"Mine weighed all of that," exclaimed Peter, "but I forgot to get his picture."

"You're no relation to a lord," we told him.

"Who cares? I had as much fun landing my fish as though I was a prince of the blood," he laughed, "and to-morrow Louis, the guide, is taking me off on a two-days' trip to some fisherman's eden he knows of."

I felt depressed. Peter seemed to think only of having a good time with the men. It was silly of me to mind, but he had been my care for so long, and now that he was looking his old healthy, dominant self once more I wanted my share of attention, naturally.

"Who's going with you?" asked Lincoln Deans.

Peter gripped my shoulder with a brown, sinewy hand.

"Just her Royal Highness here, want to come along, you two?"

They did not, and I was glad of it, in a way. I had the primitive woman's desire to get my man all to myself—alone, the two of us, in a world of sun-kissed water and wind-swept wilderness—alone in the Algonquin wilds.

I SMILED to myself and Peter caught me at it. "What's funny?" he demanded, then, without waiting for an answer: "Do you know, you're not nearly such a tousled little tyke as when we left home?"

Not much of a compliment, but wild horses couldn't draw praises from Peter, especially in the presence of other people—but his eyes said:

"You have your round face and your dimples back; you're pink as a rose, from your head to your feet you're the sweetest thing in the world, and what's better still, you're all alive! alive! alive!"

The waves came murmuring shoreward, the oaks had a song, the balsam a breath, and nearer seemed near enough to neighbor with.

And because every perfectly happy woman is more or less of a pagan, I felt like singing a hymn of praise to rock and river, lake and forest, sunshine, moon-mist, and starlight, great cool spaces, and small warm nooks, to all the sweetness and grandeur that go to make this Desert of Delight.

"You know that big rock at the point? They were hiding behind it, and—" then followed a thrilling description of the fish upon which we were feasting

New Prices August 1, 1916

The following prices for Ford cars will be effective on and after August 1st, 1916

Chassis	**$450.00**
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Coupelet . . .	**695.00**
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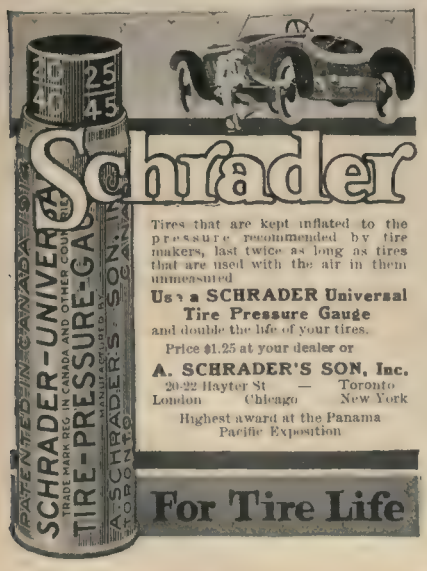

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FRANK H. BARNARD, PRINTER
35 Dundas Street, Toronto.

The Manufacturing Future of Canada

Continued from page 203.

A Sounder Financial Basis Than Ever

WHAT changes have taken place in the position of the corporation named are only the counterpart of those of other corporations in a very great variety of undertakings. A knitting factory in 1913 suspended dividends and owed a large sum to its banker. Its order book was discouraging and its selling staff aided by cost prices could not do business. To-day it has a large credit balance with its bankers, its order book is full and its selling staff is merely keeping up its acquaintance with the market and giving some help in the obtaining of that scarce article—raw material. This instance represents the change that has taken place.

Expenditure That Means Preparedness

ON what is done by the money being made, and that will be made, depends the success of Canadian manufacturing enterprises when the readjustment following the war will have to be faced. At present the great bulk of the establishments have caught up, or are in sight of doing so, with what arrears of interest on funded debt, and dividend on cumulative preference stock, existed. Moreover the debt to banks in excess of what it should be, has been cut down. Industries that two years ago were tied to their banks are now in a position to select any bank they desire to do business with and banks are seeking for their business. To a greater extent than ever Canadian manufacturers can go to the United States and take advantage of any lower rates of discount that may be available there. To this significant change another can be added and it is the investment of profits in bringing plants to a state of the greatest efficiency. New buildings are being equipped with devices that avoid loss made evident by the experience of the last decade of industrial growth in this new field. Canada has its own market which in some respects differs from others and domestic industries are now more in sympathy with it. For two years now it has been left to them. The articles supplied by Germany and Austria, as well as by our allies have not been forthcoming to meet the demand for them. The United States was as unprepared to meet the demand as the home factories. It will be some years before the usual source of supply will be, or can be, rescuscitated. Meanwhile the home industries are using their profits of to-day to lay the founda-

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Supreme Quality

Jams, Jellies, Marmalade

Catsup, Grape Juice

Guaranteed only the ripe sound fruit of the choicest variety and pure granulated sugar. Preserved with perfect cleanliness and care.

Better and cheaper than most made at home.

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See display at Exhibition, Toronto, in manufacturers' building.

For Excessive Perspiration

WHEN tired and heated, No-Mo-Odo Toilet Water is cooling and restful.

The excessive perspiration from which many nervous women suffer is invariably due to oversensitive nerves, which affect the sweat glands of certain parts of the body, particularly the armpits, palms of the hands and feet. No-Mo-Odo Toilet Water corrects this condition. It soothes and cools the sensitive glands and causes the secretions to become normal.

No-Mo-Odo TOILET WATER

is perfectly harmless—does not retard the natural action of the skin pores but has a tonic effect on the perspiratory ducts and dispels all disagreeable odor.

Only 50c a bottle at drug and department stores; or sent direct prepaid if you mention this advertisement.

WM. H. LEE, Druggist
Toronto, - - - Canada
C. M. Dept.

tion for a permanent business in furnishing those articles that hitherto came from abroad. "We made most money in selling cheap stuff for the 15 cent stores before the war but now we are producing the higher class articles that commands a good price and leaves us a wider margin of profit. We have laid down machines and have worked out processes that will, we figure, place us in a position to keep the market against Saxon competition. Saxony supplied Canada with the goods we now ship and have a year's orders on our books now, but we can hold the market that hitherto because of sentiment and custom we could not get before." That is what one factory superintendent told the writer and it is the counterpart of what others have said. There is no doubt but that henceforth the home market of Canada will be served to a greater extent by home products. Making munitions has made many skilled workmen; it has taught many manufacturers what accuracy and thoroughness means; and it has placed them on a sounder position than they have heretofore been. By having to face new orders for goods not hitherto demanded a new resourcefulness has been created and the national duty remaining as to see that it is kept alive. When the days of peace come the re-adjustments of wages, tariffs, and international trade relations will leave the advantage with those who have the raw material, the efficient labor and the commercial sagacity to make the most of them. Canada in all these respects is assuming a new and more vigorous consciousness.

How the Wounded Tommy is Handled

Continued from page 232.

ways be some units more or less idle to meet the varying requirements of this unprecedented war. One man blames Lemnos and Malta for having too many doctors while another blames Mesopotamia for having too few. In France at least, where the main part of our armies is located, the balance has been most wonderfully preserved.

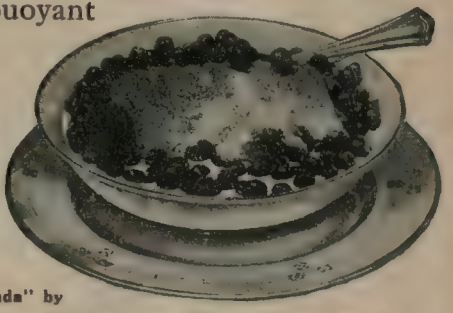
The good men of the R.A.M.C., see the magnitude and difficulty of the problems, and if they feel they "might do more elsewhere," instead of squealing they find temporarily other outlets for their energies—and these are endless. The fact that a small percentage in every profession is faulty is only a confession that this is a human world. The one great comfort which the public can take to heart is that the heads of the service are not the inflexible, conservative officials, who care only for old methods, and conventions, and statistics—as critics both in and out of Parliament might lead us to infer. In

When you take to the Woods

When you take to the woods you will want to take with you an out-door food that is easily and quickly prepared, that supplies the greatest amount of body-building nutriment in smallest bulk, that will stand up fresh and clean and sanitary in any climate. All these requirements are met in

Shredded Wheat

the ready-cooked whole wheat food, the favorite out-door food for the camp in the woods, bungalow in the country, for the long tramp or the automobile tour. A diet of Shredded Wheat in Summer means good digestion, buoyant energy, mental alertness and top-notch physical condition.



Shredded Wheat is deliciously nourishing with milk or cream, or in combination with berries or other fresh fruits. Triscuit is the Shredded Whole Wheat Wafer—a crisp, tasty snack for luncheon or outdoor picnics or excursions by land or sea. Serve it with butter, soft cheese or marmalades.

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If you want *real* service from the roofing you lay on your buildings, buy "CERTAIN-TEED," and look for this guarantee on every roll.

CERTAIN-TEED is guaranteed to last 5, 10 or 15 years, according to ply (1, 2 or 3). Experience has proven that it outlasts its guarantee. It is very different from inferior roofing sold by mail. It is safer than wood shingles; looks better than galvanized iron or tin; is easier to lay and cheaper.

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France, where I saw the work of the R. A.M.C., from the base to the trenches, the one great, impressive feature was the flexibility displayed, and that willingness to receive suggestions which alone can lead to perfection. Such suggestions are tested thoroughly, and the old methods discarded if found wanting.

A fine detective service is always a comfort to peace-abiding people, because it suggests efficiency. A better knowledge of the R.A.M.C. in France reveals it as a thoroughly up-to-date secret service. Each division of sixty thousand men has a chief executive officer, called the A.D.M.S.,—assistant director of medical services,—as has each base, and also each advanced base. These report to their army head offices, over which presides a D.M.S.,—director of medical services,—and these again to the surgeon-general at General Headquarters, "somewhere in France." The town where he works is not named. Even if one finds the town, only the elect know where the G.H.Q., is; and only those who gain admittance to it would credit the truly marvelous system which enables it to keep in touch with every last medical officer, with every individual patient, and, of course, with the War Office in England.

Endless graphic charts in bright colors are kept, illustrating every valuable line of knowledge connected with the administration of the forces. During our visit a discussion on the value of helmets arose. Instantly a chart was produced showing at a glance every head wound for every day since the office started work, and the proportion of head wounds to those of any other part of the body. Thus, for one month, let us suppose that the total wounds were three thousand two hundred. Seven hundred and sixteen were of the head. Of these four hundred were slight, two hundred severe. The majority were on the side and back of the head, as against the crown, and were in the order of shrapnel, bullet, shell. The leg injuries came next—four hundred and twenty; the chest, two hundred; and the abdomen, one hundred. By comparing the months, and taking into consideration the movements of the line, invaluable suggestions had been made.

Again, the discussion turned to the losses from typhoid fever. Charts were instantly produced, showing that in the Boer War the wastage from typhoid was one hundred men out of every thousand; in Dongola, seventy; in the Nile expedition, eight-five; in China, twenty; in Mashonaland, sixty; in France to-day, one; and even with the addition of doubtful cases and para-typhoids, it is only three and eight-tenths. If one case of typhoid is diagnosed in the whole British Expeditionary Force, from Switzerland

Allay Pain Quickly

by applying a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. It is surprising how promptly it penetrates and acts—how clean and pleasant it is to use and how economical, because only a few drops are required to do the work.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
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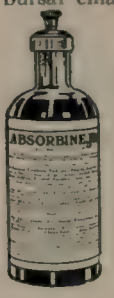

A 10% solution sprayed into the throat is cleansing, healing and kills the germs. An excellent preventive—thoroughly efficient and yet positively harmless. ***Absorbine, Jr.***, is made of herbs, non-poisonous and non-destructive of tissue.

Absorbine, Jr., $1.00 a bottle at druggists or postpaid.

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Can be filled from any ink well or bottle. Every "A. A." Pen is carefully and properly made and will not leak or blot.

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to the sea, it is known by telegraph the same night at G.H.Q., and next morning the cause of its origin must be hunted for by the medical officer nearest the case. Yet in the trenches west of Ypres our Allies had 6,000 cases of typhoid when we took them over. Typhoid was endemic in all the villages, and 26,000 Belgians had to be persuaded to be vaccinated.

The "trench-feet" chart was the next one produced. It showed a tracing somewhat like that of the fever of acute pneumonia,—large numbers at first, and then a rapid return to next to none, —a fall like the subsidence of the fever crisis. Once and again occurred a little rise, a small relapse, but each one was accounted for. The week before, we had seen a batch of Highlanders straight out of the trenches, with disabled feet, sitting and lying around a large dressing station. The chart instantly revealed, not only the fact, but the cause; continuous fighting, wet, snow-flooded trenches, no time to change socks for two days, and so no reprimand for the medical officers in charge. "Trench feet" have almost become a misdemeanor, so successful are the precautions for preventing the trouble.

To us, the most interesting chart of all was that showing the total sick and wounded for every day of the war. The lines of rise and fall looked much like relapsing fever, and with the brief appended comments, it gave one a history of the fighting. This big red rise meant Loos, and that one Festubert; this one meant the Battle of Ypres, that one the advance of Hooge. The level blue line denoted fine weather in Flanders and less sickness. The strange thing seemed that sickness showed always nearly twice as much wastage as wounds (except in cases of big attacks) in spite of all the advances of hygiene. We also noticed that, when fighting was most severe, sickness grew less. "No time to take notice of it" was the explanation.

The public must realize that examinations for physical fitness to enter the army are fallible and are often hurried. A certain economic loss is entailed by drilling and sending out men who have later to be sent home as useless. Seeing that old men give false ages to get passed through, and that young men are no more veracious; that appearances are deceptive; that past illnesses may be denied, and many disabilities and hereditary taints concealed temporarily, this wastage will always occur. But where it occurs is accurately known; it is brought home as soon as possible, to the responsible examiner, and, if his mistakes are serious, he soon finds himself weeded out, like other "undesirables."

The consideration of just one apparently simple problem—the personal cleanliness of the armies—is worth a moment's attention. It is unnecessary to say that it is a matter of supreme importance. The very first step had to be to take over the whole sanitary arrangements of every village and town anywhere near the fighting lines, the water-supply, sewerage, and drainage: an Augean task for the modern Hercules! But it has been accomplished, as the splendid health statistics of the enormous semi-stationary armies that flooded into these villages demonstrate. Ambulatory chemical laboratories repeatedly test the source of every water-supply; not a pump or tap but has a certificate of some kind attached to it. Ambulatory pathological laboratories everywhere pry into the secrets of "bug diseases." Breweries and factories are commandeered and converted into public baths. Two thousand Tommies a day are washed in one of these, in batches of one hundred and fifty—at times to the music of "Jack Johnsons" dropping into the water-supply. "Tin sheds" have been erected for "itch" treatment—a skin disease that has laid up as many as four thousand men at a time. No happier men exist in France anywhere than these victims just freed from their tortures. The jolly naked crowds of splendidly developed fellows, singing and shouting in the great baths within hearing of the thunder of the guns, make the murder of war seem plain devilish.

The plagues of vermin are an additional horror. A shirt preserved in a glass at——Baths is said to have come there unattended. So while Tommy is tubbing, his clothes are superheated and hot-ironed; clean underclothing is provided, and he goes out a self-respecting being again.

Meanwhile, in improvised laundries, truly built of "consecrated" iron, one sees through Newfoundland fogs of steam heroic squadrons of women attacking what appear, in that flat country, to be mountains of the dirty clothes of armies. They also work to the accompaniment of shrapnel and shell. Never were there truer "companions of the Bath" than these women.

Sewage and garbage are dealt with by clever economic incinerators built of old tins and clay, in which the fires burn as eternal as in the Valley of Hinnom.

In these and a thousand other ways, the R.A.M.C. is holding down water-borne diseases, preventing tropical sicknesses, avoiding dietetic troubles, and nipping "filth" diseases in the bud, until the total sick ratio per thousand for the army in the field is a little more than one-half that of ordinary civil life. The scrupulous worship of Hygeia is more dramatic in its results than even the cult of Æsculapius.

THE surpassing goodness of our Coffees is not surprising if you consider the story of our fifty years as a business house—

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Chase & Sanborn's Coffees.

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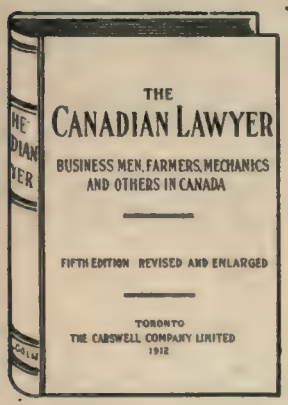

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In a well-known magazine, a British officer a short while ago wrote, "For every Englishman killed in the war, two will be created." Every oarsman knows that a crew is more likely to win the less dead weight it has to carry; and although this war has killed off a large number of our physically best men, it has as certainly made many new ones, both body and soul, out of those who were anaemic, neurotic, bottle-shouldered, flat-chested, with cramped lungs, embarrassed hearts, liable to every malady that came along—turning these by the magic of the open-air life and the sanitary care of the R.A.M.C. into veritable tan-faced giants. Hundreds have had handicapping physical deformities operated on and cured; thousands have had infected, rheumatism-causing teeth and throats cleaned up and repaired by the R.A.M.C.—men who never would have had treatment in peace times. Thousands have learned to appreciate simple and more natural living; tens of thousands are interested as they never were in the things that make for true manhood. At length the man of arms has accepted the man of science as a real factor in fighting; has given to him the same rank and insignia and the chance to share the same honors. The world has realized that his claim to recognition depends not merely on successful operations on the wounded, and that even the battle with dirt and drains is an honorable calling.

It is often said now that if the government service was what it ought to be there would be no need for a Red Cross Society at all; and its very existence does at first seem a stricture on the R.A.M.C. The world at last has agreed that the soldier wounded has as much right to be cared for by government as the soldier unwounded—not merely because that is good economy but because it is inherently right. There are always, however, many things needful, which, in England, we prefer to leave to voluntary work, and we hate naturally every form of conscription. The Red Cross is essential when sudden strains arise, as at the beginning of this war, or in suddenly developed new fields, as in Serbia, when we or our Allies have still no adequate government organization to meet the needs of the moment. The Red Cross is an invaluable outlet for these services of love that honor a nation, and a blessing of untold value to those who find in it the peculiar opportunity they want for exercising their capacities for unselfishness. To the worried doctor it brings help immediately, when organization on more rigid rules spells delay. To the wounded soldier it spells luxuries which no public service yet considers that it is justified in charging to the taxpayer.

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On the other hand, like every other presentation of the ideal of the great Master, its ideal is to work for its own elimination. One service under one control is the ideal; voluntary hospitals dotted here and there are far from desirable, however useful they may be temporarily. It is the duty and privilege of government—I say this advisedly—to provide all that is needed for the heroic men who give their lives for their country. That there should be inadequate medical provisions, something lacking because of a shortage of voluntary funds, is almost worse than the failure to insist on universal service when the fate of the nation is hanging in the balance. The system cannot afford to risk being haphazard; the R.A.M.C. must be every bit as scientific as the fighting branch of the service. This it can be only under one government control; and division simply means overlapping and waste. It is the one great fault of the present-day service of man's higher self—the division that seeks to bolster particular methods, and thus befog or lose sight of the main issue.

We forget that the human body is the most wonderful material machine between earth and heaven. The fact of death still forces us to admit that the knowledge of how to keep it in perfect running order still lies within a sealed book, which prayers, no less than pills and potions, have failed completely to open. The diverse schools of medicine, the various arts of healing, the large fortunes of the venders of patent medicines, the patronage accorded to the shrines that work miracles, show that even in the more stable times of peace the public is inclined to question the value of the discoveries of science.

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An excellent substitute for a gold watch is a bunch of wild thyme in the pocket.

Miss Sunshine of Alberta

Continued from page 206.

His companion returned no answer, and he proceeded. "I bet you are there with the goods when it comes to cookin', too." (That slang of hers was indeed catching !)

"There !" she cried. "Aunt Alice must have told you I made that pie for supper !"

"Did you ? I didn't know it, but it sure was good. Where'd you learn about that kind of pie ?"

"Kinder born in me, I guess."

"Do you like the country better 'n the city, Miss—Miss—"

"What makes you ask ?"

"I was just thinking that because—because the country suits you—seems to suit you, that is—that p'raps you did like it in return, just a bit."

"And to think," she said, "that in less than two weeks I am due back—in Chicago !"

"Well ?"

"It seems a long way off. Were you ever in Chicago ?"

"Once. Two years back."

"Did *you* like it ?"

"Well, seeing as I was down there—oh, just selling steers—I never got time to see much of it in a social way. Which theatre was you at ?"

She told him. "I went there," he said, "but I didn't see you."

"I wasn't there then. I was home. You know, I'm going to get quite a good part. They promised me one last time, but some cat got there first; but this time it goes. The boss swore so."

"And what do you call a good part ?" he demanded.

"Oh, I guess I shall come on immediately after the opening chorus, as soon as most of the latecomers have settled down in their seats—though there will still be some coming in, right through my song—and I shall have a song to myself, of course—the boss promised it. And a scrap-end of a dance with one of those less important heroes, very likely."

"And is that all ?"

"No. Towards the end of the second act, I shall no doubt step forward and say—'Here comes the Famous Spender—three cheers, goils !'" She laughed; but was conscious of an almost chilling seriousness on his part.

"And all that," he said slowly, "is worth more to you than—than this ?"

"Than being a hick all my life ?" Her tone implied condescension. "Life here in the country, every day and always, Mr. Hawkins ?"

"Life here, in this country, every day and always, Dolly." He turned to her, and placed his hand on hers—very deliberately. "Because I want you to stay."

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"Oh!" she said. "Why?"

"Because I love you."

DOLLY pulled away her hand, and to his surprise spoke very vehemently. "That's just what Uncle Tom said, the first day I was here—after you'd gone. 'The first scalp!' he said. Oh, I can imagine folks hereabouts talking. They'll say 'Just a summer flirtation, just a city actress amusing herself with a poor green hick.' They always get so sore about us stage people. Poor Dick—and poor me!"

"But is it a summer flirtation?" he persisted.

Dolly drooped her head. "Not quite," she whispered. . . . .

The stars stood still for a few moments—or seemed to; so did the world. So, for that matter, did the buggy, because the off horse (a sorrel with almost human perceptions), feeling the lines slacken, tried standing still, as an experiment. Experiencing no immediate result, he stayed as he was, with the wondering co-operation of his mate, who wondered idly what it meant.

True, the lines tightened, at the expiration of those unnumbered seconds and the sorrel, in response to the expected clucking, started again: but slowly, slowly. The world had resumed its usual revolutions, and the September stars were again speeding past; but slowly; and the team walked home the rest of the way.

"Promise me one thing, Dick."

"What is it?"

"That you won't say anything about—about it to Uncle Tom and Aunt Alice—till I ask you to?"

"Don't you think they'd like it?"

"On the contrary, I think they'd be awfully pleased. You're a great favorite of theirs, Dick. But—but—well you see, I haven't said 'Yes' yet, have I?"

"But you mean 'Yes'?"

"Do I? Give me time to think, Dick. Let's keep it our secret."

"Till when?"

"Till I say you can tell them. Till after the harvest, Dick."

He made a rapid mental calculation that "after the harvest" meant after the date she had talked of going away; so that to give an answer she could not go away. She had not definitely said, after all, that she *was* going away. Therefore he replied, "I agree to that gladly, Dolly—my little Miss Sunshine of Alberta."

"You mustn't call me by that foolish name, boy. Why, other people are beginning to now."

"But how it suits you!"

"Oh, Mr. 'Awkins, 'ow? But aren't we nearly home? There's our house—see the light!"

"See how my little candle throws its rays—" he quoted (and she was rather surprised.)

"You're a fine, big strong Dick," she said, as he helped her out, "though I say it as shouldn't. But don't come in to-night, please. You understand why?"

HE nodded, and watched her walk up the path, and the door open. Beyond the patch of light he saw her uncle—against it her figure was silhouetted for a brief space of time before the door was shut—and heard her voice. Then he turned his team round, and drove home; and it did not occur to him till afterwards that he had not even kissed her.

* * * * * *

"My Dear Mr. Hawkins:

Perhaps it has been only a summer flirtation. It was swell while it lasted, but it is better for us both to end it. I sure have made good out here, haven't I? but it's only my vacation after all. Can you fancy me a country girl for keeps? I cant —"

and so on, until she begged to remain his sincere friend, D. Macdonnell.

The note had come to him through the post-office, three days after he had said good-bye to her by the gate—before he had seen her again. Stricken, he had rushed to the Macdonnell home, to find her gone and two suddenly lonely old people who spoke to him compassionately and tenderly. She had gone, said they, upon receipt of a letter—gone against their counsels and solicitations; and by her particular desire they had packed her off quietly, the night before, by the midnight train. This delivered, they had watched him curiously.

The southbound train was slackening speed as it neared Chicago; and Dick folded the letter. He knew it by heart. The harvest was past, and the golden grain had bowed its head low.

In the evening, he saw her. By a fine-combing process, he had located her theatre, where she played her good part. She came on immediately after the opening chorus, as soon as most of the late-comers had settled down in their seats—though a few still kept squeezing in right through her song. At the end of the second act, she stepped forward and cried "Here comes the Famous Spender, goils—three cheers!"

Dick asked his neighbor in the next seat what one did in order to meet a member of the company. His neighbor grinned, and asked him if he'd got a date.

"No," said Dick.

"Any standing with the office?"

"No."

The neighbor sized him up, and finally remarked that the best thing you can do in these circumstances is to try the stage door. So Dick waited

in the rain outside the stage door for nearly an hour.

Just before twelve she came. With her were a small crowd of girls and men laughing boisterously at a joke of hers. On the step they paused, and scanned the wet streets.

"Dolly!" said Dick, as she passed him, under one of the men's umbrellas.

"Here's a guy wants you," cried the girl behind her.

Then Dolly saw him. The fiercest anger blazed in her eyes, as she said, "How dare you!"

"Who's it—a poor relation?" asked her giggling friend behind.

"Dolly—Miss Mac—" stammered Dick; but she had turned imperiously away. And the little procession left him standing there.

The next evening, as she was dressing for the second act, a note was brought to Dolly. "I shall be waiting again to-night," was all it said.

"My rube friend!" she said to her room-mate. "The one I gave the cold mitt to last evening. Wants me to meet him sure."

"You never told us before you had any rube friends." (This at least was true—Dolly had not betrayed him). "Guess you met him when you was up amongst the hayseeds? Shall you go?"

SHE pondered a very long while, and finally said, "Yes, I'll go." She made her preparations accordingly, and by dint of borrowing here and borrowing there, contrived a very creditable imitation of a chorus lady to whom champagne suppers and tango dances are very funereal affairs. It was still raining when she left the stage door. She looked up and down the street; on the other side, an automobile waited, and from it emerged a thickly shrouded young man.

"'Lo, Mr. Hawkins!" she greeted him.

"I'm glad you came. Where shall we go?"

She named a very famous cafe; but he took it without the flicker of an eyelid—probably, she reflected, he had never even heard of its name, let alone its reputation—and repeated the name to the driver.

"Been here long?" she asked, inside the cab.

"Since yesterday. Rains quite a deal?"

"Business again, or pleasure?"

"Business!" he said, evenly.

"Staying long?"

"Going back to-morrow, I think."

"Business done?"

"'Most nearly."

This was hardly the reception she had expected. He had turned down his collar and opened his coat, and—wonder of wonders—he was in evening dress! He saw her amazement, and added quickly, "I think I made you ashamed of me last evening, so I got these."

"You look very nice," she commented, not in her chorus-lady tone but in a natural voice he remembered well. "I was horrid to you then." He shrugged his shoulders. "But then, you know—'

"Here we are," he said. The car had come to a standstill, and the covered part of the restaurant welcomed them. Through marble halls and mirrored corridors they passed, until one quiet and shaded corner of the big room was reached. "We can talk here," said Dolly, removing her cloak. As she had expected, her costume embarrassed him at first.

"Now to be perfectly candid from the start," she said, "tell me why you came down to Chicago?"

"I came for a holiday," he replied; "my first in four years."

"You said, for business."

"Quite true. The business made it a holiday. I came to see you."

"Why should you want to see me, anyway?"

"Oh, I had some absurd idea that you might not have been in earnest."

"Didn't I make that plain?"

"You sure did—certainly, I mean." Dolly smiled. "Are you laughing at me?"

"No—no! Only I remember you in overalls, and it seems queer to have you sitting opposite to me here in that suit, and talking so elegant!"

"I know that really I'm what is called a clod-hopper." He spoke that harsh word very slowly.

"Don't!" she said, and then, "Well, as you please. Will you have an olive?" When he declined, she asked indifferently, "Threshing all through?"

"I should say! Why, two weeks will be Christmas."

"Did you do well?"

"Good—but why are you asking? You're not interested, surely."

"Dick," she said, earnestly, "I want you to understand me. I may have behaved like a little cat, but that doesn't alter the fact that—that I—got to know you quite well. I can still call you Dick, I suppose?"

"I suppose so."

"Then why are you so ironical?"

"To be quite sincere, I had some kind of a crazy notion of punishing you, trying to pit my strength against yours, and carrying you back by force. But I've changed my mind. You're happy here, so why should I take unpleasant chances?"

"Then why this supper anyway?"

"Can't a rube take a chorus girl to supper if he has the wad and she'll stand for him?"

"I don't like you to talk so cynically, Dick. You don't mean it. Besides,

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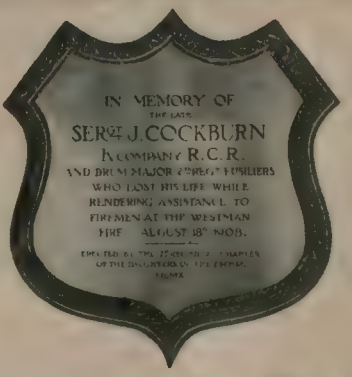

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that's not a nice sentiment at all. To tell the truth, I was rather sore with you last night, and I thought perhaps the best way of shaking you was to—to open your eyes. Hence these clothes." He nodded. "I noticed you kind of looked scared. I thought I could make myself out such an out-and outer that you'd never, never speak to me again, but just crawl back to the potato patch. But I never imagined you could carry the glad rags so well. You make me feel cheap."

He smiled sombrely. "Anyone can buy them who has the money, and it's only a matter of practice getting used to them. But the feeling that you're really at home in them—well, that's like my trying to talk properly instead of in my old slipshod way. I do it only with an effort, and so I'm not comfortable, and feel I'm a fraud. I'm just a rube; that's all there is to it, and that's why I'm going up north tomorrow, back where I belong."

"I hope," she said, with averted eyes, "that your memories of me will be kind."

"They will."

"Oh, Dick!" she cried (it seemed to him, eagerly) "do you mean it?"

"Guys like me ain't—haven't—got much idea of what giving a girl a good time is."

"You'll be back there for Christmas?" she asked. "What will you do? What will Aunt Alice and Uncle Tom do? I really want to know."

"As for me, I shan't have a very bright—"

"Can't you leave yourself out of the picture?"

"Well, I guess we'll have a very big feed, Dolly, and the houses will be all warm and bright. Folks 'll come in from miles away, p'raps—I know your aunt has asked quite a big bunch. They'll drive in cutters—because it's all snow there, now, up there on the prairies." A far-away look had stolen into his eyes, and he spoke slowly, as though he saw the far flung prairies with their mantle of white. "Bright snow everywhere, that sparkles in the sunshine. By God, I wish I was back!"

"So do I—almost."

"And at night—the stars shinin'" (he was lapsing unconsciously into the speech of the prairie) "an' the prairies mysterious an' stretchin' away to where you can't see the end, an' a man feels he's part of it. An' spring coming along mighty slick, an' then comes the seeding, an' all the hard work all the summer through, an' all the land turning green an' then gold, an' reaping. But we've something to show for it. I often think," he said, with a touch of that imagery she had noticed before, "that on a farm you live a whole life every year. You sow an' you reap—you work an' you get your reward."

"But," she said, "the life's dull. You can't deny it."

"No, I can't. It can't be anything else but dull, if you ain't—haven't—got the feeling for it. It can't compete with these here—these—picture shows, an' lobster palaces, an' street cars. . . . But it's real life, instead of a cheap imitation."

"For those who like it ?"

"For them who feel they want to be doing things, 'stead of sitting by an' letting other folks do them for them. S'posin' I married—"

"Supposing you did—"

"I'd want a wife to feel like I did, that we was—were—doing things—making ourselves a place where we couldn't be fired out at a minute's notice—building up a country, maybe—putting by something we could leave for our children who come after us. . . . Them dear happy children, out there! . . . Aren't you finished, Dolly ? I want to go home. I feel like I've spoken an—an epitaph, and am spoilin' it by just stickin' round an' not keepin' my mouth shut."

"Yes, I'm through," she said. "You'll see me again before you go back ? Where are you staying ?" He told her—it was a celebrated hotel whose name made her think—and saw her out to the still waiting automobile. "Good bye," he said; she may have pressed his hand, but he appeared not to notice it. Instead, he walked back to his hotel, very lonely in that great city, and feeling an overpowering sense of the solemnity of life. . . .

In the morning, he had just packed his grip, when his telephone rang. "Oh Dick !" cried a voice. "Take me back with you !"

"I wish I could."

"You can ! I've sat up all night thinking it over. I want to come, Dick—I mean it. I'm tired of this." There was a note of bitterness—almost anguish—in her voice. "I'm ready to go, anytime."

"Are you ?" he said. "There's a train around noon."

The Reeve of Silver Island

Continued from page 212.

West Side merchant, and though it was one of the old-fashioned kind, yet it suited the purpose. From the blacksmith, whose shop was to the rear of the hall, he purchased a stove.

In these little trips, John Best had a good opportunity to meet the people and to gather information that might prove useful in future.

By night his office was in a fair way of being called furnished, despite the fact that nothing matched in color, and no two chairs were of the same pattern.

Smile Makers

At Rising Time

Do you know any food which greets you at breakfast so inviting as Puffed Wheat or Rice ?

Airy bubbles of grain, flaky, toasted and crisp. Each morsel seems a bonbon.

But you know they are whole grains, made wholly digestible. You know that every atom feeds.

No elements are lacking—none are lost. For in these foods—and these only—every food cell is blasted by steam explosion.

At Dinner Time

These grains are so crisp, so toasted, so flavory that they take the place of nut meats.

Folks garnish ice cream with them. They use them in candy. They dot them on frosted cake.

Yet Puffed Grains hold supreme place among scientific grain foods. They are made by Prof. Anderson's process. In every kernel a hundred million steam explosions are created. They are perfect foods—the best-cooked cereals in existence.

Puffed Wheat	Except in Far West	**12c**
Puffed Rice		**15c**

At Bed Time

The bowl of milk in summer is the favorite bedtime dish. But it's twice as delightful with Puffed Grains floating in it.

These grains are puffed to eight times normal size. They are four times as porous as bread.

You get the whole wheat in Puffed Wheat—all the phosphorus of the outer coats. You get it so it easily, completely digests without any tax to the stomach.

Do you know anything else which so meets the requirements of an ideal good-night dish ?

See if you have all these foods on hand.

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Then a sign, "Real Estate, Insurance," was cut out of paper and pasted on the panes of glass in his windows, and John Best sat down and called that day's work done.

Business was not slow in coming. Particularly in the summer months there were many transfers of property and heretofore the legal and real estate lights in Wilkie handled this business.

John Best hired a horse and rig at the hotel and he drove a lot. Pretty soon the farmers would hail him as he was driving by and asked him this, and asked him that. They wanted to get acquainted with this sunny faced big man who had come to do business among them. And so they began to get familiar with him. They called him "Old Cheerful," because they said there was so much sunshine in his countenance that it brought happiness wherever it went.

Winter came and Reeve Simpson, "Judge" Law — a seventy-year-old, straight, white-haired man who never sat on a bench; Frank Law, forty-nine, clerk and treasurer of Silver Island, and only son of the old "jedge," would drop into the real estate office of an evening, smoke a pipe, or maybe have a game of whist.

John Best was a good host and these men grew to like him, for he introduced new experiences to them. He told them about the great west, he told them about the outside world, he told them nothing about himself.

And so the winter months grew colder and colder, the storms filled up the roads, and the real estate man was forced to keep to his office. He had made the most of his time, though, for he knew by name every man on the island.

On a cold night in the last week in February, Reeve Simpson, Judge Law and Frank Law were sitting in John Best's office, deeply engaged in a game of cards. Outside the north wind howled around the eaves of the building, while inside the elm hissed in the box stove.

Not a word had been spoken for a few minutes when John Best threw down his cards and said to his partner across the table:

"There is no use playing any more, Frank—we're licked. Want to hear a story ?"

They all agreed they did.

"The skipper of the *Marie* told me this the day I came to the island, and I thought it so unusual, that I can't forget it."

Judge Law listened, with an arm on the table; Reeve Simpson shoved his chair back and doubled up, while Frank Law sat sideways holding the back of his chair.

"Partly right," commented the judge whitening, when John Best had done—"But——"

"Oh, that old fool of a skipper always gets things twisted," broke in the son, shifting uneasily, and his face a fiery red.

Reeve Simpson winked knowingly at the real estate man and gave him a hint to stop. But John Best was not through.

"It's simply this," went on Judge Law, bringing down his fist, "This man Wurst was given a fair, square trial—he was found guilty—he was sentenced— What could we do ? The evidence was all against him—he was always getting into trouble—and he was punished. What else could be done ?"

"He was a bad one," said Frank Law, feeling easier—"Sure—"

"And what has become of him ?" interrupted John Best—"I've been told that no one has ever heard of him since the day he was taken away."

"He's dead," asserted the judge—"Brain fever—or something. At least that's what we heard here."

Sitting on the edge of his bed, an hour later, John Best slapped his knees and laughed.

"He's dead—brain fever or something. Yes," he chuckled—"It was brain fever, but not the kind that kills. Poor fools in a fool's paradise ! Poor fools !"

Suspecting nothing, the Laws, aristocratic to a degree, shadowed John Best's office. In their fine home, down the road past the Widow Wurst's, they entertained the real estate man as never a stranger to the island was entertained. Little did they know what the future had in store for them and that the day would come when they would get down on their marrow bones to the man who broke bread in their house. Had anyone told them that John Best was Bill Wurst they would have laughed at the absurdity of the thing—there was little in common between this big, stout man of forty-two, and the slim Bill Wurst of twenty-six. At times, John Best was embarrassed by their attentions, but he was willing to see the thing through for he knew that right is right and that wrong is wrong and that nothing could change it. He had lived—he had suffered—for one thing, and he was ready to bear any little embarrassment that he might prove to the islanders that Bill Wurst had not murdered John Stanton.

Spring saw business more active than at any time since opening his office. Though he had to spend long nights over musty papers, John Best was satisfied.

At the end of a very tedious day, Judge Law came up the stairs, walked into the office and sat down.

"Busy ?" he questioned. The real estate man got up and rubbed his hands. "'Bring your chair nearer my desk, and we can both sit down," he said. After the judge had done what he asked, he turned and said, "Well !"

"I called for some advice, John," the old man told him—"I have a mortgage on the Widow Wurst's property and it has been going on for years. She can't pay it now—and I need the cash. So I have decided that unless she can borrow the money somewhere that I will have to put the property up for sale and turn her out. What would you advise me to do ?"

John Best swallowed a lump that had arisen in his throat and for a few minutes he didn't speak. Then he placed a hand on the old judge's knee and leaning over, looked in his face.

"It's pretty hard to turn a woman out of her house—particularly when that woman is a widow and has no means of support. You have asked me for some advice. Here it is: Keep that house over that woman's head as long as you live, Judge Law, for I'm a thinking her son will come back to this island some day and if one-half of what I hear is true, there is going to be a hard time for some of those who had a hand in sending him down—"

"I have nothing to fear," the old judge said, nervously, with a gesture. Then in an aftertone, "The place is mortgaged for $550—"

John Best's face brightened and he shoved a hand in his pocket.

"Will you take $550 for the mort-tage ?" he asked.

"With property going up—well, hardly."

John Best went to the window and he looked down on the road.

"I'm a speculator," he said, turning to the judge—" And I'm ready to do business with you. What will you take cash and deliver that mortgage to me to-night ?"

No answer.

"I'll tell you what I'll do—bring down that mortgage and I'll give you six hundred dollars. You make fifty—'

The old judge smiled.

"I'll go and get it."

After the judge had gone down stairs the real estate man chuckled. "Fifty dollars is nothing—I didn't think the old codger would fall for it."

In an hour the judge returned and handed over the document. John Best carefully examined it, gave the old man a pen to sign the transfer, counted out the money and wished the old judge a "Good-evening." And Judge Law went out without speaking.

To be continued.

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Pinch salt.
2 eggs.
2 teaspoons baking powder.
3 oz. butter.

Mix flour, salt and baking powder and sift twice. Beat whole eggs until light, add milk with water; mix with flour together with butter melted. Beat well and bake in greased muffin tins about twenty minutes.

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"The Dominating Center of the Nechako Valley."

We have nothing to sell.

Gold Mining on the Rand

Continued from page 215.

paid by the mine to any of its employees. Seldom, if ever, has another check of that size been handed to a miner. Wages are much lower now than they were before the war when expert miners averaged five hundred dollars a month, but there are a few developers who make that amount to-day. The miner now averages about a hundred and twenty five dollars a month. The shaft sinker mentioned above died of phthisis several years ago.

The Son of the Otter

Continued from page 219.

great deal of trouble over a matter of no great importance.

"What do you want for it?" they finally asked together.

"It is worth much money," said Ahteck.

"I suppose you think it's something very wonderful," commented one of the buyers.

"I've seen lots of better ones," asserted the other, indifferently.

Ahteck took up the skin.

"Then you no want," he said, quietly moving off to put it away. "Me think it no rain long time. Fine weather!"

"Well, we're here to buy fur," admitted the Chicago man.

"Anything down to muskrat and weasel," put in the New York buyer.

"I think I can let you have six hundred!"

"I'll go twenty better!"

"And ten more!"

"Look here, young fellow. I'll give you the top price at once! Seven hundred dollars and not another cent. Here's your money, cold cash. I'll count it out right before you!" The Chicago man displayed his wallet, bulging with many banknotes.

"No hurry," said Ahteck. "I think maybe I go with it to Quebec. Maybe Montreal."

"Then you'll spend a lot of money. Maybe get full of whiskey and lose all you have. I'll tell you! Maybe I can do just a little better if you'll sell me all the rest of your stuff," said the stout man, knowing that Renfrew or Laliberté might offer a large price.

But Ahteck again shook his head.

"Me think I no sell now," he said.

"Well, we'll be here for a couple of days yet," said one of the men. "Let us know if you change your mind. I'm sure nobody will do any better for you. Just think it over."

"All right," said Ahteck.

The buyers knew it was useless to bargain any further just then, and were driven back slowly behind their tired nags, after they had inspected the

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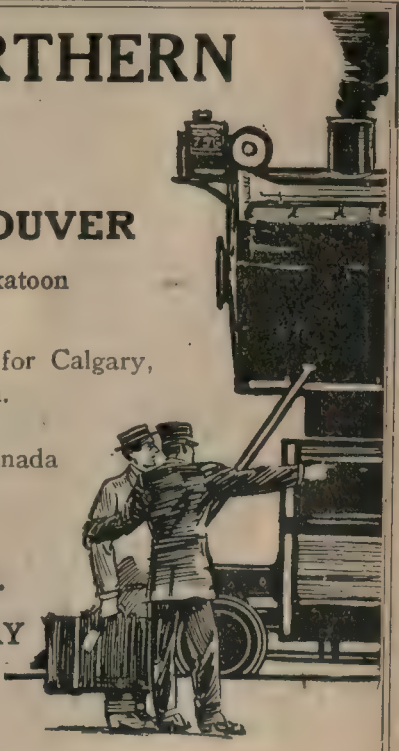

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remainder of the catch, sorted it, and made further offers for the lot.

In this manner the bargaining lasted for a couple of weeks, and finally Ahteck obtained a very good price. Telegrams had come from Winnipeg and Paris, and the wires had been busy to London and New York and Chicago. Other traveling buyers had come and the first two had returned, and Ahteck was courted, and refused fat cigars and the surreptitious exhibition of well-filled flasks, all of which made him a hard fellow to tackle.

At last it was said, with bated breath, that he got eleven hundred dollars for it, and that there were heart-burnings among some of the unsuccessful bidders. The pelt was taken away but it is not known whether it was eventually purchased by some noblewoman of London, or boyar of Russia, or millionaire of New York or Chicago, after it finally reached its destination.

Ahteck at once went with Mititesh to settle her father's indebtedness, amounting in all to a couple of hundred dollars. After this he took the train for Chicoutimi, where the balance was deposited for her in the savings bank, by the advice of the Fathers, who entirely approved of the arrangement made in the woods.

But, of course, there were also the other pelts, which sold well. Each of the two men obtained a good sum for their shares, and the girl's part of the rest of the fur taken on her father's line amounted to nearly a hundred dollars. In this manner Mititesh became an heiress and a young person of importance in the community.

Thus began the short summer season, and Mititesh went to school with the other children. About the house she always made herself very useful, and it was only a short time before Uapukun loved her like her own daughter.

That season Ahteck obtained several good jobs of guiding, and every time he went away the child would watch him out of sight, and return to the house looking rather sad, to find the time very long until he returned. Finally came the end of August and active preparations were being made for the coming winter. At this time Mititesh began to look at Ahteck very wistfully, without saying anything, until one day she could stand the suspense no longer and met him at the gate of the little enclosure in front of the house. She had grown taller and more rounded in her fourteenth year, and more than one had hinted that she was doubtless going to be a very beautiful girl.

"I—I want to go with thee and Paul," she said. "Thou knowest I can work very hard and be useful to you both. I will mend clothes and do the cooking and stretch pelts and set the snares for *uapush*, the rabbits. Please, can I go? My heart is longing sorely for the great woods. I—I want to go back. I love thy mother Uapukun, and the two children, but never since I can remember have I spent a winter in houses. Please, I want to go!"

But Ahteck shook his head, perhaps with some regret.

"Thou must go to school," he said, "and learn many more things. It is not fitting for thee to go with us now. Listen, there is Philippe, who is a very good man. He will go up with his wife and the three children, of whom one is a big boy. He will take thy line and pay thee a share of the fur. I have arranged it with him."

"Is that thy will?" she asked, her lower lip quivering a little.

"It is that which is right," he said. "I have spoken to my mother and others. But here comes Father Laroux and we will ask him."

"There is no need to ask him," she declared. "My father said that I was always to do thy bidding, because thou wert very wise. If it is thy will I shall obey. It is enough."

But Ahteck insisted upon stopping the good old priest, who was walking quietly along the road, reading his breviary, and explained the situation to him.

The old missionary placed his hand on the girl's head, smiling at her in his kindly way.

"Thou art a real little *sauvage*," he told her, "and the great woods will always appeal to thee. Ay, I also regret the days of my strength when I traveled far in them, even to the shores of the great Bay. But this big lad Ahteck is right. It is not fitting now that a growing maiden should go away in such a manner."

Mititesh bowed her pretty head, submissively, but two great drops that had been trembling upon her lashes rolled down her cheek, and this was the only sign she gave of her dreadful disappointment. It was very bitter to think that she would not see the graves of her parents again, that she would no longer journey over the rapids and the great tree-shadowed dead waters upon which the leaping fish made rings of pearly ripples. Her heart became very heavy within her breast. She returned slowly within the house, and Uapukun looked at her, curiously, but never questioned her.

A few more days went by, all too fast for the child. A good many hunters were leaving, and when the last day came the little steamer churned around the point and stopped offshore. The lake was beautifully calm, the sun glittered brightly on its surface and, in the distance, big white gulls were sweeping in great circles. The decidu-

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ous trees had already begun to assume the glory of their autumnal tints and the days were shortening fast. Most of those Indians whose grounds were far away had already left at the beginning of the month, and after the hunters who were now going away should disappear on the other side of the lake there would be none left at the reservation but some women and children, with old men too feeble to undergo a hard winter's toil, besides the priests.

On the shore, that day, there was much animation. It was no such great departure as when the large crowd goes to Portage à l'Ours to begin the journeys up the Ashuapmouchouan and its far tributaries, yet a good many were leaving and their goods were piled up in mighty heaps. There were fifty-pound and a hundred-pound bags of flour, apparently enough to feed a small army, and pork and tea and salt and sugar and small kegs of powder, with a host of other things such as clothing and blankets and tents folded small and cleverly roped. Also there were a good many new traps, to replace others finally rusted away in the woods. There were little ones for small animals, and larger sizes, up to those weighing from twelve to sixteen pounds apiece, furnished with heavy chains, such as are used for bear.

The men were hurriedly carrying all these loads on board the steamer, in their canoes, making many trips back and forth amid laughter and songs and farewells. Some of them were leaving with whole families while others allowed their wives and children to remain behind. A few of these men hunted grounds that were not very far away, and would probably return over snow and ice to spend Christmas at home, bringing back some of their fur.

Uapukun, of course, was on the beach with her children, who ran among the piles of provisions and returned every minute to tell Uncle Caribou to bring back many big bears for them to see. At early daylight the woman had run up to the little church to place a candle on the altar, and now she looked very gravely, with a throbbing heart, at the little steamer that would once again take her big son away.

To be continued.

Hearts and Faces

Continued from page 222.

that I am pretty—and let the warm love in."

She was as fair as Delilah and he was no stronger than Samson.

"Can't you understand," she went on rather unsteadily. "I have not really changed. My position is not really different from that day you lifted me out of the depths—six years ago. I've quarreled with Wolseley. He doesn't live here now."

A horrible suspicion flashed into George's mind. He started up. "I must go," he cried.

Then in her terror at losing him she blurted out the miserable truth.

"He wants to divorce me now that he has spent all my money. I'm in such trouble. He has set men on to watch me—I am shadowed wherever I go—they are probably outside the house now—don't leave me—I am so afraid—so alone."

"Do you mean I'm to be mixed up in this scandal," shouted George in a fury. "Is my name to be dragged into the courts—visiting you alone at night? What of my career? Don't you see that this will ruin me in my profession? Here have I been slaving away night and day for all these years with the one ambition to be a great protrait painter. I have just got a commission to paint the King, and you in your silly, criminal folly ruin me."

"I never thought of that," she panted.

He saw in her eyes the desire that had led her to lay this trap for him. How blindly he had walked into the trap. And yet she had been clever, had not flung herself at his head too soon. Until to-night she had been simply friendly, and he was deceived by her show of wealth, by a veneer of good-breeding and religion.

So her money was all spent now! He was to be her new—protector! Money was her aim, but she was cutting the ground from beneath her own feet when she deprived him of his profession. She was fool as well as knave.

He saw his name starred in the evening rags:

ARTIST'S AMOURS—NOCTURNAL VISITS.

He would be laughed at by men he hated and cut by women he despised. Gone now all hope of that Royal Portrait.

Ethel made a last effort.

"Is it too late," she whispered, close to him, honey in her voice." "Cannot we——

"You filthy and abominable woman," he cried.

He flung her from him. He ran to the hall. Seizing his hat and coat, he walked as steadily as he could down the stone steps into the darkness of the street.

THAT night his eyes seared his fitful slumbers. He dreamed that on either side of him stretched endless desert, ridged like an ocean fixed eternally. His breast was as a road, over which trod the hoofs of countless horses. On and on swept the relentless army, his eyelashes their white-

hot spears. Prometheus, vulture-torn and chained, had suffered no such agony. Movement was of another world for he was petrified in dreams.

A sun of citron and of orange mocked his misery. Such thirst suggested and unquenched was surely fed by flames.

Then slowly, but so eagerly anticipated, crept pale shade toward him. Nearer, nearer, though with his head gripped down he could but guess its presence. Was it earth whirling to destruction, or only the sun sinking, that lifted *Something* from that fierce horizon? It was the shadow of that *Something* whose slow and torturing feet he seemed to hear.

A little higher, and a little nearer. Through the glow of fire he could at last shape a face—and breasts—and claws. It was the *Shadow* of the *Sphinx*.

IN his despair he thought of Reid, that true-hearted son of Nature who had given him his first start. George's letter was answered by the laconic telegram, "Coming."

Unspeakable relief! To the lonely man, a little means so much. Reid was not rich, yet had clearly never hesitated before the expense of the journey.

Telling his man to admit no visitors and to prepare a room for Reid, George fell into an easy sleep, waking in the afternoon much relieved.

The same old Reid! A touch more of grey in the beard and whiskers, but that was all. Still that cheery face, rough and radiant with the open air. His luggage was a faded old umbrella.

"How times come back!" said George as they drove in a hansom to his lodging. "You mind me of the old sea smell that we used to get on Balgownie links. Still pegging away?"

"Ay, sonny, still peggin'".

"Not married yet?"

"No, no sonny. It's only the young fools that play about wi' women."

George laughed a trifle ruefully.

"Glad to hear ye laugh, sonny," said Reid, patting him on the knee. "It shows that we are not at the bottom of the sea yet. Man is there any place here in London where you can get a drop of Scotch, with somethin' to it? I'm just famishin'. There's no food like real food, and I'm fair sick of sandwiches."

"We're just home" said George.

"What!" exclaimed Reid when the latter handed cabby half-a-crown. "Man, I can see ye're clean daft. We could have got here in a bus for threepence."

"Maybe," said George slyly, looking at Reid's umbrella, "but then what should we have done about the luggage? I didn't know you were coming to stay so long."

"Man, I thought you would be rich and fat now, so that you would have some spare pyjamas to fit me."

Then, when they came to supper, Reid traversed the food at ninety miles an hour, while George toyed with his.

"Ay," said the older man, quaffing nobly. "This is the real old Sandy. Drown your sorrows in drink, sonny, not more than three glasses, with hot water and lemon and sugar to taste. And now for a pipe. Fegs, man! Put away thon cigarette. Chewin's a bad habit. Soock, man, soock, like a new-born babe."

So they went on in the old familiar way, coarse perhaps, just as the earth is coarse, and the sun and the sea. It did George a world of good.

Over the prescription that Reid had recommended for sorrows George told the whole story.

"Ay, man, that's a gey pickle. When we've had a look at your pictures we'll see what can be done."

AFTER supper they examined the pictures, Reid grunting and humping like one of Kipling's camels.

"There's one thing, sonny, that makes me proud of you."

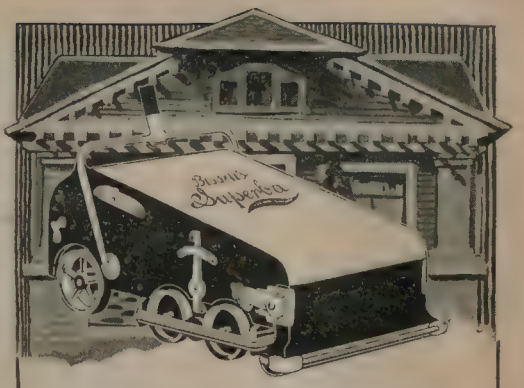
"Yes," said George, very self-conscious.

"And that is that ye've not altogether lost yer Scotch accent. I'm no jokin'. It gives me great hopes of ye and I'll tell ye for why. It's like this, sonny. I see you classical johnnies goin' up from King's College in Aberdeen to Oxford and comin' back wi' a drawl fit to turn yer nose up. But it's no like that wi' you."

In a humbler spirit George sat down by his old friend.

"Now, to my mind," Reid went on, "ye've made mighty progress; I wouldn't hae thought it possible. But I'm just fearin' that ye're on the wrong lines, like. It's the Scotch accent that gives me hopes. I watched ye showin' me yer pictures, an' shootin' out yer cuffs like a wee peacock, but then I heard yer vowels, an' I knew ye were still a man. Thank God for it!

"Now, I've watched this English and American notion of paintin', terrible clever it is, wi' rapid snatchin' at effects. These chaps think they can get a complete effect in one day's paintin', or thereabouts. Man, they should have been born three hundred years ago and given that tip to Titian. Think of the grandest portrait painter the world has ever seen, and think of the laborious way he thought of and put on his paint—the magnificent underpaintin' and the wrastlin' an' care an' love on the top of it. Remember that it was *him*, that it was Titian, who said that an improvisation is not the finest poetry. Now the great characteristic of Scottish paintin'



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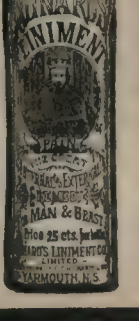

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is that one thing, quality! Quality, man! Burn the word in yer breeches! If there's any school of paintin' worth followin' beside the school of nature, it's the school of the Venetians. These English and American chaps have got no guts. D'ye follow?"

"Fire ahead."

"Color upon color—this makes a picture glow with permanent beauty. Now Titian could do that in a portrait because he could command his own time and his own terms. In these days, a johnny who wants his portrait painted canna be bothered with more than a half dozen sittings."

George laughed. "I'd have painted the King's portrait in three sittings of an hour apiece. I've spent no longer than that on many a portrait."

"That's the vera reason I am glad ye have got into this pickle!" replied Reid. "My advice is, chuck portraits altogether, at least for a while. Yer present trouble may be the best for ye in the end. For mind this, sonny, ye've got the makin' of a grand painter in ye. Ye've faced the drudgery of drawin', Now ye must face the drudgery of paint. Ye must analyse more, in order that ye may create."

"Well, I suppose you are right," said George huskily. "But tell me more about this method. How am I to set about it?"

"A hundred years ago there was a quack who sold the fashionable artists the so-called secret of Titian, at ten guineas a head. This I will impart to ye for love, having borrowed twopence to buy it myself off'n a second-hand bookstall."

So saying, he produced from his pocket two tattered leaves from an old number of the Fortnightly—apparently an excerpt from an Italian called Boschini, which the old Scot proceeded to read with deliberate emphasis.

"Titian," he read, "smothered his canvases with a mass of color that made, so to speak, a bed or base for the touches which he painted over it. And I also have seen him, with resolute strokes and brushes full of color, giving the promise of a rare figure. After having made these precious foundations for his pictures, he turned the canvases to the wall and there he left them some months without looking at them. When he wished to paint on them again he first examined them with a very critical observation, as if they were his worst enemies, to see what he could find in them, and if he found anything which was discordant with the delicacy of the intention of his art, as a beneficent surgeon operates on the infirm, he applied himself to reduce any swelling or superabundance of flesh, or to putting right an arm if the form of the bony structure was not properly adjusted, or putting in its place a foot

that had taken a discordant posture, and so on, without pity for its pains.

"Working in this way he constructed the figure and reduced it to the most perfect symmetry that could represent the beauty of nature and of art. Having done this, he worked from time to time on them till he covered his figures as it were with live flesh, perfecting with such wonderful touch that at last only the breath seemed wanting. He never did a figure at once, and used to say that any one who improvised could never make verses that were profound or really well put together."

"There's something in that," said George. "But how am I to work like that? It is impossible to find time for that way with portraits, as you yourself admit. They are hard enough to get as it is."

"Money, money, again!" said Reid. "How many a clever artist blinds himself with this love for money, forsaking the narrow way of landscapes for the broad path of portraits. Chuck them, man chuck them."

"It wasn't money I was thinking of," said George, coloring. "It was of my ambition."

Then for the first time he wholly revealed the thought that urged him on so eagerly. England's Greatest Portrait Painter! It was not easy to confess, for it betrayed conceit, and Reid had hammered that.

"What must I do to be saved?" added George, as Reid stayed silent.

"Cut yerself adrift, sonny, cut yerself adrift. Ye've got yon money of yer own still, haven't ye?"

"Yes, and I've saved a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds too much, except that ye'll need a mighty lot to put away on materials. Ye must leave London. Why not go to Paris? The grand thing about Paris is that ye're in an atmosphere of art—the good men there work like hell. Give yerself at least two years to experiment, and then try what ye can do."

George understood what Christian must have felt at the top of the Hill of Difficulty. The future no longer loomed terrible before him. It was mysterious still, but it grew lighter, lighter.

Ethel had deprived him of his ambition as a portrait painter. Reid's words opened to him a new world of art. He would paint landscapes—the tenderness of dawn, the blaze of day, the cool and luminous eve and deep blue night. What were tailored kings compared to the majesty of these great wind-swept spaces.

What a life there was before him—work and work and work! His career was just beginning.

He was on the threshold of creation.

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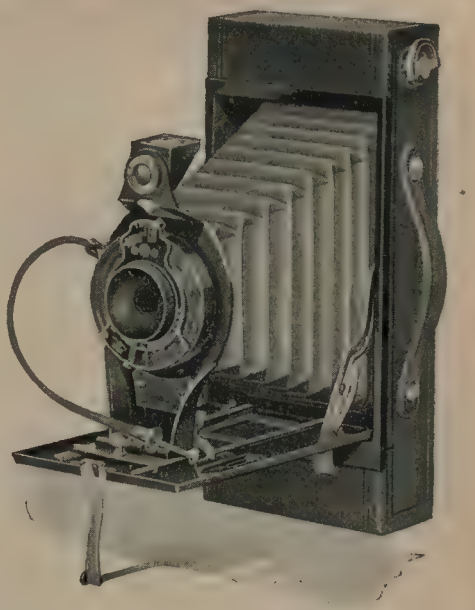

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CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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WHAT happens when the Dominion Government enacts a new piece of legislation? What wheels within wheels are set in motion before the legislation goes upon the books as a finished product? These and equally interesting questions are answered by Tom King, Dean of the Ottawa Press Gallery, in his article in the October issue of CANADA MONTHLY. Writing to the general subject, *How Our M.P.'s Earn Their Salt*, Mr. King gives the layman a close insight into the running gear of the parliamentary machinery. He likewise tells some startling facts. The average taxpayer would gasp in astonishment, for instance, if he thought $30,000,000 of the Dominion's money was actually voted away by a mere handful of members. Mr. King tells his readers how and why such things frequently happen during a session of our parliament.

Charles Stokes has written a most fascinating war story under the title, *The White Feather*. This yarn, while pure fiction, portrays a side of human nature which this world war has brought in front of the spot-light as never before. After one reads Mr. Stokes' story it is easy to realize there are tens of thousands of real heroes in the King's khaki, even if they do miss the D.S.O.

In *The Scientific Side of Bread*, Miss Helen McMurchie, of the University of Toronto, presents some of the theories of the Domestic Science School on that old task which has been counted the foundation of every housewife's score of efficiency—making bread. Miss McMurchie tells how flour is made; the scientific theory of the action of yeast in the flour; and she gives other important information that will be of value to every housewife, young or old.

Harry Moore's interesting mystery story, *The Reeve of Silver Island* is concluded in the October number. The revenge obtained by Bill Wurst, alias John Best, Reeve of Silver Island, is presented in the most fascinating chapter of this excellent Canadian mystery story.

What will be Canada's policy toward that all-important subject, immigration, at the conclusion of the war, is discussed by Walter H. Kirchner, who has studied this problem both in Canada and in the Mother country. The author presents many questions which could be considered to advantage by our representatives on Parliament Hill, Ottawa.

The Son of the Otter—the great word picture of the snow bound north country—approaches its climax in the next instalment.

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1916

A New Deal for Injured Workmen Illustrated from Photographs	**Robson Black**	**265**
The Conversion of Alexander Popoff Illustrated by Bruce Cameron	**Louis Kon**	**269**
The Reeve of Silver Island Illustrated by F. M. Grant	**Harry Moore**	**272**
A Wooing on the Veldt Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton	**J. Wilbur Read**	**275**
The Woman of His Faith Illustrated by Robert Edwards	**Frederick Palmer**	**278**
Community Farming for War Widows Illustrated from Photographs	**Elizabeth Pollard**	**281**
The Son of the Otter Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant	**George Van Schaick**	**284**
Nature's Pot of Gold Illustrated from Photographs	**Jean Blewett**	**289**
Current Events in Review		**292**

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"I want this check cashed," said the fair young matron, appearing at the window of the paying teller.

"Yes, madam; you must endorse it, though," explained the teller.

"Why my husband sent it to me. He is away on business," she said.

"Yes, madam. Just endorse it—sign on the back of it, so we will know and your husband will know that we paid it to you."

She went to the desk against the wall and in a few moments triumphantly presented the check, having written on the back:

"Dear Jack, I got the money.—Evelyn.

~

Louis got a job in a bank. A wealthy uncle met him and asked, "Well, Louis, how are you getting on in business? I s'pose the first thing we know you will be manager of the bank?"

"Yes, uncle," replied the boy, "I'm getting along fine. I'm draft clerk already."

"What!" exclaimed the uncle. "Draft clerk? Why, that's very surprising, but very good."

"Yes, uncle," replied the lad, "I open and shut the windows according to order, and close the doors when people leave them open.

~

A man, while wandering in the village cemetery, saw a monument and read with surprise the inscription on it:

"A Lawyer and an Honest Man."

The man scratched his head and looked at the monument again. He read the inscription over and over. Then he walked all around the monument and examined the grave closely. Another man in the cemetery approached and asked him:

"Have you found the grave of an old friend?"

"No," said the first man, "but I was wondering how they came to bury those two fellows in one grave."

~

There are two viewpoints from which the sea may be contemplated.

"Ah!" cried the viking's daughter, as she caught the flying spray in her radiant face, "a life on the ocean wave for me! Isn't it perfectly gorgeous, Algie?"

"Oh—h—h, yes," gurgled Algie making a break for the rail. "Oh, yes—ah—ah—disgorgeous."

Lytway, the butcher, had been very busy for a few moments with a well-known dictionary. Suddenly he closed it with a snap and growled at his wife in the cash desk.

"That Mrs. Smarte is getting too clever," he growled.

"What's the matter?" asked the good-lady, surprised at this criticism of a good customer.

"When she came in just now she told me I ought to rename my scales the Ambuscade brand."

"Well, why?"

"I've just looked up the word," went on the infuriated man, "and the dictionary says that ambuscade means to lie in weight!"

Little Mary Lou was eager to get back to her new doll and didn't know there was going to be any dessert. She slipped quietly from her chair, hoping she would not be observed.

Out in the hall she met the cook with the ice cream, and as quietly as she had left it she slipped back to her accustomed place at the table.

"Mary Lou," said her mother reprovingly, "I thought you had finished your dinner. It isn't polite to come back."

"But I didn't excuse myself, mother,' the little girl said quickly.

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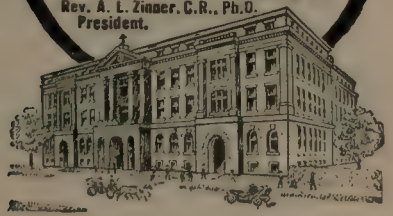

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Some time ago, before conscription was seriously mooted, a certain patriotic English grocer called together his staff which consisted of a solitary assistant, and proposed that one of them should enlist. Further, to the somewhat relief of the other, he said he would go himself, being a single man.

"Ye, Mackay, wull stay behind and keep the business going."

Mackay, with tears in his eyes, warmly seconded, so in a short time the deed was done.

Many months passed by, as the story book says, and the ex-grocer when going off trench duty received the shock of his life, for did he not see his assistant dressed in khaki standing before him?

"Mackay! Great Firkins, can that be ye?" he exclaimed, aghast. "Did I no leave ye in chairge o' the shop?"

"So I thocht at the time, maister," replied Mackay sadly, "but the fac' is, it was no a shop ye left me in chairge o', but a' your wumman folk. So, sez I too masel, 'Mackay, if ye've got tae fecht ye may as well fecht something ye can hit,' so I jined."

~

"I see you claim one hour's overtime, Bill," said the employer. "How's that? I thought no one worked overtime last week."

Bill passed a horny hand across his mouth.

"Quite right," he replied, "One hour's my due."

The master regarded him suspiciously.

"Come, when was it?" he inquired.

"Last Thursday," responded Bill. "I was sent up to your own house to help shake the carpets."

"Yes, I remember that distinctly," cut in the boss. "But you got off at six sharp."

"Ah, that's true as far as it goes," assented the man. "But your missus give me half a meat pie to take home and that there hour is for bringing the dish back!"

~

"Are you 'Boots?'" blustered the Englishman in the American hotel.

"No," replied the boy addressed. "They call me 'Scales.'"

The Englishman was mystified.

"'Scales,' eh? That's a queer name What do they call you 'Scales' for?"

"Because I get tipped so often."

An elderly gentleman of rural appearance had hardly seated himself in the street car when a young lady who had followed him in approached him.

"Sir, did you lose a five-dollar bill ?' she asked.

For a moment the farmer observed her with a surprised, curious look, then said convincingly, "Yes, ma'am, I did."

"Then here it is," said she handing the bill to him. - I picked it up behind you from the car floor."

"Thank you very much, young lady, for your honesty. This is a most remarkable happening !"

"Oh, I don't think so, sir ! I believe every one should return the money in such a case as this. What is there so remarkable about it ?"

"Why, I lost my five-dollar bill two years ago !"

~

Two candidates, one of whom was entirely bald, while the other had a luxuriant head of hair, were seeking the favor of the electors in a densely-crowded Lancashire mining district. The gentleman whose head was innocent of hair had been cross-questioned and heckled at a meeting almost beyond endurance, and at last, goaded practically to madness, he declared that he could do all that his opponent could do. A collier broke in, in broad Lancashire tones:—

"Na tha' conna'?"

"And what can I not do ?" the candidate demanded excitedly.

"Part thee hair i' th' middle," was the reply, amid roars of laughter.

~

Pat and Bridget were being married, and the whole village was astir. Pat was resplendent in a tail coat (borrowed), patent leather boots (too tight for him), a white vest, and a bright green tie; Bridget shone glorious in most of the colors of the rainbow.

The fateful words were spoken, and the happy pair walked down the aisle and out into the street, where a great crowd greeted them with loud cheers.

At last they were safely ensconced in their cab, and Bridget sank back with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Sure, Pathrick," she said sadly, "there's only one thing Oi regret. If we cud have stood on the pavemint and watched ourselves pass, wouldn't it have been hivinly !"

~

An old Scotchman who had scraped together a comfortable fortune was persuaded by his family, much against his own will, to take a holiday. He went to Egypt and visited the Pyramids. After gazing for some time at the great Pyramid he muttered, "Man, what a lot of mason-work not to be bringing in any rent."

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4 eggs.
Pinch of salt.
Sugar to taste.
Little grated nutmeg or ground cinnamon.

Dilute the milk with three times as much water, add eggs well beaten, salt, nutmeg, sugar. Line two small or one large pie plate with pastry (deep pie plates are preferable), fill and bake in a hot oven for ½ hour.

If you are interested in pure food tests, get the Dominion Government analysis of milks in Bulletin No. 305, Dept. of Inland Revenue. It will show where "Canada First" stands.

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NO. 5

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
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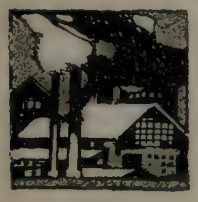
A New Deal for Injured Workmen

By Robson Black

Illustrated from Photographs

Under the old regime the worker relied on the good nature of his employer. To-day he places his case with the Workmen's Compensation Board.



"WORKMEN'S Compensation" entered this life in the midst of the World War, the first of January, 1915. Casualties and war speeches, recruiting tents and marching troops have filled the three rings of public attention. There has been small space for domestic triumphs, no matter how vital, no matter how new. If a Province of Canada could step clear of the chains of tradition and inaugurate a scheme of justice to the damaged workman, his wife and children, and carry it through a successful test of twelve months, the offset to the sacrifices of war was obviously considerable. But so abnormal and hideous has been the main thought of mines and mortars that the winning of a humanitarian redoubt in the middle of the Dominion has been laid aside by many for future contemplation. It remains to be seen if the stimulation to radical reforms in Canada and the unlocking of an unselfish and vigilant public spirit in our citizens will not more than atone for every human casualty in the fighting field.

The Workmen's Compensation Act applies to about 16,000 industries in the Province of Ontario by which the injured wage-earner is assured fifty-five per cent. of his wages during the period of his incapacity, and if permanently impaired a pension or lump sum award. In case of death, benefits of a generous degree are continued to his widow and children or other dependents.

WE SHALL get an easier and quicker grasp of Ontario's Good Samaritan projects by a group of contrasts.

Under the old regime the worker relied on the good nature of his employer or the uncertain results of a suit at law. To-day the personal charity of the employer is a minor consideration. The workman promptly places his case in the hands of the Workmen's Compensation Board at Toronto. He accepts its decisions. So does the employer. *There can be no appeal to any court.*

Yesterday, the worker was forced all too frequently to place his chances for indemnity in the expensive care of lawyers. This was almost inevitable where "contributory" negligence was involved. The employer followed the same course. A lawyers' battle ensued. The worker might win or lose; the lawyers always won. To-day, legal fees are practically abolished for master and man. They prepare their own briefs in simplified English and present them to the "court" for a postage stamp.

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Alexander W. Wright
Vice-Chairman Workmen's Compensation Board

Yesterday, the injured employee hesitated to dispute a proffered settlement of his claim for fear of personal friction and the loss of his job. To-day the injured man has no personal contact with foreman or manager. He deals with a third party, the Compensation Board. Its membership is Government-appointed and permanent and impartial. It forms a buffer body that takes up friction and eliminates rattle. No one can imagine much chance of quarrelling between workmen and bosses over the peak of an equilateral triangle.

Yesterday, a successful wage earner would be awarded damages in a lump sum, and sums so obtained disappeared usually in the lump. To-day the award is made at the rate of 55 per cent. of the man's wages for the entire period of disability, if longer than seven days, and this has no limit, covering to the end of life. Money reaches him semi-monthly or monthly in cheque form, cashable at par anywhere. Under exceptional circumstances, lump sums may be paid, but the rule of periodical payments is mostly followed.

Yesterday, the workman waited from one to twelve months, and even longer, for any award of compensation through the commercial companies. To-day, he is exceptional if his first cheque reaches him later than two weeks from the hour of the accident. An average of 150 cheques, totalling about $3,600, go forward daily from the Board's offices to injured and disabled workers, or their widows and children.

HERE we shall see some indications of the remarkable scope of the Act, how much it costs and how many it affects:

Assessments amounting to $1,539,492 were collected in 1915 from 14,750 employers.

The Board paid out on account of injured men and women and those dependent upon them, $1,186,221. Seventeen thousand and thirty-three wage-earners were reported to the Board as injured, and, as disabilities lasting seven days or less are not considered, 9,829 received compensation. Of this number 251 were killed, 1,033 became in some measure permanently incapacitated, and 8,544 returned to work after comparatively brief absence. A man of eighty-one years and a boy and girl of eleven years were recipients of compensation; the latter two were permanently injured.

It is very doubtful if this wide scale of benefits costs the employer any more of his cash than the old system. The workman, however, contributes not a penny, although the manufacturers sought to have such a condition included in the original act. The whole burden, therefore, of support for disabled wage earners and their dependents falls upon the shoulders of Ontario industry, although in the opinion of Sir William Meredith, architect of the bill, this load will be passed along to the "ultimate consumer," just as duties, war taxes, and such things usually are.

Reduced to the humble terms of a workingman's experience, what set of evils does "Workmen's Compensation" seek to overcome?

MAYBE you have visited a City Mission in Toronto, Montreal or Winnipeg or the cheap lodging houses maintained by charity in almost any city. The people you meet there sometimes have a few opinions of their own on "compensation" versus "repudiation" for injuries caused in the course of daily labor. Here is a pattern-maker turned derelict. Five years back, a fall through an open trap left an arm and shoulder crippled. The company disputed payment of indemnity, alleging carelessness, and threatened to fight it through the courts. Penniless, the wage-earner accepted the inevitable. He was as helpless under the threat of "courts" as a rebel under threat of "sunrise." Lawyers, he could not hire; he could pay no legal taxes, could cable no solicitor in London to talk for him before the Privy Council. He was a little dazed, a little optimistic at first; he did not know what an absolute minus sign is a broken spoke in the wheel of Industry. For past services, for risks assumed, he could stand by and watch the other fellow draw his pay. But for *him* and his damaged arm, Industry said: "He was careless and hurt himself; ask the State to pay for his keep."

The pattern-maker tries running an elevator, but you would be surprised how many thousands of old men are looking for jobs on elevators. As gardener, he cannot earn his salt. As ticket-taker at a ferry office, he lasts a week and is fired; the crowds get on his nerves, and three pairs of hands would be few enough. He was a good man on patterns but the job owes him nothing now. A few months pause—and then the City Mission gathers him in as one of its logical children.

BUT *this* is a day when the sun is up. The road from disability to the workhouse has a five-barred gate and few vigilant workmen of the scores of thousands in Ontario should find themselves travelling by it. The Workmen's Compensation Act says to the industries of Ontario: "You will shoulder the burdens of injured workers equally with the workers themselves. The game hitherto has been one-sided; the wage-earner has carried most of the load. Hence forth 55 per cent. of a man's wages must be paid him during the period of his disability, though it last as long as his life. In case of death, his wife and children shall be compensated on a fixed and reasonable scale."

Does not a fixed plan of indemnity for injured men encourage carelessness and invite accidents? In flippant theory, it might. In painful practice, it does nothing of the kind. No man in his senses deliberately thrusts his arm into a gearing and feels the flesh torn from his bones *for the compensating delight of having his wages cut in two.* The penalty on the workman for injury is the risk of death, the inevitable pain, the idleness, the loss of 45 per cent. of his earnings. Surely, it is enough.

To make the scheme workable and fair, industries of the same order, such as pulp and paper mills, presenting equal risks, are *grouped*, and an assessment made on the group according to what experience has demonstrated in the previous twelve months. Within each group, of course, the levies are gauged by the payroll of each member. Sawmill operations, or bridge building, for instance, are rather hazardous, and such groups of industries would have a

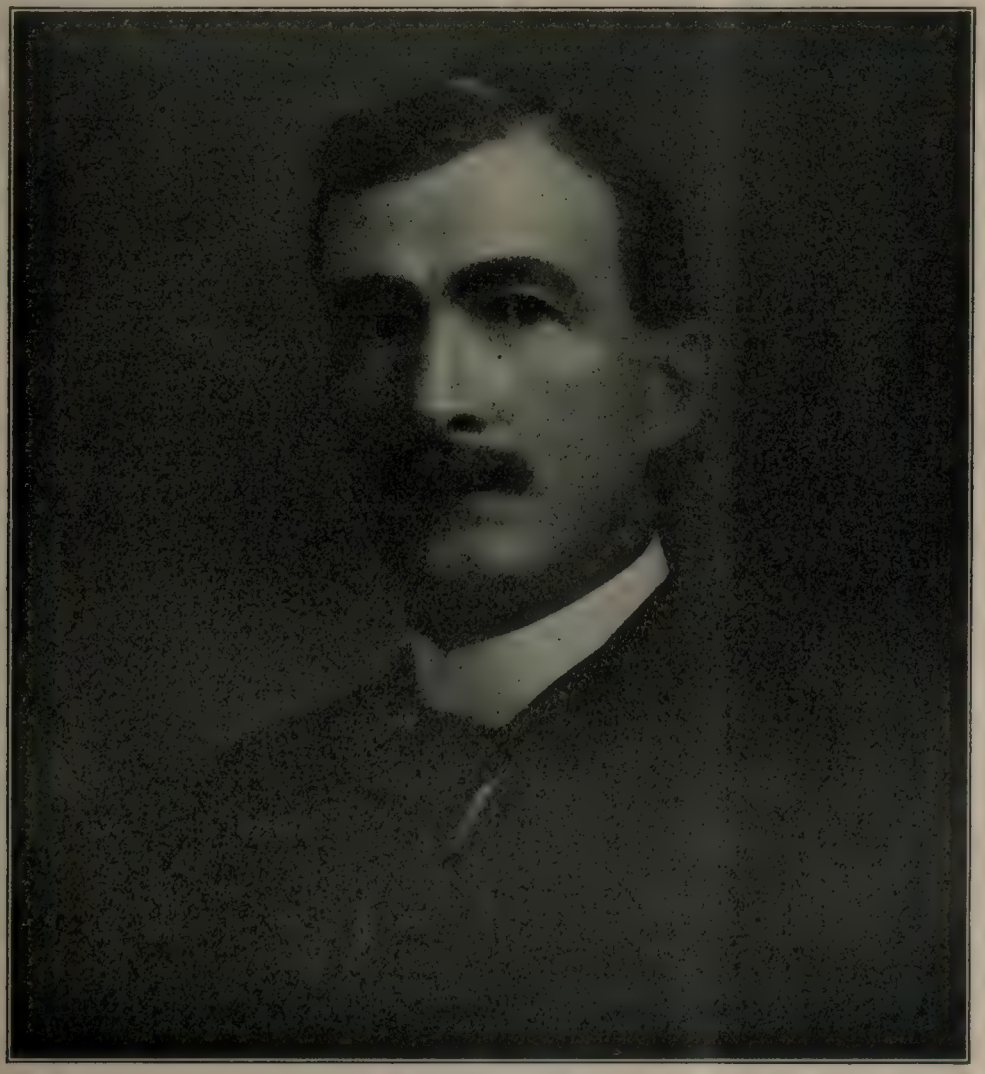
higher per capita assessment than would be asked from the printing trades. It is therefore in the immediate financial interest of each group to study reduction of accidents and this important responsibilty is assumed as an auxiliary concern of the Compensation Board and will be spoken of later.

As a matter of accuracy, the reader will bear in mind that railways and other public utilities, municipal corporations and like bodies are separately combined in the matter of payments for compensation. They do not contribute to the accident fund, like the bulk of ordinary industries, but are liable for payments for accidents as they occur, and are subject to the rulings of the Board.

Let us trace an everyday case through the offices of the Board and understand briefly how such things are handled. John Doe breaks his arm in a machine shop and is also internally injured. Unlike our pattern-maker friend, he knows that the gods of 1915-16 are standing at his elbow. His wife pens a letter to the Workmen's Compensation Board at Toronto, telling of the accident. The employer has been doing the same thing, for he is obliged to report accidents within three days. Back come blank forms. The workman and his surgeon fill them up; the employer is engaged likewise. They are returned to the Board. Usually within three days of their receipt, a cheque is mailed to the injured man. In many cases the extent of the wage-earner's injuries are not known or the facts not well authenticated, in which case an inspector of the Board might be sent out to make an independent report. No claim for disability lasting less than seven days is entertained.

WE shall take for granted that John Doe is genuinely the victim of a serious accident in the course of his labor. His surgeon attests the need of an operation and a three weeks' convalescence. All the evidence is in argeement—workman, employer, surgeon. John gets a cheque twice monthly for 55 per cent. of his wages and in certain instances the Board may help him with his surgeon's fees, hospital, etc. For five weeks, therefore, the cheques go forward. The moment the surgeon reports his man ready for work, the payments cease and John goes back to his old job. He can go back because the existence of the Board dissolved any chances of squabbling between man and boss as to the cause of the accident, or other ticklish points. The Board, as we said, is a capacious shock-absorber.

George A. Kingston
Commissioner Workmen's Compensation Board



Samuel Price
Chairman Workmen's Compensation Board

Suppose John had lost his arm. In that case he would have been entitled to a monthly pension for the rest of his days—the amount depending on his wages, occupation and number of years he probably would have lived to carry his disability with him. If he had lost only his thumb then he would receive a lump sum, because the Board consider such an injury to be less than 10 per cent. of his earning capacity.

Let us finish John completely. After the funeral, a workman's widow ordinarily looks down the help-wanted columns. But Mrs. John is not immediately driven to that, for the Board will say to her in effect: "You are entitled for the balance of your life, or during widowhood, to a pension of $20 a month, and $5 a month for each child under sixteen years of age, not exceeding forty dollars monthly for all. If you decide to marry again, we will present you one month after the wedding with $480—equal to two years' pension payments."

IF John does not die, he may be so disabled that he cannot earn his former wages, although able to earn *part*. Such cases require delicate handling. A partially-recovered man who eagerly and conscientiously applies himself at new employment, earning what he can, must not be regarded in the same category with the partly-

disabled *shirker*. Some wage-earner, merely through laziness, might attempt to deceive the Board into paying him the same pension as a totally disabled man, or he might deliberately refuse work which he was qualified to do. Close investigation is made of all such cases. To the honor of Ontario workmen as a class, and to their shrewdness too, be it said, the Board has found very few of its correspondents other than scrupulous in their representations. The wage-earner is eager to resume his employment on the physician's word of permission. Further, in a number of instances where overpayments have been made to workmen during their illness, the excess amounts were promptly returned to the Board on request, without the semblance of argument.

There is an interesting "guiding principle" of the Board covering these partial disability cases. A wage-earner is regarded as entitled to 55 per cent. *of the impairment* of his earning power. That is, if before the accident he received $20 a week in wages, and is afterwards able to earn only $10 a week, he will get from his group of employers, via the Board, an extra $5.50 a week as compensation. This looks generous, but it is well to remember that the accident actually costs the victim $4.50 a week of his normal wages. The Board wisely assumes much latitude of judgment in these cases and can estimate through its own inspectors whether the worker is paying his honest part. Certain it is that with a careful and unprejudiced body of administrators, as may truly be said to constitute the present Board of Compensation, the objects of the Act have little chance of mis-application.

WERE the reader to be brought face to face with fifteen or twenty maimed men and women and asked to state the *percentage of handicap* under which each would return to work, the task would reasonably appear impossible. Yet, the Board is called upon to perform such curious equations six days a week. Suppose a local surgeon at Fenelon Falls posts in his opinion that a certain wage-earner "is permanently impaired twenty-five per cent," who or what is to fix his statement as more than guesswork? This was a real and a peculiar problem. So the Board established a special rating schedule, covering all the commoner accidents that can reduce a man's earning power for the rest of his days.

An amputation of the right arm of a right-handed man (and, of course, we mean women, too) reduces his power to earn wages, says the Compensation Board, by more than two thirds, 68.5 per cent., but the loss of four fingers is an 18 per cent. impairment. To sacrifice a little finger at the proximal joint impairs the wage earner 1.7 per cent., but to lose a leg at the thigh reduces his earning power by more than four-fifths, 83.3 per cent. The age of the workman, his earnings, his physical disability, the number of years it will take him to adapt himself to his changed condition are some of the elements which enter into the problem.

These sound like strange calculations to most of us, but they are based on world-wide experience and are only indicative of the combination of exactness and elasticity so essential in the operation of a social instrument like the Workmen's Compensation Act.

THE happiest harvest from the Ontario Compensation Act has been the promise of an immediate decrease in the number of accidents. A percentage of accidents will always follow hazardous, and even what we call "safe," employments, but thousands of our mishaps are the product of sheer carelessness. Instead of the Board confining its attention to alleviating distress of the damaged ones, a vital part of its machinery works upon the abolition of the causes of injury.

What about these causes? It is wonderful how big the "trifles" grow when related statistically.

Twenty-one set screws which might have been countersunk for $7.35 caused an accident burden on employers of $5,619.39. Open shafting and conveyors, which could have been boxed in cheaply at a few cents each, killed 4, crippled 22 and temporarily injured 55 workmen. Open gearing wounded 66, killed 4 and crippled 37 wage earners.

Two men fell down elevator shafts and were killed. Automatic locks costing $3.50, which would have prevented the gates from opening, would have saved the pair of lives and also $6,179.06 in compensation. *Care*, you see, pays fine dividends. Again two hundred and seventeen feet were badly burned, because they were not sensibly shod; 126 people received painful and often serious hurt because it was "nobody's business" to pay attention to protruding nails and pieces of broken glass or metal.

And mark this for an item in a single year of just one province! The wearing of goggles, cost $150 all told, would have saved 38 permanent injuries to eyes and $42,846.50 in compensation.

Surely here is a field for propaganda! The need thus far has moved the employers of the province to form fifteen safety associations with seventeen inspectors, whose salaries and expenses are paid out of the accident fund to which the employers contribute. The business of these inspectors is to specialize on *accident prevention* within a special group of industries. The lumbermen's association inspectors, for instance, will travel from point to point. They examine machinery, shafting, gearing, insist on tests of boilers, watch the men at their labors and caution and instruct them along lines of personal safety. This kind of evangelism, persistently and tactfully applied through a number of years may easily cut down the number of industrial injuries by half. Automatically, then, the financial burden on manufacturer and consumer will be materially eased.

IT has been contended by opponents of the radical tendencies included in the Compensation Act that in the hands of weak and politically-minded administrators, it might be a weapon for the gravest tyranny. But so might the General Post Office and the Geological Survey. The Ontario Government has cut clear of any such error in its first selection of a Board; Mr. Samuel Price is chairman, Mr. A. W. Wright, vice-chairman; Mr. Geo. A. Kingston, commissioner, and Mr. J. M. McCutcheon, secretary. Under these governors, the first year's testing has been singularly harmonious and a number of employers not now within the Act have requested to be included.

The Workmen's Compensation Act is not a Government's attempt to "put over" a picturesque political concession to labor agitators. It can be regarded only as a modest mile post in Canadian industrial and social history, of which many more mile posts are overdue and many more are bound to come. The standpat employer may storm himself into apoplexy over the tendency of "these trade-union times"; the ultra laborite may wring his hands at the slow advance of the social millenium. Neither man probably will delay or hasten very much the inevitable revision of industrial relations. One of these inevitable revisions was the displacing of the old Workmen's Compensation Act in Ontario and the application of the new. The man who is atune to the impatient, iron-shod temper of these recent years of human advancement should hold his programme open for almost any mass-move, for they are coming aplenty. The Workmen's Compensation Act of Ontario, trespassing on the old style of quarrelsome, inadequate adjustment for injuries to employees, will probably look tame enough in the light of events of 1925.

The Conversion of Alexander Popoff

By Louis Kon

Illustrated by Bruce Cameron

ALEXANDER POPOFF was sitting at his desk buried in the morning paper, carefully reading every word of the war news.

"It is terrible," he murmured to himself, "it is cruel." His eyes rested on the map of Europe, hanging on the wall opposite his desk. Suddenly his attention was distracted. "It's a long way from Canada, it's a long way to go——", sang the passing volunteers of the 34th Fort Garry Horse.

Alex moved to the window and watched the column of soldiers turning on to Broadway. A group of newsboys followed them whistling "It's a Long Way to Tipperary."

He remarked among the soldiers a few of his acquaintances, men with wives and children for whose happiness and well being they were responsible.

His thoughts with the rapidity of lightning wandered to his native Russia, to the battlefields of Belgium, to his little cottage where wife and children were anxiously awaiting his return after the day's work, to the western fields, where the Canadian farmers, originally from Britain, Germany, Belgium, Austria and Russia were peacefully threshing their harvested grains; to the hospitals where tens of thousands of young, formerly ablebodied and useful, citizens of this world were suffering from terrible wounds inflicted by their fellowmen.

The picture grew darker and darker. He shut his eyes. Legions of crippled men were slowly moving, followed by crowds of destitute women carrying babies or leading hungry children. He saw the men in the trenches, the burning villages, the wounded lying where no aid could reach them. He covered his closed eyes with his hand trying to shut out the horrid vision. The contracted muscles of his face and nervous twitching of his lips indicated his physical suffering.

The telephone bell aroused him.

"Yes, Scott, I will be in the office. Come along; I quite forget what you look like, it's so long since I've seen you. . . . What ?. . . no, I certainly don't believe it ! You are too sensible for that. . . . "

BY his desk stood a Russian immigrant bashfully crumpling his cap, and nervously stepping from one foot to another.

"Well, what can I do for you ?" inquired Alex.

"I want to go to the war," came the reply in a low voice.

"Anxious to kill, or to be killed?" asked Alex ironically.

"As God wills, perhaps I shall kill, maybe they will kill me. Did you hear anything from home ? Are the Germans killing many of ours ?"

"I am sorry, but I cannot do anything for you," Alex informed the stranger.

The immigrant's face grew worried. "We just came from the West. The French Consul sent me to you. Please, let us go to the war. We are twenty or thirty together, all from one village. We want to go back home."

"I cannot help," repeated Alex. "If you have money to pay your passage you may go."

"How much would it cost ?"

"About one hundred dollars."

"We could not do it. It is only eight months since we are in Canada. The money we earned was sent home to our families. Are there no other means of getting to the war ?"

Alex took a letter from his desk, and explained that the Russian Government does not call to arms any reservists residing in Canada, except those who are willing to pay their own fares.

"According to this letter, received from the Russian Consul in Montreal, you can join the British or French army if you wish. If you are so very anxious to go to the war, you may try to join the Canadian contingent going to the front. Perhaps they will take you," continued Alex.

By his desk stood a Russian immigrant bashfully crumpling his cap

"I don't want to fight for others, I took the oath of allegiance to our Czar, and I've promised to fight for him and for Russia. One oath is enough for me. Besides I don't understand their language. We will have to try to get some work and to make enough money to pay our fares."

"It is the only thing for you to do," said Alex.

"Are you in the Russian military reserve ?" timidly inquired the stranger looking straight into Alex's eyes.

"Yes, I am, but why do you ask ?"

"You look as if you had enough money to pay your fare to Russia. Why don't you go ?"

Alex did not wish to continue the conversation with his guest, and in order to bring it to an end he began to look over some correspondence which he had in front of him.

THE immigrant turned on his heel and left the office.

The file of correspondence he unconsciously laid his hand on was pertaining to Carl Ulrich, an ex-lieutenant of the German army, who in 1905 migrated to Canada. For the past few years Ulrich had served on the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, where he made an enviable reputation for his faithfulness to duty and for his horsemanship. Later he was appointed Immigration Officer.

A few months before the war he resigned his post and went to his native country to visit his relatives.

The letter written by Ulrich to Alex was dated Berlin, July 2nd, 1914. It read in part as follows:

"I am longing to get back to Canada, and if you know of any work that I can get upon my return to Winnipeg, or if you think that you will be able to help me to find something, please let me know and I will return immediately.

"I enjoyed my visit to the old home immensely the first few months—for so long only, did the novelty of life in Berlin and other large cities appeal to me after years spent on the Canadian prairies. Then, too, when I began to realize the terrible oppression of militarism of my native country, the unreasonable vanity and vaunted superiority of the army officers and the burden of military taxation, I longed to be back in Canada, where the fight for national superiority takes the form of progressive farming, industrial development, of social betterment, of efforts to mould citizens intellectually and morally sound from these alien races."

HERE he paused in his reading as the sound of approaching footsteps fell upon his ear.

"Mr. Popoff, allow me to introduce myself to you," laughingly said his old friend Lieutenant Scott of the 34th Fort Garry Horse, entering the office. "I have been passed by the medical authorities, found fit to fight the Germans, and I am leaving for the front within a few days. Now you will believe I was not joking when I told you so over the telephone."

Alex shook hands with Scott, and remarked: "To be frank with you, blue serge suits you better than this khaki uniform. You are the last man I would expect to travel thousands of miles to kill your fellow men.

"You have changed your mind suddenly, Scott. It is only a few weeks since you returned to me the book written by Baroness von Sutton, which won her the Nobel peace prize. Then you told me that no sensible and sensitive man could read that book without doing his utmost to stop the wanton slaughter of human beings. To-day with a smile of pride you are ready to uphold this curse of humanity."

"Alex you talk wildly. The Kaiser decorated the late Baroness von Sutton for the book you are mentioning, and it is he who is largely responsible for this war. The Socialists of the warring nations have been spending years in advocating peace and condemning militarism. As one man they have gone to fight for their principles. This is a war in defence of liberty: it is a war to annihilate the danger which threatens that democracy which it took the best blood and brains of centuries to establish.

"You are surprised at my volunteering to go to war, but it would not surprise me to see you join our first contingent, if you do not return to Russia to help crush militarism. This war needs men like you."

"Scott, do you remember our many conversations in regard to war ? Do you remember that it was you who condemned our Minister of Militia for his declaration that the money spent on technical education would be of more value to the country if it were spent in erecting more military drill halls ? I admired you then, thinking you a type of Canadian who understood the fallacy of false military ambitions, who would aid the peaceful development of this country. And what do you do ? You are transformed into a brute in uniform, ready to kill as many as you can."

He saw the men in the trenches, the burning villages, the wounded lying where no aid could reach them

SCOTT was humming "Good-bye Blue Bell" during his friend's tirade, but the epithet "a brute in military uniform" brought the blood to his face. Springing from his chair he reached for his cap.

"It is useless to argue with peace-maniacs and cranks of your sort,

Popoff! Men like you are the parasites of society. You are satisfied to enjoy the privileges and benefits of democracy, but you are too selfish and too bigoted to defend them.

"I remember exactly all you have told me about the social and political conditions in Russia; you will admit that the autocracy of your native country is a product of German militarism. You know that the German Government has been aiding your bureaucracy to crush the gigantic movement in Russia which aimed at popular liberty. German militarism has been corrupting theGerman people themselves. It has blinded them to its real motive. Stop to think what would happen to Russia, to France, to Great Britain, to the whole world, should militarism be victorious. The German nation would be compelled to accept the false ideal that might is right. Is this not strong enough argument for you?"

Alex listened attentively to Scott who, with unwonted vehemence and eyes aglow, was defending his change of front on the war question, pacing back and forth as he talked.

Suddenly he stopped in front of Popoff and regaining poise, continued:

"This cursed German militarism will not triumph as long as there is one Anglo-Saxon able to handle a weapon.

"The belief that Britons never shall be slaves, is too deeply rooted for us to submit to Germany.

"You know well enough Alex, that my going to the war is not paying a debt to the Mother Country as most people understand it. As an individual I did not contract any debt towards Great Britain.

"I am going to fight a foe which is menacing the liberties of those whose very life is liberty; a foe striving to push civilization back a century; a foe seeking to exploit its own power. My reasons for going to the war are the same as yours if you decide to join.

"I offer no apology. I want you to understand that our ideals are still the same, and that I am prepared to defend them. I want you to remember, that if you hear that Richard Scott, of the 34th Fort Garry Horse died of wounds on the battlefield, that his last words were not 'Down with the Germans!' but 'Down with German militarism!' And if I come back after we have smashed the German war machine, you may be sure that I will work as hard as ever to counteract any attempt to make Canada a military country."

Scott gripped his friend's hand, looked steadily into his eyes for a moment, and was gone.

Louis, her brother, and her brother-in-law were both killed in battle

ALEX sat alone long after all the office staff had left for home. The Russian immigrant's remark, that he looked as if he had enough money to pay his fare to Russia, and Scott's "The war needs men like you," were ringing in his ears.

Again came the dreadful picture of the battlefield. He imagined himself shooting a German soldier, who fell to the ground murmuring, "Write my people that it is hard for me to die not knowing what will become of my wife and children. Give them my last thought and kiss. Send my blessings to my old mother."

Such was that mother's reward for the devotion of anxious days and sleepless nights. Such was the final benefit the world and his country obtained from his manhood.

A cry of "Hurrah" and a voice shouting in Russian: "Are you blind? Can't you strike the heart? Try it again!" took Popoff back to the time when he, as an officer of the Russian army, was training soldiers to charge with bayonets a straw dummy, on which the heart was marked in white chalk.

He quickly left the office, hoping that a breath of fresh air would revive his spirits.

The street was well lighted. Street cars and automobiles were moving in all directions. The windows with their tasteful displays of flowers, fruit, books, gowns and provisions, spoke loudly toPopoff of the blessings of peace. The billboards with their exhortations "Enlist now!" "Send subscriptions to the patrioict fund!" "Help the Red Cross!" and many others interspersed with advance notices of the symphony orchestra's concert brought Popoff's thoughts back to Scott and the Russian immigrant and to his own position.

He boarded a street car, longing to be home with his wife and children.

He found in his pocket a pamphlet containing a speech of Lloyd George in the House of Commons. Lloyd George was one of his heroes. His liberalism, his staunch adherence to his "programme of reform," made Popoff admire "the little Welshman" who was such a prominent figure in directing the destinies of England.

He hoped to find in that speech

Continued on page 308.

The Reeve of Silver Island

By Harry Moore

Illustrated by F. M. Grant

PART II.

IN the life of the islanders, two very important things happened that summer. First was the disappearance of the light from the Widow Wurst's window. Second was the inauguration of John Best's plans to reclaim middle-ground.

The removal of the light from the widow's window lead to many conjectures—the widow had given up hopes of her boy ever coming back—the widow had heard that he was dead—the widow had been left money by someone in the old country, for she wore a new bonnet and new clothing and was seen buying expensive tea at the grocer's.

Apparently uninterested in the affairs of the widow, John Best listened to this gossip with a blank face. In his own room, or when alone in the office, he smiled. Down in his heart he had a feeling of satisfaction that he was doing the right thing and that the islanders some day would understand.

People were beating a path to his office now and asking all kinds of advice from the time to plant corn, the seed to use, to mortgages. In all matters, John Best's judgment was found to be reliable; he only charged when he had to, and the islanders liked him.

In spare moments he had drafted plans of middle-ground and he put the question to them, did they believe in draining this territory if he could devise a feasible scheme? Sure they did, but up to the present no one had given them anything that looked at all as though it would work. Then he opened his drawers and showed them his ideas in black and white. They opened their mouths in astonishment—they could see how simple the thing was—they went about and told others and the real estate office was the centre of attraction. John Best told them that it would take money to do it, and suggested the formation of a joint stock company. There were many rich men on the island and a few of them could finance it all right. But the rich men could not see the thing as the others did and John Best began to feel that his plans would fall through. "Not yet," they told him—"You run for reeve of Silver Island with that for a platform, and we'll elect you."

Then John Best made trips to Wilkie and searched the registry office and was closeted with lawyers, communed with municipal officials; in short, got all kinds of valuable information and so was in a position to know just who owned middle-ground, what the council would have to do, the cost of the project and the services of an engineer.

On the island he drove much and busied himself getting in touch with all the men who were likely to endorse by their vote such a gigantic undertaking.

Among those who supported him were the Laws. Father and son backed him to the limit, but Reeve Simpson, who felt that he had a life-lease on the reeveship, grew sullen and came to the real estate office no more. Such is the price we pay for introducting new things!

Between them—that is, John Best, the Laws, and others picked from the North, the South and the East Sides—they perfected an organization for the purpose of assuring John Best's election as Reeve. Through the fall the fight began in earnest, but the question was too big for the followers of Reeve Simpson, and the organization worked so well that at the January elections John Best was elected in one of the most exciting fights in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Furthermore, the slate known as "the middle-ground slate" was elected to a man, so the new reeve had the absolute confidence of the ratepayers to bring his scheme to fruition.

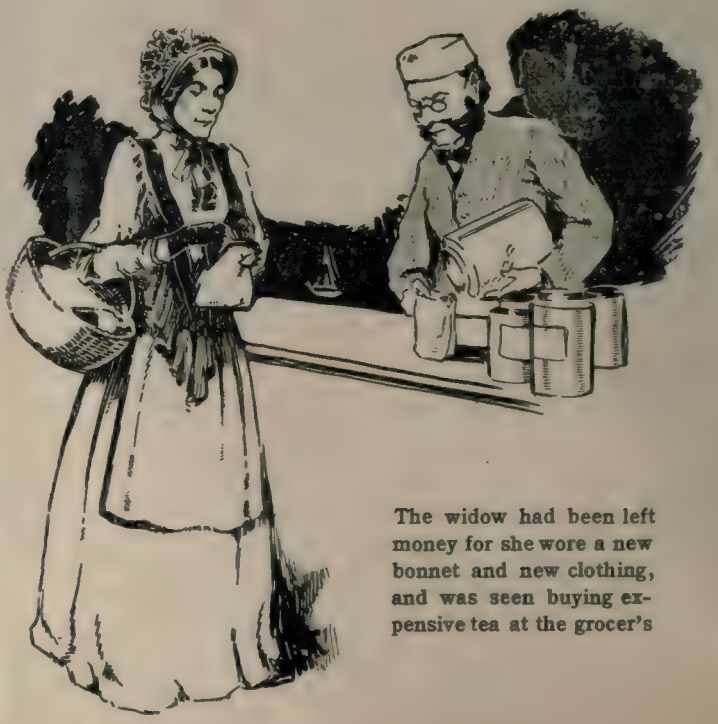
THE first thing that the new council did, upon being sworn in, was to take a trip to the bog and talk the matter over. There was no communication with the mainland—there was no engineer on the island. The councillors waded around in the snow, took notes and discussed the matter from every angle. New roads would have to be opened up, new bridges would have to be built—it was a big job, but nevertheless, a worthy one.

February, March and April, the new council met and went along with the business of the island. To a man they watched the calendar, and the first trip to the mainland of the *Marie*.

Frank Law was asked to state just how the island's finances were, and he reported that the treasury held sufficient funds to pay for all the work. This meant that the council did not have to submit a by-law to the people.

The last week in April, the *Marie* went to Wilkie and when she returned, she brought an engineer. A delegation, self-appointed, was there to meet the man and to carry his appliances. Promptly upon his appearance the council convened and the engineer was given to understand just what was wanted. The reclamation of middle-ground had begun.

In May, the engineer brought in his



The widow had been left money for she wore a new bonnet and new clothing, and was seen buying expensive tea at the grocer's

report with an estimate of the cost—in five figures. The council discussed the report, asked the ratepayers if they had anything to dispute about it, made alterations here and alterations there, put in a bridge here and took one off there, moved, seconded and carried amid cheers that the engineer's plans be adopted and asked for tenders

Summer and winter the work progressed, for the contractors came on in June, and in one year two canals had been dug, four pump-houses had been built, four pumps had been installed and four streams of water poured day and night into the lake.

Then in the following fall, after the canals had been built, the *Marie* pulled into port with people from Detroit, Sandusky, Cleveland, London, Toronto and other adjacent cities, and middle-ground was the object of their visit. They watched the pumps at work, they stood on the immense piles of excavated earth, and they rubbed their eyes—this was Big Business. They put on hip-boots and walked down among the weeds, they kicked up the soil, and they stopped and picked it up by the handful. It was black and—rich.

Their curiosity satisfied, many of the visitors became purchasers, and returning later, they cleared the land. They built large tobacco barns, they planted corn, they grew potatoes—

Such a boom did this undertaking produce that the money received in extra taxes the following year went a long way towards paying the expenses of running the pump-houses. Further than this, it brought to the island many good industrious people—people who became customers for the stores, people who became passengers on the *Marie*—and it might just be said here that inside two years, the island's exports of tobacco had grown to one and one-quarter million pounds, while its corn export had reached over half a million bushels, and land went up, up, up——

And John Best, re-elected reeve by acclamation, continued to sell real estate and write insurance, and look after the Main Object—a busy, contented man.

TIME passed, summer had gone and it was evening in the latter part of January in the year following the construction of the canals. In John Best's office, the municipality's auditors were examining the treasurer's books preparatory to making a report to Council.

"Looks bad," said one, shaking his head, and turning to where Reeve Best was writing at his desk.

"Very bad," reported the other, a tall man with whiskers—"Mr. Reeve, our treasurer's books don't look at all right"

Among those who supported him were the Laws, father and son

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked John Best, laying down his pen and coming over to them.

"Looks like a shortage of several thousands of dollars," stated the long-whiskered man, the discovery making him nervous as though he were the cause of it.

"My God, boys, are you sure of this?" The Reeve's face was white and he was excited.

"We can't report it otherwise."

That was the first intimation Reeve Best had that the treasurer of Silver Island might make another mis-step.

"It is my own fault," he upbraided himself, as he wended his way to the home of the treasurer—" Knowing him as I did, why didn't I watch him? If this is true——"

Frank Law seated before a table in a smoking jacket showed him a chair and laughed as the reeve told him about the auditors' discovery.

"Nothing to it—simply nothing—the auditors must have made a mistake. Why, the way things have been conducted, it would be impossible for me to get away with the money."

Seeing that there was nothing to be gained by talking to a man who was so cock-sure of his fallibility, yet couldn't disprove the claim of the auditors, the reeve returned to his office and told the officials to dig into the depths of the treasurer's dealings with the municipality if they had to go back ten years.

WHEN council met again, the auditors presented their statement, but the council turned it down. They couldn't accept such a report. Had the auditors done this work thoroughly? Yes, to the best of their knowledge. Were the auditors prepared to prove that they examined all the books of the treasurer and did the treasurer have all the vouchers to show for the money paid out? Yes, they had examined the books; no, the treasurer's vouchers were missing.

Highly indignant, Frank Law arose to his feet and asked permission to speak. They granted him his request. He said he was positive that the books were right and that he had never at any time taken one cent from the corporation that he wasn't entitled to. He was at a loss to know how the auditors came to their conclusion.

The upshot of the matter were the steps taken by the council to have a government audit of the books. And so the matter rested until auditors could be secured.

In the fall the experts came to the island, worked a few weeks and then went away, taking the books with them. At the close of navigation, the *Marie* brought over a very valuable package, which was delivered to John Best. The council was called and the report of the experts laid on the table.

It was December and a tense moment in the affairs of Silver Island. Frank Law was sick in bed. The council hall was crowded.

Reeve John Best arose and read the report of the government men. Boiled down, it showed a woeful neglect of duty on the part of the treasurer and a shortage of fifteen thousand dollars—during a period of twelve years.

After council had adjourned and he heard the report, to the reeve's office promptly came Judge Law. He was a broken man as he entered and sat down. He asked many, many questions.

Would Reeve Best give him time to

raise the money to pay this defalcation ?

"No," said the reeve, quietly though firmly—"No."

"Is it your intention then, to have my son sent up for misappropriation ?"

"It is."

Judge Law shook with emotion and his lips quivered.

"It may mean the penitentiary—"

"I know."

"Then, why do you wish to send Frank there ? He has been a good friend to you ?"

JOHN BEST brought over a chair and sat down beside the old man. "You ask me why I would do this. I will tell you." His voice was hoarse and the beads of perspiration stood on his face. "First, because I am the Reeve of Silver Island and the watch-dog of the treasury; secondly, and it is something you may not care to hear, because it happened a million years ago —Eighteen years ago a man was murdered on this island—Bill Wurst was sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary. Eleven years of his time was served. Oh, the warden was kind and he knew this man was not a criminal. He trusted Bill Wurst—he gave him books to study—he encouraged him. At the end of eleven years, Bill Wurst was pardoned, he went west, changed his name and getting a start in the real estate game eventually made money. One day he sold his business, packed up, and—"

"Now, what in the name of common sense has all this got to do with it ?" demanded the judge, interrupting him.

"What has it got to do with it ? I'm coming to that, Judge Law, for it will show my second reason why your son must pay the bill. You remember Bill Wurst being sentenced to the penitentiary ?—"

"Yes, yes—I'm getting tired of hearing about that—"

"But the man who murdered John Stanton wasn't Bill Wurst—the murderer was your son—"

"You lie, John Best," Judge Law said savagely, springing to his feet—"Frank is under a cloud now, that's why you say that—"

"Judge Law," the other returned, "I know what I am saying, and much as it may hurt you, I have to tell you. Your son murdered Stanton—"

"You can't prove it ?"

"Prove nothing—it isn't necessary." The Reeve of Silver Island sprang to his feet and confronted him. "Look at me, Judge Law—he cried, "Look at my face—see those eyes, for they have not changed—do you recognize me ? Did you ever see me before ?"

The old man's face was a study.

"No—no," he said, shaking his head —"I don't know you—I never saw you before you came to the island. Who are you ?"

"Who am I ? Judge Law, I am Bill Wurst—"

For a moment the old man stared at the face before him, he saw a resemblance, then clutching at his collar and choking for breath, he fell to the floor—

"Bill Wurst ! My God—my——"

DURING the week that Judge Law struggled between life and death, Frank Law was recovering from the shock produced by the government audit.

Towards the end of the week, John Best had a message from the old judge, and a request to call. The doctor had reported the old gentleman had been stricken with paralysis, and that at his age, it was but a matter of a few days until death would ensue.

To Judge Law's house and wondering what the judge wanted him for, then, on Friday night went the Reeve of Silver Island, where he was ushered into the room of the stricken man.

The room was tastily decorated and scrupulously clean; the reeve was aware that pictures of great value cover d the walls, but he did not see them—his eyes were centered on the white face on the pillow. For Judge Law had changed !

"Sit down," the old man commanded, weakly—"I want to talk to you. The doctor tells me that I will live for a few days yet. I am ready to go but it is hard—I so wanted to live. Sit over closer—there, that's better—I'm not as strong as I was a few days ago—"

Somewhere in the dining-room, a clock struck the hour and John Best watched the old man as he pushed back the straggling grey hairs that fell over his brow.

"I have lived a life that may be good or bad, according to how you view it. Don't live that kind of a life—better be one thing or the other—"

He turned his face to the pillow, and when he again opened his eyes, the tears ran slowly down his cheeks.

"Frank's mother died that he might live—oh, the wonderful sacrifice of a mother ! Up to that time, I prided myself on being a friend to man—you know the lines, 'Let me live in a house by the side of the road—' After she was taken and the boy grew up, it is a different story. If you are Bill Wurst, you have an idea of Frank's living—drunkenness, lying, gambling—I, as a father, was forced to protect him against the world. Then came the climax. I knew he killed John Stanton, for I burned the clothes that had the tell-tale stains of blood on them. We talked the matter over. There must be some one upon whom to fix the crime. Your father had done me an ill-turn years before—I thought of you —for you will remember that in those days you lead a life that was not free from blame. I had money—money can do anything—and I greased the wheels of justice. Justice ? Justice is blind only when accepting a bribe."

The reeve's hands opened and closed convulsively. He would have liked to throttled the man in his bed; oh, the monster !

"Nothing more need be said about myself—you know the rest—you have suffered—God knows you have suffered too much. Eleven years you tell me were spent behind the bars—let me pay you for it—I will pay you——"

He broke out in a harsh laugh.

"Pay a man to suffer for me and mine—what irony ? And yet—and yet—if you will accept fifteen thousand dollars in full for Frank's defalcation and will let him go, I'll pay you another fifteen thousand for the eleven years of your life that you have given that my son and me should live in security—"

Years before when he stood in a prisoner's dock and heard a judge sentence him to fifteen years in the penitentiary for a crime he had never committed, the reeve of Silver Island had similar feelings to those occasioned by Judge Law's offer.

"It can't do you any good sending my boy to the penitentiary—it may do you much harm—fifteen thousand dollars is no mean offer—"

John Best staggered to his feet, a heavy feeling of depression in his brain. He could not speak. Out in the open air he could collect his thoughts, and put them into words. He turned to leave the room and as he did, he was aware for the first time of another's presence.

"Bill !"

Pale and wan, Frank Law extended his hand, but the other pushed it aside. Then Best's eyes darted into the face of the defaulting treasurer and his lips muttered something.

"John—Bill—" it was the judge's voice—"What do you say ? Will you help us out of this ?"

John Best's shoulders straightened up with a jerk and he turned and looked from the cowering treasurer to the death like face of the man in the bed.

"You want my decision here and now," he said, coldly—"It is not hard to give. I am, first of all, Reeve of Silver Island—"

"Then—then—there is no hope ?" Frank Law's voice was full of emotion.

"None ! Absolutely none ! The wheels of justice may be greased by your money, but you can't buy me for a million dollars. You have made your beds—lie in them."

For a minute he stood in the door, then silently passed out into the night.

To be continued.

A Wooing on the Veldt

By J. Wilbur Read

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

AGAINST the off hind wheel of his ox wagon, Pete Botha lay smoking his pipe. The clatter of a horse's hoofs caused him to sit up and peer ahead. A few moments later the horseman stopped at his side and dismounted. The rider was about twenty-two years of age, tall, lank, lean, and limber, with the silky beard of the youthful Boer covering his face.

"Sakabona?" he said, using the Kaffir greeting which means, "How do you do?"

Pete answered him in kind, saying, "Mushla," or "Good."

"I am Jan Van Niekerk, from Rustenberg," said the young man. "My father, who is with the wagon you see coming over the kopje, is Paul Van Niekerk. During the war he was a commandant, under Botha."

"Ja; I know him," answered Pete. "We got acquainted in Pretoria, after the Rooineks captured us. But I haven't seen him since the war."

"I suppose you are going to Pretoria to Nachtmahl. You will have a chance to renew your acquaintance there." Nachtmahl is the quarterly communion service, held for the benefit of the Boers on the back veldt, who live so far apart that they have to trek a long distance to attend church, hence are unable to go often.

Jan turned as he heard someone approaching from 'round the wagon. It was Pete's daughter, Meenie, who hesitated when she saw that the visitor was unknown to her. She was a comely Boer maiden of seventeen summers, big and strong with the strength of the woman who lives close to nature unhampered by the frivolities and appliances of civilization. Her skin was of a rosy red, showing no little tan as the result of a life in the open air. Her nose tilted saucily upward. Her eyes were of a light blue, and her hair was of a color that in England would have caused the women who saw her for the first time to whisper "Peroxide!" But Meenie's hair knew no fluid other than water; and that fluid, it must be confessed, it met oftener in a rain storm than in a bath tub. But such is the custom of the veldt, where a bath is regarded as more or less of a trial. However Meenie's heart was a good heart, and she was a daughter of whom any Boer could be proud.

"This is Jan VanNiekerk, Meenie," said Pete. "His father was in prison at Petroria with me." Turning to Jan, he said, "This is my daughter, Meenie, and I think she is looking for a husband. There is your chance, young man." He chuckled as he spoke, then dodged and ran as Meenie attempted to box his ears.

"You mustn't mind Dad," she said.

Jan caught her to his breast and kissed her on the lips, the forehead and the cheeks

"He is always poking fun at me. Ever since I was fifteen years old he has been telling all the boys I am looking for a husband."

"Well they must be awfully slow, for if I had been one of them you would have been married long ago, and I would have been your husband," said the young man decisively.

"You would, would you ?" queried Meenie. She ran towards him, saying, "Now I am going to box your ears."

"You are, are you ? I am waiting," said Jan.

Meenie's hand struck his left ear. Jan opened his arms, caught her to his breast and kissed her on the lips, the forehead and the cheeks. She struggled, but her effort availed her nothing. "Let me go! I hate you!" she panted.

"All right. Hate away, young lady. Remember that I am going to marry you this Nachtmahl, and take you home with me," she was warned by her captor.

"No you won't! I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" she repeated.

Jan laughed and released her after taking another kiss. Meenie ran around the wagon to her father to whom she poured out her trouble.

Pete gave her no comfort. On the contrary, he laughed and told her that Jan would make a good husband as his father owned many morgen of land.

VanNiekerk's wagon drew up. The veterans greeted each other, then helped the women and children to alight. The oxen were "outspaaned," and scattered to fill their bellies with the succulent grass. Pete's vrouw, Mary, had "skoff" ready, and invited the new arrivals to eat with her.

As they ate, the former soldiers exchanged reminiscences of the days when they rode the veldt as fellow soldiers of a Boer farmer leader in a misguided cause. Ere the meal was finished, the mothers were the best of friends.

While the Kaffir "boys," Sixpence and Ginfish, washed the dishes the party sat in the moonlight, talking of the people both families knew. Finally Pete rose, yawned, and said "We had better get to sleep, as we must start early in the morning, if we want to reach Pretoria before dark."

The party broke up and retired. The women slept in the wagons and the men on the ground.

Meenie had breakfast ready at sunrise the next morning. It consisted of coffee, Boer bread, marmalade and biltong, the latter being dried meat, usually the flesh of the buck that ranges the back veldt.

Pete raised his cup to his lips, took a long drink of the coffee, so dear to the Boers, and turned to Meenie, saying, "You can have that new dress you asked for."

"Thank you, Daddie," she said. Rising, she went to him and kissed him. His beard was wet with the coffee he had drunk, and Meenie wiped her lips as she returned to her place.

Pete grinned. "If you have more of those kisses to give me, I might let you have a new pair of veldtschoens." (Boer shoes.)

Back to her father went Meenie. She kissed him several times, and said, "There's your pay. It ought to be enough for several pair of veldtschoens, and a new kappje." The kappje is the bonnet worn by the Boer women.

Another grin stirred Pete's whiskers, which fell nearly to his waist. "That's enough. Save the rest for Jan." He dodged a piece of bread Meenie threw at him, wiped the coffee off his beard with the back of his hand, and arose.

With everything in readiness to resume the trek, the women and children took their places under the hood that covered the rear of the wagon.

Pete mounted his horse. Ginfish picked up the rheim (rawhide) tied to the horns of the lead oxen. Sixpence swung his whip around his head several times. It cracked like a pistol shot. The oxen strained under the yokes and pulled together, following Ginfish, who acted as voerloeper, or leader. Each ox was known by name. Sixpence called to the laggards, berating them for neglecting to do their part. Sometimes he yelled an imprecation in Zulu, but oftener used the Taal, or Dutch.

At intervals during the forenoon, Jan made further overtures,to Meenie, but was repulsed. She gave no sign of relenting, and spoke only in monosyllables when she deigned to answer him. Jan refused to acknowledge himself beaten. Again he vowed to take her home with him as his wife.

Up the hills around Pretoria the oxen finally made their way. The crest was reached and the descent into the erstwhile capital of the republic began. Through the streets of Pretoria they travelled, stopping at the Dutch Reformed Church, where the oxen were outspaaned. Tents were erected, and preparations made for a stay of several days.

Saturday dawned bright and clear, as all days do in the Transvaal, where cloudy weather is unknown. Many of the young people left immediately after breakfast to see the city. It was not long ere the older ones followed, as there was much shopping to be done. Meenie refused Jan's request to accompany him to the Zoo, suffering a twinge of the heart as she did so. She justified her conduct by reminding herself that she had to select the clothes her father had promised her.

Later in the day Jan made another attempt to conciliate Meenie. He gave her a box of chocolates, which she accepted with a curt nod. Her wooer returned to his father's tent, feeling that he was making progress.

Sunday was devoted to religious services, although it must be admitted that many of the men got more pleasure from the consumption of the dop (Cape brandy) they had purchased before the bottle stores closed the night before.

Monday morning the farmers who lived near the city treked for home. The most of them, who came from a distance, staid on. Meenie continued to repulse Jan. He was worried, as he knew they also would trek on the morrow. At noon he brought her another box of sweets. She accepted them with a smile that set the blood racing through his veins. As she did so she ran into the tent and pulled down the flap.

Jan was perplexed. He followed her, saying, "Won't you forgive me, Meenie, if I promise not to kiss you again ? Come to the Zoo with me. To-morrow is the break-up. I won't have a chance to see you after we inspaan at the Rustenberg fork."

"But I don't love you. I won't marry you, so why should I come ?" she asked.

"I have told you I was sorry I kissed you—"

"You are, are you ? Some boys would have bragged about it. And you are sorry !"

"Oh, stop your joking. You know what I meant. I am sorry you don't like to be kissed,—"

"Who said I didn't like to be kissed?"

"If you do like it I will kiss you again."

"No you won't ! If you do I'll kill you !" she threatened.

"I'll promise to be good, and never kiss you again, unless you ask me to, if you will be friends with me and go to the Zoo."

Meenie relented. "All right. I'll go with you after skoff, if you will behave yourself. If you don't I will never speak to you again."

"Can I have skoff with you ?" asked Jan, as a wave of joy swept over him.

"Yes, if you behave yourself," Meenie consented.

"Never fear," he assured her. I'll be good. I like you Meenie."

Away went Jan, while Meenie's thoughts turned to her new dress. She wished she had it ready to wear. As that was impossible she turned her attention to making herself as attractive as she could with the means at her command. They were limited, to be sure. The wardrobe of the Boer women is scant, and when on trek they carry little but the clothes they wear. Nevertheless when her toilette was

finished she knew that she was good to look upon, and that Jan would be pleased.

After skoff the man and the maid left for the Zoo. They laughed at the antics of the monkeys. There was nothing new to them in the sight of the buck, for they had seen nearly all varieties, roaming the veldt. They watched the giraffes, gazed with awe at the tigers, and viewed the lions with interest.

Turning their steps towards the refreshment room they had some ice-cream, a luxury never obtainable on the veldt. One helping was not enough as the wine glasses in which it was served, held little. Jan ordered more, and while they ate it he told Meenie again that he loved her, and wanted her to be his wife. But she had said she hated him, and obstinately refused to surrender, although her heart was heavy.

Back to the tents they went. It was a sorry looking Jan that left Meenie with her mother that night.

At three o'clock the following morning a thunder clap awakened everybody in camp. Lightning flashed, the heavens opened, and the rain fell in torrents. The tents were flooded, and the campers were forced to seek shelter under the hoods of the wagons. In an hour the storm was over. Then the stars shone out again, and there was naught but the wet ground to indicate that a heavy rain had fallen.

Soon after sunrise the oxen were inspaaned, although it was doubtful whether the river could be crossed, owing to the rain. There was very little water on the ford when they came to Pretoria, but after the storm it was likely to be a raging torrent. Pete was anxious to get started, however, as it was time to plant the mealies, or corn. So off they went.

On the outskirts of town was the river. Pete's wagon was in the lead. He stopped at the ford, looked it over carefully and decided that he could make the crossing in safety. Van-Niekerk advised him not to try it, and said he preferred to wait until the water went down. But Pete was venturesome, and forced his horse into the river, reaching the other side in safety. He called to Sixpence, who mounted the wagon. Ginfish seized the rheim tied to the horns of the lead oxen. Sixpence cracked his whip, and the oxen followed Ginfish into the river.

Half way over Ginfish missed the ford. The water swept him off his feet, and carried him down stream to his death. The lead oxen followed, in spite of their struggles. In a few moments the whole team was afloat. The horrified spectators expected to see the wagon overturned, or carried away by the struggles of the oxen. But the dissel-boom (tongue) broke and it remained aground on the ford, safe for the time being. The children cried with horror, expecting to be drowned. Mary implored Pete to save them, and Meenie, who was badly frightened, made an effort to keep the supplies from being washed away.

A wave, bigger than the others, caught the wagon, and threatened to overturn it. It remained in safety. But Meenie, who was trying to save her new clothes, was swept away, crying "Jan!" as the water ingulfed her.

Into the stream Jan spurred his horse, which was soon swimming for its life. Guiding it to the place where he expected Meenie to come to the surface he watched for her appearance. It seemed an age that he had to wait, but in reality it was only a moment. She rose at his side. He caught her in his arms and turned his horse towards the river bank. Handicapped though it was by its double load, the animal made a brave fight for life and reached the bank in safety.

Dismounting, Jan laid down his precious burden. Under the ministrations of her mother and lover Meenie soon revived, and regained conscious-

Continued on page 308.

Jan told Meenie again that he loved her and wanted her to be his wife

The Woman of His Faith

By Frederick Palmer

Illustrated by Robert Edwards

HIS work on the new aeroplane stations for the defense of the canal locks finished, Danbury Rodd was laying the shadows of his planes in a straight line from the Isthmus to San Francisco over vast green patches of tropical jungle, bays molten in the sun, and stretches of open ocean.

Shortly afternoon, he saw directly ahead a lone cruiser at anchor in a Central American harbor. As he had a sort of standing invitation to any naval mess in any clime, he decided in favor of lunch aboard rather than cold tea and sandwiches on the wing.

Dropping out of the October of the higher airs into the August of the lower, the *Falcon* rested her pontoons on the still surface of the heated waters; a launch put out with hospitable alacrity for her versatile driver, and five minutes later he was mounting the gangway while a tall officer in the early thirties was leaning over the rail with a Robinson Crusoe smile of welcome to a visitor from the outer world.

"If you don't recall me, my name's Larned," he said.

"Frank Larned, in full," returned Rodd, who mapped faces as accurately as landscapes in his memory. "I knew you at the Guantanamo manoeuvers—you were the fellow who got more excited over the arrival of the mails than your fine record with your battery. You seemed to think that all the letters ought to be for you."

Larned was evidently touched on a tender spot. He blushed like a bridegroom.

"Well, I get my share, and I'm bound to admit that I simply live on letters," he admitted happily. "But you must have a thirst after sailing through so much air in sight of so much water. Come below, and I'll squeeze a lime into something cool for you."

Now the much-traveled Rodd was well used to naval cabins. On deck and at the guns, an officer is a part of the machine; in his cabin, the books, the pictures, and all the little personal arrangements express the man and his tastes. Here is his home, his library, his castle—the one place in that hull filled with sinister creations of steel where he can throw off his harness and be an individual.

And Larned's cabin was like a photograph gallery.

"You see why I am so interested in the mails," he said with bashful delight as he noted his guest's glance around.

Every photograph was a glorification of the same subject. Turn which way he would, Larned was bound to see his goddess; and yet it was perfectly clear he could not see enough of her. She appeared in all the variations of Occidental costume; in a *kimono* of Japan with a chrysanthemum in her hair; in the *sarang* of the Middle East with a necklace of Colombo turquoises around her bare, full throat.

"Why, I am so proud, I had to include one of myself," said the worshiper with a nod toward a panel over his desk in which she appeared as a bride on his arm. That was a triumph paling any victory at arms hero ever won. His idolatry made Rodd feel young. It made Larned seem a glorious boy.

If his character were transparent in its joyous simplicity, not so his wife's. She was undeniably good-looking; and she had a regal way that ought to carry her anywhere.

But what else? Rodd, interested, was asking as he sipped that something cool. Apparently she had been a trifle spoiled; life was gay, her spirits overflowing. Analysis was easy to this point, which was exactly where the puzzle began.

Rodd fell under the spell of the piquantly militant angle at which she carried her chin; the baffling—was it also thoughtful?—way she had of looking through her half-closed lashes. Had she depths beyond the shallow soundings of photographic literalism which entreated the alchemy of a Sargent's brush? Or was she simply a splendid physical creature whether in riding habit, *kimono*, or *sarang*, and nothing more?

"Oh, it's an eternal wonder to me how I ever had such luck," Larned persisted under the winning spell of Rodd's magnetism, which had the trick of making men pour out their confidences. "But there's the fact that I've found her waiting for me in port after port around the world—and before I was off to sea again I always insisted on another photograph. Pretty soon I'll have to put them on the ceiling. Now she's waiting at San Diego while I do time down here among the revolutions."

And then lunch was announced. In the wardroom, Rodd found that Larned was the inexhaustible fountain of youthful cheer and optimism of that mess, which had the inclination of long exile to biliousness and gloom. Of course he had a nickname. As a middy every Annapolis man gets one which sticks to him through life. It is the expression of keen, schoolboyish judgment of essential characteristics acting as a perpetual reminder to the cog from the public opinion of the machine. Your toady is "Greasy;" your dreamer is "Bubbles;" your impulsive fellow is "Biff."

Larned was "Old Simples."

After the meal was over, all had drawn their chairs up in expectation of hearing still more about aviation when an orderly brought Larned a wireless telegram. He was laughing in his light-hearted way as he opened it—but the laugh died on lips that turned ashen. It was plain that he received a terrible blow, though he tried to appear composed as he asked to be excused.

"I—I—have to answer this," he said hoarsely.

There was utter silence as he passed out. The spirit seemed to have been struck out of that mess by a hand which they could not see. A glance as if of sombre understanding passed around the table, and then the ship's doctor, to save the situation, coughed.

"As you were saying, Mr. Rodd—" he stammered.

Rodd's quick sympathy had experienced the general depression. He was glad of the interruption of his narrative that came a moment later from the soft-footed Chinese servant at his elbow.

"Mr. Larned would like to see you, sir !"

At Larned's door, the bare walls stared at Rodd in the irregular patches of the lighter white showing where the faces had been. The shrine of the goddess was being dismantled. The idolater was taking down the last of the photographs and placing it on the pile on his desk beside the telegram.

In answer to Rodd's knock he picked up the telegram and turned round, no longer boyish but like a palsied old man who had had all the joy of living shaken out of him. His voice broke in spite of himself as he tried to say matter-of-factly:

"The best time I can make to San Diego by the miserable steamer connections of these regions is two weeks. How soon can you be there ?"

"Some time to-night," Rodd answered, looking at his watch. "About nine o'clock, I should say, counting on the usual Pacific calm."

"Then I could be on time," said Larned. There was the rising swell of passion in his tone. He gave the telegram a look as if it stood for a secret which was a part of his very soul, and then, in the agony of appeal, passed it to Rodd.

"That tells my reason for going," he added, "a reason that grows more terrible as I think of it."

Rodd was used to reading any paper for more than the text; otherwise he would have been drawn into many flights which might have yielded adventures but would have served no good purpose. This he saw was written by a woman, impetuously, in a moment of alarm over a sudden discovery. It was not in stilted and studied "telegraphese." It was a human document.

San Diego, April 30, 19—
Strange here and you ought to be here now or it may be too late. (Signed) *Alice.*

A new use for an aeroplane, in its transcendency over the limitations of the time and space of the ordinary schedules of travel, as a vehicle for a jealous husband supposedly marooned had a meretricious and ultra-professional aspect which Rodd refused to take into consideration. He put a question.

"Before I consent I must ask who Alice is."

"A relative—a common friend both of my wife and myself," said Larned.

Rodd was silent, regarding that telegram as if it contained a secret cipher. But actually he was not seeing the telegram at all. He was once more trying to search the depths of that woman of the photographs.

"Is that all you have to ask ? Will you take me ?" Larned demanded in an outburst of impatience. "It's my only chance. Don't keep me in suspense !"

"Yes, it's very easy to take you," said Rodd slowly. "But think. Are you quite sure you want to go ?"

What he had meant as suggestion for thought had only given a cruel turn to the knife in Larned's live wound. The passion of his simple mind was now as bent on San Diego as it had been on idolatry.

"Want to ?" he asked miserably. "Want to ? It's not that. I was 'Old Simples' at the Academy. I am still 'Old Simples.' Now I see why I had the nickname. After this telegram it is living in hell to stay here. I—I"—the battle of logic against faith rocked his big generous nature as a breeze rocks a leaf—"I suppose there is something weak in me or I wouldn't let anything turn me over this way. I had laughed at all warnings about the danger of my long absences. I was supremely happy. She wrote me always honestly about what she was doing, of the men who were pleasant to her. I never let any skepticism have a place. Now the barriers are down, it comes in a flood. I am mad with this thing. I must save her—I must know."

"There is only one way then," said Rodd, a little sadly. "We will go."

After his outcry of thanks—in clumsy misery which he could no more conceal than a badly burned man his pain—he tied the photographs together in a bundle and slipped them in a drawer, and turned the lock.

Thus for a few seconds she surveyed Strange, while he wilted, his pose all gone

"Ready!" he said stonily with a gesture to Rodd to precede him, then stopped and touched his shoulder boards with a significant gesture. "No!" he added, "not in my uniform!"

Something stronger than custom seemed to prevail on him—the thought that it was peculiarly the man and not the officer who was bound on this journey.

Leaving him to make the change, Rodd passed on into the wardroom, where a number of the officers remained in gloomy preoccupation. He pretended to run over the pages of a magazine as he asked carelessly:

"By the way, who is Strange?"

The faces took life to express a shade of dislike.

"Our senior watch, now on leave," said the paymaster.

So Strange and Larned had sat side by side at that same table where men cover their feelings, in the imprisonment of long cruises, with the manner of fellowship. And "Old Simples" had been the unsuspicious soul of optimism and cheer.

"I wish somebody would punch Strange good and hard," the doctor blurted through his mustache to himself. "It's the only medicine for such a case."

"That would take some doing, though," said Pay. "Bully Strange was the best boxer of his class—and he's kept in practice."

"*Bully* Strange," mused Rodd, with a touch of emphasis, as Larned appeared in a gray civilian suit.

In affected merriment his fellow-officers served notice that in his absence the medico would be kept busy prescribing for universal liver complaint. Shying at the indelicacy of any remark, which would hint of the real prayer in their hearts, they wished him a perfect flight; they wished him good luck; and leaning over the rail, they waved their handkerchiefs as that strangely powerful thing of spindling fragility rose from the waters and disappeared into the blue.

Unless it was Boss Rainey, who rode from New York to Albany with the single remark, "It's d—d cool up here!" Rodd recalled no quieter passenger. Larned was gray and graven as the promontories and pinnacles of the coast of Mexico which went tumbling by.

"Faster—faster! You are going your fastest?" he would ask as if he ought to say something and that were his only thought.

How he was suffering! Chaos was surging through the channels of his brain; little green devils were singing in his ears.

He stared steadily ahead, eyes uncalled by the splendor of the sinking sun which laid a sheet of flame across the Pacific, sent liquid gold quivering along the *Falcon's* main rods, and later gathered its gilded skirts in long folds which it drew after it into the sea.

At ghostly speed, the course marked by the coasts' necklace of surf in the growing darkness, they kept on to the harbor of San Diego and swept in toward the town, which lay an irregular section of Milky Way on the background of a blanket with the scattered stars of the ranch houses of the hills peeping through.

"And where to in San Diego?" Rodd asked.

Larned nodded toward the windowed illumination of a famous winter-resort hotel on the beach. After an amateur, who nearly ran his forward plane into the kitchen door, was out of the way, the *Falcon* dropped into the aerodrome stretch, which had formerly been the tennis courts.

"Your part is over," said Larned, in uncanny abstraction as he alighted. "And mine is—is—perhaps just beginning."

He was like one in fear of what awaited him as they followed the path which led to the front of the hotel. Rounding a hedge, they faced the comfortable after-dinner scene on the broad verandah. The rocking chairs were in the first lap of the evening's gossipy march; the partners for bridge were forming in line of battle.

At sight of Larned, a woman arose with the start of one who doubts her own vision. Convinced by his bow to her that she was not mistaken, she came forward with an expression of infinite relief and gratification.

"That must be Alice," Rodd thought. She was about thirty-five, with a droop to the corners of her mouth, he observed as he paused at the foot of the steps to answer the greeting of some one he knew and to allow Larned to pass on.

"It's really you—what a dispensation!" he heard her say excitedly. Then she lowered her voice lest the people sitting near should hear. But its tone was audible in its sympathy and alarm.

Whatever the nature of her message, it had the same urgent quality as her wireless. It was so portentous that it could be brief. Larned's profile was in relief as he listened; and his jaw drew up, forming a solid line from nostril to chin. He asked a single question, and with its answer he seemed to have heard all that he wished to know. After a faint and pitiable smile of thanks as he turned away, he seemed unconscious of people and verandah. He was a hunter who saw only one object; and Rodd was to be his weapon.

"I was right to come—right!" he said. "And I am going to ask you to take me a little farther so that I shall know the worst."

The way he spoke suggested the rumble of a volcano before an eruption. Rodd could do nothing but assent, even if the face of the photographs were not calling him with its puzzle to see the drama through. Larned set a rapid, determined pace, his heels crunching the gravel heavily as they started back along the path.

"The road to Mexico!" he announced after they were seated again in the *Falcon*.

Rodd recalled that this led to a village on the other side of the border where bull fights were held to draw American tourists in the season. And this side of the village, he knew, was an inn kept by a Frenchman.

Larned was ashen and rigid as a gun-mount. His every nerve seemed strung to the breaking point. Suddenly, as if all had snapped at once, his shoulders fell together and he crunched the knuckles of one hand in the clasp of the other as if he were crushing some enemy.

"I do believe!" he cried defiantly. "In spite of all, I do. My love is too great. It would never permit her to do wrong."

The *Falcon* had already skimmed over the harbor beach and picked up the faint track in the sand. Two or three miles ahead the lights of an automobile blinked at one of the turns.

"Then you'll go back?" Rodd asked. His hand greedily slipped to the lever. He imagined the face in the photographs smiling approval. "Yes, if you believe, you'll go back," he repeated.

"No, I can't!" Larned answered. "This green devil is crying out within me. There is no stifling it. I must go on."

Now they drew so near the automobile that they could distinguish the figures of a man and woman in the tonneau with a chauffeur ahead.

"Yes," said Larned metallically. "Please slow down."

With only the purring auxiliary to drive her, the *Falcon* hovered in fantastic mockery behind her earthly cousin, keeping the same pace, making the same turns—a nemesis of the air. But Rodd felt ashamed of his part, as if he would be afraid to look the woman of the photographs in the face. Larned must have had something of the same feeling, for he broke into a half-suppressed outcry against himself.

The lights of the village appeared; and this side of them, the light of the inn grew distinct. When the automobile swung in toward the Frenchman's door, the *Falcon* grounded in the shadows well away from the road, with no sound except the whisper of her runners on the sand and the squeak of a cactus they had crushed.

Unseen, the fliers could see anything

Continued on page 309.

Community Farming For War Widows

BEING A PLAN WHEREBY THEY MAY BECOME SELF-SUPPORTING WITHOUT BEING SEPARATED FROM THEIR CHILDREN; WHEREBY THE DAUGHTERS MAY BE TAUGHT HOUSEWIFERY AND THE BOYS AGRICULTURE

By Elizabeth Pollard

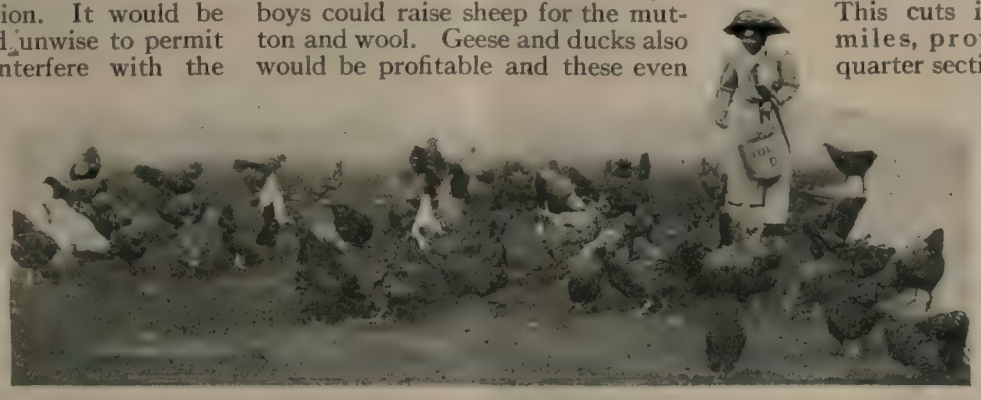
Illustrated from Photographs

FOR a number of years back the widow with children has engaged considerable attention. These we have always with us, but war is bound greatly to augment the usual number of wage-earning women, encumbered with the support of children. In addition to caring for our own, we are likely to be asked to receive a number of widows from the motherland. It is understood, however, that Canada is to be guaranteed against being burdened with their subsequent support.

The placing of widows should receive careful attention. It would be distinctly unfair and unwise to permit their coming to interfere with the rights of other wage-earning women already established in Canada. There is no occupation these alien women could engage in that would disturb the industrial balance of the country less than that of farming. From the idle acres of this country, all the essentials of human support can be produced either as the finished product, or in the raw material, barring minerals.

Many will unthinkingly condemn farming as unfit for the manless family. It is admittedly hard, but far better for the woman who likes country life than anything the city has to offer her. The best philanthropy has been able to do for the working mother in the city, is to provide a day nursery where her babies can be cared for at a trifling cost, during working hours. Nearly all such women can only do unskilled labor, demanding ten hours work a day. Therefore, she must rise early, drag her babies out of their bed, wash, dress, and feed them, then take them to the nursery early enough, so that she can get to her own work by seven o'clock. After a long day of hard work, she must go after her babies, prepare supper, and do other housework. Consider what a life for a woman to lead!

MANY women from the old country have been more or less accustomed to an outdoor life. They turn longing eyes towards the freer, nobler life on the farm. Those who have half-grown boys could raise sheep for the mutton and wool. Geese and ducks also would be profitable and these even the women with babies could manage. But for the building up of permanent homes, farming must be made more attractive than it is at present.



She would keep about fifty or more laying hens

These woman settlers would be expected to take up new land, but for this the present methods of homesteading offer certain serious difficulties. Isolation, with all its attendant drawbacks, has been the most deadly blight on the happiness and contentment of the settler. Not only does it preclude sociability, but handicaps co-operation, and hinders all neighborly helpfulness. Many a deserted prairie farm might be to-day the home of a prosperous growing family, had conditions been such that a young homesteader would have felt justified in asking a wife to share his home making.

High cost of farm and family necessaries, inefficient schools, lack of experience, inadequate markets, and scarcity of cash, have all been serious disadvantages to farmers in general, and new settlers in particular.

THERE is a remedy for all these drawbacks. For instance, take a block of land in New Ontario, four miles square, with a railroad, or navigable river passing through the centre. This cuts into sixteen square miles, providing sixty-four quarter sections, of one hundred and sixty acres each, the regular size of farm alotted to a homesteader. In considering community farming for widows, it would seem advisable to divide each of these farms into three, to suit family conditions.

These orphaned families will vary in numbers from one child, perhaps to ten, and ranging in ages from the baby in arms to adult sons and daughters. Therefore, the farms should vary in size to suit the working power of the settler. Suppose the one hundred and sixty acres were divided into lots of ninety acres, fifty acres, and twenty acres. The larger farms would of course be given to those with boys old enough to handle a team. With three families on each quarter section, there would be a total of one hundred and ninety-two families in the community. Assuming that these families held an average of four members each, there would be a farming population of seven hundred and sixty-four people,

"One of the most serious problems facing Canada to-day is the matter of handling the hundreds of thousands of returned soldiers after the close of the war. The Canadian Pacific Railway has decided to establish, in Western Canada, colonies where men can obtain improved farms on terms which will, in time, enable them to become land owners and create homes for themselves and their families. These colonies will be given distinctive names, probably with military associations and will contain a sufficient number of families in each to ensure social school and church facilities and will include in each case a central instructive farm under a competent agriculturist so that advice and instruction may be available for the colonists."

—FROM A RECENT INTERVIEW WITH LORD SHAUGHNESSY, PRESIDENT CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

all within easy driving distance, and most within walking distance of the community centre, where a village would form which would be the centre of social and business activity. This would eliminate isolation and loneliness.

Wealthy individuals or companies may come forward and finance some of these farming ventures. If so, co-operation with the government would be necessary, in order to secure adequate protection for the settlers. The government would of course give the land, and unemployed men could be set at clearing land and putting up buildings, as soon as they are released from war occupations, thus providing against an unemployment problem.

High cost of necessaries has been a serious handicap to settlers. To remedy this, provide a suitable building for a departmental store, and lease to a reliable merchant at a moderate rent, under certain restrictions. A store credit system is bad both for the buyer and seller. The tendency is to buy less carefully than if payment on the spot is required. Then many such debts are never paid, and the merchant is forced to charge more for his goods to cover losses. It is a case of the good payers holding up the delinquent ones. If a settler has neither money nor produce to exchange for goods, it would be far better to lend the required money than permit the indiscriminate running of bills. With a good trade assured, no bad debts to make up for, no accounts to keep with customers, and no expensive delivery system to keep up, a merchant could well afford to sell much cheaper instead of away dearer than a city merchant as is apt to be the case in new countries.

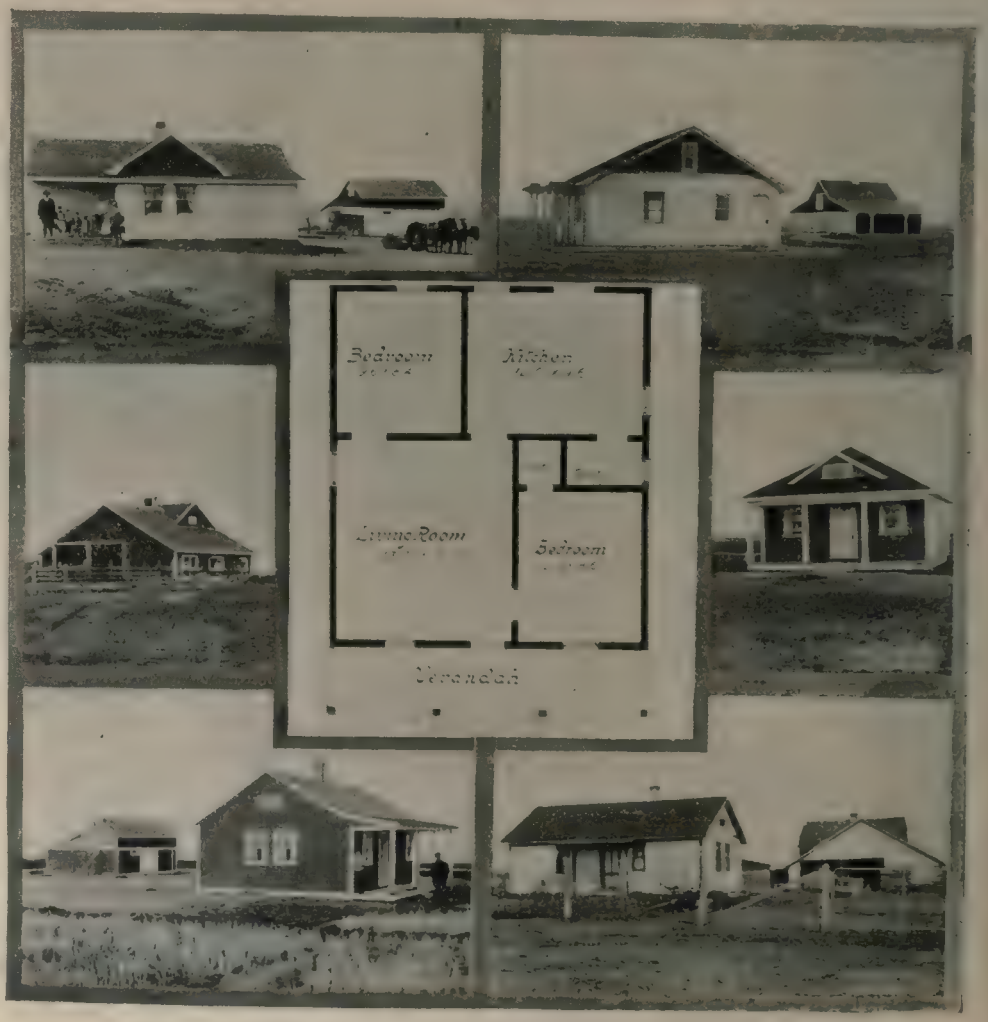
THE community farm, in the centre of the settlement, would be a demonstration farm. Employed on it would be expert men and women whose business it would be to teach the inexperienced settlers everything needful in agriculture, both on the land, and about the house. On it would be kept fine poultry of all kinds, and pure bred sires to maintain the efficiency of the community flocks and herds.

Harvesting machinery is a heavy expense to the settler. In many cases proper protection from weather is impossible. Any one traveling through the prairie provinces must have noticed how much costly machinery was being ruined by the action of the weather The community plan does away with this waste. An experienced farmer could size up the acreage under grain crop, and buy the required machinery for the whole community, and store it properly on the community farm.

How to get horse work done in the most satisfactory way for women with only young children would be a problem. If men settlers on nearby farms cared to earn money by doing the work, it would be simple enough. Otherwise, men from the community centre would have to attend to the matter.

The efficiency of the school is of the most vital importance. Consolidated schools are suggested, but it isn't easy to bring about such a radical change in an old settled neighborhood. In a new country it would be different, and an excellent opportunity would be provided for testing out the feasibility of such a school in Canada, though it is past the experimental stage in the States.

Assuming an average of two children to a family, of school age, the result is three hundred and eighty-four pupils. Under ordinary rural conditions, about



She would need a cottage, barn, hen house and perhaps a pig pen, such as are supplied with the readymade farm by the Canadian Pacific Railway

twenty school houses, with the same number of teachers would be required for that number of children. Instead of these twenty scattered, isolated schools, cheaply built, poorly equipped, and taught under serious handicaps, community farming makes it possible to have one splendid graded school, equal in educational advantages to the best the city has to offer. This in itself would attract an intelligent, and highly desirable class of people to the land.

The argument may be advanced that this system of education would be too expensive for the country. It would not. In fact it would cost less than the one now in force. The money expended on the twenty school houses would provide one fine building, with modern conveniences and up-to-date equipments.

Then consider the teaching in rural schools. The sparse attendance, poor equipment, and lack of public interest, makes the work discouraging. Added to these, loneliness and social drawbacks make teaching in the country so unattractive that it takes a good salary to hold even a poor teacher. The community school would be a different proposition. An efficient staff of teachers could be secured for about half the cost of maintaining the twenty teachers in isolated schools.

NEXT comes the problem of getting distant pupils to school. The saving in teaching would more than cover this expense. Vans, either horse, or motor power, could be provided, and run at a trifling cost by one of the advanced pupils living at a distance. These school vans could be made useful for other purposes, and prove a great convenience in the settlement. They might carry mail, deliver parcels, and on Saturdays take women, who had no horses, to the village to shop, or to have a little outing.

These schools would differ from city schools in certain essentials. They would be on, or convenient to, the demonstration farm, where the girls could be taught housewifery, including buttermaking, and the care of poultry. In connection with the care and storing of farm machinery would be a repair shop, where the boys, in addition to lessons in general agriculture, could be taught how to handle farm implements and machinery, besides simple carpentry, and other crafts necessary to the independent farmer. Thus the widow would find her children advancing in useful knowledge, till gradually the burden would begin to shift from her to their sturdy young shoulders.

Even the woman with only babies could manage. The most difficult case would be for instance, a woman with three, one nursing, another less than four years old, and a third between these two. She would have a 20-acre farm, divided into four fields, a meadow, a pasture, one for grain, and one for garden, roots and corn, all opening into her barnyard. A cottage, with cellar, a barn, hen house, and pig pen would be needed. She would keep about fifty or more laying hens, a cow or two, perhaps a few ducks, and a couple of pigs.

The woman with half grown boys could raise sheep; geese and ducks would be profitable, and these the woman with babies could manage

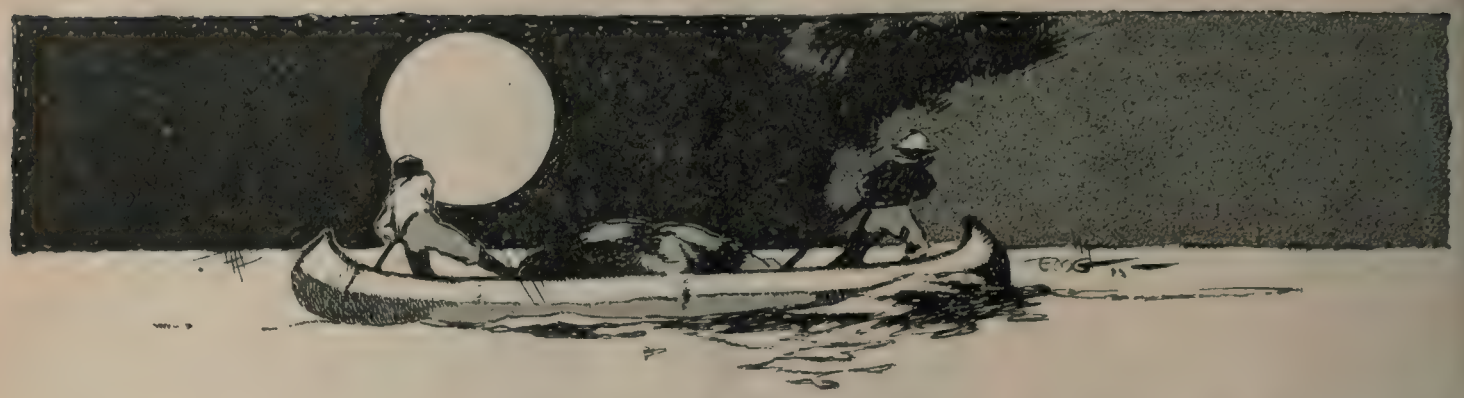
In the city, it would be a case of taking the babies to the nursery. They would be poorly housed at home, and only cheap food would be within their reach. A poor prospect for their physical well-being. Morally, a worse period is ahead of them. During

Continued on page 314.

The Son of the Otter

By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Ahteck and Paul were quite ready, and their loads were all on board. Before the final start the children claimed their kisses, but Mititesh stood apart, a sad little figure, making every effort to restrain all evidence of her desolation. But Ahteck went up to her, prompted by the great affection and sympathy he had always felt for her. He kissed her gently, bending over, and patted her cheek, bidding her to have courage. After this he had to turn away and, silently, the big drops began to fall again.

When, at last, all the travelers were on board the steamer, that was heavily laden and low in the water, a little bell jingled and the engine began to puff, asthmatically, slowly revolving the big stern wheel. The whistle called out three salutes and the departing crowd looked ashore, waving brightly colored handkerchiefs at their friends, who kept on getting smaller and more indistinct, till they disappeared.

The decks were terribly cluttered up with their big cargo. A few of the men had managed to get whiskey, strong white alcohol they could scarcely swallow without coughing, and soon began to sing. Before long some of them sat down, with foolish expressions on their dark faces, while others stretched out on the deck and fell asleep. But by far the greater number were in their right minds and began to argue, with many gestures, on the inexhaustible subjects of peltry and the prices it might bring in the forthcoming spring.

Ahteck, as always, was very silent, though not unhappy. The great longing for the wilderness was upon him also. It is impossible to question an Indian of the north without being told that he prefers the winter and its hardships to the idle time of summer. There was also the excitement of the great gamble that is trapping, for a man never knows what the catch will be or which furs will rise or fall in price. The prospect of the long winter was by no means distasteful, and then, always, there was the hope that whenever the great curse should chance to fall, it might spend its force upon him alone, in the wilds, far from all those he loved, so that they might have no share in it. For himself he had no more fear than has the soldier, inured to battle, who marches to the enemy.

CHAPTER XVII.

FALLING LEAVES AND GROWING LOVES.

Those who had been left on the shore kept on looking, long after the little steamer's slender plume of wood smoke had disappeared in the soft haze that washed distant headlands with tints of faint blues and lavenders. Uapukun returned home with the two children, but Mititesh remained behind. Ahteck's mother had discerned the feeling which, as yet unconsciously, was growing in the child's mind, and this devotion to the big son caused the woman to love the girl more strongly. He had no friends, seldom mingling with others, never taking part in rejoicings or dances, keeping to himself at all times, excepting within the little house, where he was always gentle and kindly but seldom joined in any talk. It was good to think that some one was growing up who might some day make him happy.

Mititesh did not leave the shore until long after it had been deserted by every one else. She had remained seated upon a water-worn rock, in the lee of an old boat that had been left there to decay until the ice of coming winters should grind up what was left of its old ribs and planking.

Hour after hour she had gazed toward the place, hidden by the vastness of the waters, where the Peribonca dug its ever-shifting channel in the maze of sand-bars, and in which the steamer had disappeared, bearing the two men who were again going to taste the glory of the wilderness and confront its perils. She could close her eyes and see them poling up the narrow Aleck River, with the poles clanking upon the rocks. She could follow them through the two big lakes with the long jutting points, and finally up the little river where the crosses had been planted. There, she knew, they would stop and say a prayer. By this time the wild grasses would have begun to spring on the mounds, and seeds of the wild raspberry, that always seem to follow the footsteps of man, would be sprouting around them. Then, in the years to come, the thorny growth would come up rank and thick, and the hares would make little paths criss-crossing it, and there the women and children of other generations might set snares for them.

An immense longing had come to her, to be there and pray also, to follow the long trails, watching the blazes and the trap-marks, carefully noting tracks, breathing the air that seemed so much better and purer there than in this haunt of many men. More than by all other things, although as yet she hardly realized it, Mititesh was filled with the desire to be with Ahteck, to follow him—to be within hearing of his voice.

She finally returned to the little house and soon went to bed, too heartsore to make more than a pretence of

eating supper, and the woman Uapukun, waking in the night, heard her sobbing gently.

The months stretch out as long as years, and the years as eternities, to those over whose heads but a few summers have passed. To Mititesh the period that was to elapse before the trappers returned seemed like time without end, never to be finished. She attended school faithfully, and learned a great deal, because it was Ahteck's desire. She had so far penetrated the abstruse science of numbers that she was able to add together the days of the many months before the coming of the early summer. Upon a glaringly hued calendar vaunting the virtues of a patent medicine she marked off every new morning as conscientiously as she said her prayers, and perhaps even more eagerly. She had not forgotten the masses that were to be said, and possessed a comforting faith that by this time all was well with the souls of those who had been left behind.

By and by water left outside filmed over in the pails, and one day the yellowed grasses gleamed with frost. Then, after a short interval, came the first of the really cold days, when a thick skin of ice formed on the ponds, growing heavier every night. A little later, one evening, the wind ceased to blow, and in the morning the ice was glistening, as far as one could see, upon the surface of the great lake. By and by dog-teams were hurrying over it. The snow began to pile up high, making great drifts, and a night finally came when the little church bell rang for the mass at midnight, for Christmas had come.

After this, very slowly, the days began to grow longer and, at times, the breath of the winds that swept the lake became milder. As the weeks went by the thick ice on the lake broke up into a great jumble of huge cakes which the northerly gales piled up on the shores. But finally these began to melt away, and suddenly the birches and the poplars put on their new dresses of tender greens and little flowers peeped out on the hillsides.

The clangor of the calls of geese in triangular lofty flights towards the north was heard. They were going to meet Ahteck, thought Mititesh. Diver ducks and shelldrakes came first to the lake, with a few big gulls, and then other waterfowl and wading birds, and one morning the air was filled with the chirping of swallows who began forthwith to gather around muddy spots on the road, for material wherewith to build or strengthen domiciles under the eaves of barns, while others clung to the sand-banks, clearing deep holes for the benefit of the families that would soon be hatched. Came a day when the very first lot of Indians re-

Synopsis

Peter McLeod is appointed agent for the Hudson Bay Company at Grand Lac to succeed the inebriate Jim Barry, recently deceased. Upon his arrival at the Post Peter finds stores depleted and accounts unkept. He tries to restore order and accidentally discharges an old pistol which wounds him in the leg. The various remedies applied by the Indians result in blood poisoning and he is near to death. Uapukun, a lovely young Indian girl, nurses him back to health and is rewarded with his love. She had been a servant for Barry's wife, during that unfortunate woman's lifetime, and her knowledge of affairs at the Post is a great aid to Peter in straightening out the financial chaos. She tells him that the brighteyed youngster Ahteck, always at her side, is her brother; both presently become essential to McLeod's happiness and he marries her. One evil day, when he is away on a week's hunting trip a band of Nascaupees arrive and their spokesman reveals himself to Uapukun as the avenging husband who has sought out her hiding place. She can purchase his silence only by giving him expensive stores and firearms. She refuses and he is about to strike her when Ahteck, hearing his threats, rushes upon him and fells him with a blow. He believes he has killed his father. He insists upon leaving home lest the punishment of offended deities may include those he loves, and journeys to Pointe Bleue, where he works in a sawmill and lives with the family of Jean Caron, whose little daughter, Mititesh, alone can rouse him from his gloom. He goes on trapping expeditions with Caron's friend, Paul Barrotte, and finally abandons his work at the sawmill for this newer occupation.

Upon the death of Peter McLeod, Uapukun seeks out Ahteck, overcomes his scruples, and, with the snug sum which Peter has left her, makes a comfortable home. for Ahteck and the two children. With the coming of winter, Ahteck and Paul Barrotte start on their hunting trip to the North. Hither comes Jean Caron for help. His home has been burned, his wife and daughter, Mititesh, face starvation His feeble strength fails him within sight of the shack and, with one despairing cry, he falls unconscious. Ahteck and Paul hear his appeal and quickly bear him to the shack. Ahteck goes at once to Caron's camp, where he finds Mititesh, half starved, mourning over the body of her mother. Ahteck places the body in a tree to await burial in the spring, and returns with Mititesh to his own camp. Ahteck takes up her father's line of traps for Mititesh and finds a valuable black fox. Upon their return from the North this pelt is sold for enough to pay all of her father's debt at the Company's store and leave her more than a thousand dollars in the bank. Ahteck refuses to take Mititesh back to the North country the following years, but insists she attend school. Here she rapidly develops into a beautiful maiden but never loses the idea that she has promised to be Ahteck's woman.

turned, and at intervals others, until Mititesh, who watched during every moment she could spare, caught sight of two canoes driving homeward with a brisk little wind behind them. Something in her heart told her that these were the men she had been watching for. Nor was she mistaken.

Ahteck found her wonderfully grown. In a few days she would reach her fifteenth birthday. Her face had increased in beauty, and Uapukun could not say enough about what a constant blessing she was in the house, and how fond the two younger ones were of her.

Another year came and went, and Mititesh no longer went to school, for she had learnt all that was taught the children of Pointe Bleue. She remained with Uapukun, taking most of the work of the little house upon her shoulders and helping in the turning out of moccasins and other things that could be sold. As with many of the maidens of the dusky inhabitants of Pointe Bleue, she seemed to change well-nigh from one day to another into a tall girl showing no more signs of childhood. The young men were apt to turn and look at her. Visitors to the reservation, coming from the big hotel at Roberval, if they chanced to see her, were surprised at her looks, for she was more graceful in movement, more animated of countenance, than most of the young women there. It looked as if the tincture of white education and custom had added color and beauty to the traits of native origin. Several tried to take her photograph but she always ran away, with instinctive modesty or shyness.

Came more departures of Ahteck, that were very sad, and home-comings over which all rejoiced, until her eighteenth birthday found her a woman full grown in stature and loveliness, with features less heavy than are found in most of her race, and a low voice full of charm. In the little church the attention of many of the men was diverted to her, though she never took the slightest note of them. Some of them took to lingering during the long evenings of early summer, near the gate of the little house. There was a man called Baptiste, though he was better known under his Indian name of Peshu, the Lynx, more venturesome than the rest, or perhaps even more strongly attracted not only by her looks but also by the money in the savings bank, who began to pay her a great deal of attention. Finally, one day meeting her on the road, he declared that he loved her and wanted to marry her, and pressed her for an answer. He was a very big, strong man, the only one in the reservation who approached Ahteck a little in size and strength, and not bad looking. But Mititesh looked at him in a startled, frightened way, and, shaking her head, ran away, dismayed and trembling.

With the years she seemed to have become more timid and retiring. On the occasion of his last return she did not greet Ahteck with the effusive joy he had become accustomed to. Rather she met him with downcast eyes, as if seeking to conceal the light of her happiness at seeing him again. He saw that there was a change, or rather he felt it, dimly, without fathoming its import. To him she had been a child, just a little thing whom he had carried on his back, and who had, in the bitter cold of long nights in the wilderness, nestled her pretty head against him, confidently, with an affection that was like that of some petted thing for the one who takes care of it. Without being aware of it, during the last winter in the woods the man had, more strongly than ever before, felt the desire to return to the little house, and experienced a loneliness that irked him sorely.

He was perhaps even a little hurt at what seemed like a greater coolness on her part, at this new home-coming. How beautiful she had grown! He looked at her more intently than he ever had and when, turning towards him, she saw his eyes fixed upon her, her own dropped again at her feet and she showed heightened color.

On that first night, as Ahteck and Paul lingered at the table, having eaten heartily of good things they had long been deprived of in the wilderness, Mititesh moved quietly about them, with the grace of a young doe, serving them, attending to all their wants, listening eagerly to the tale of their hunt, her heart full of gratitude when they spoke of fine new crosses they had made to take the place of the old ones, that were succumbing to time and stress of weather.

Again Ahteck looked at her, often. How changed she was. He could hardly realize that it was the young starving thing whom he had carried so many miles on his back, with her little hands grasping his neck behind, and who had slept through part of the hard journey.

For a very long time, doubtless, his heart-strings had begun to twine about her. But to him it was an affection that had appeared to be a purely brotherly one. The idea of love would have filled him with consternation, for his somber ideas of future evil obsessed him as strongly as ever they had. She was one of the beloved household, like the mother or the two younger children, to be guarded from harm, to be spared pain and suffering at any cost of anguish on his part.

The change was greater in himself than in the girl, for in her there was but the development of maidenly modesty and timidity while in him, insidiously, mysteriously, the whole of his being was becoming altered before this bud of womanhood that was opening its petals early, as with others of her race, with a charm and a fragrance that was her own. He was blind to it as yet, groping in a darkness such as affects only simple, honest souls and leaves them awed and bewildered at the coming of light. He could not realize that for a long time his thoughts, in the wilderness, were always coming back to her, that her graceful form rose in the smoke of his woodland fires, pierced through the haze of the mornings, held a part in the visions of his dreams.

This change that had come upon him was plain and clear to Uapukun his mother. In her heart it brought hope. She loved the girl while sharing Ahteck's belief that in the man's love there would be peril to the child who was now a woman. But this belief did not prevent her from desiring keenly that the two should wed. Like any other mother she thought that nothing could matter so long as her son might be made happy, even if for only a few brief years. But she spoke of this neither to the girl nor to her son, feeling that no intervention was needed on her part, that fate held them all in the hollow of its hand.

An offer soon came for Ahteck to go guiding, but he refused. The roof of the little house needed repairs and he wanted a new canoe to take the place of the old one, that was going to pieces, for none of them can stand very long such journeys as that up the Aleck. He might have had the work done by others, and made better wages, probably, by guiding, but everything conspired to make him stay. The mother hinted always that it was too bad that he should be away most of the year and leave again nearly as soon as he returned; others might not do the work so conscientiously; home and dear ones were holding him back, and, more than all, the love that was beginning to surge into his being and that was to become a passion holding him in thrall. Gradually, though very fast, a great longing came to him for this girl who, in childhood, had given the best there was in her of toil and effort to her parents, and now kept this up in the household of these people who had adopted her, ever showing unending love and gratitude to them all.

Paul also had noticed the change in his friend. Ahteck was not aware that over there in the shack, whenever they met for a day or two at intervals of hunting, he spoke often of the girl. The smaller man would sit quietly, stretching a pelt and smoking his pipe, listening and drawing inferences. Once he had spoken, rather in jest, of the

child's promise to be the big hunter's wife, but had been met by immediate silence, by a return of the somber moods that were so easy to awaken and so hard to dispel, and therefore had never referred to the matter again.

A couple of weeks after their return from the woods Paul had come in and been kept for supper. The meal was finished and the two younger children were playing out on the road. Uapukun sat by the window, finishing some sewing in the long twilight of summer days. Ahteck's partner was lighting his pipe, holding a splinter to the open door of the little stove, because in the woods one learns to be saving of matches and the habit is one that sticks. He was in a very happy mood, the trading having just been finished and the season's peltry sold at a good price. Also he was thinking of a certain young woman with whom he had walked on the long road, in the evening, hand in hand, and in whose dark eyes he had read promise of future happiness.

Mititesh was clearing the table. Presently she brought a damp cloth with which she wiped it, and Paul looked at her, in frank admiration.

"'Tis a great wonder, Mititesh," he said laughingly, "what a beautiful tall girl thou hast grown. Who would have thought to see thee such a handsome maiden at the time thou mad'st thy promise to Ahteck to be his woman? Indeed I hope this is still in thy mind, and that thou rememberest those words in our camp in the big woods."

But the girl reddened and ran out of doors, with her heart beating fast. The other two children had just come in. Paul was laughing heartily at his own good-natured, if somewhat clumsy, notion of humor. He slapped Ahteck on the shoulder, with a resounding smack.

"Thou big hulking bear," he said, "every kind of good fortune always remains with thee and thine, in spite of thy sober old face. Make sure that I shall be one of the first to know, that I may wish thee happiness."

But to this Ahteck made no answer, and Uapukun looked keenly at her son, seeking to find out whether there was any ground for hope. After a few minutes, seeing that his friend looked very grave and much put out, Paul went away, bidding them all good night, and they heard him as he tramped away on the hard road while he hummed one of his old songs.

Little pitchers have big ears, and the two children had caught some of Paul's words. For a moment they stood to one side, whispering, and ran up to Ahteck just as Mititesh was coming in again.

"Oh! Uncle Caribou!" clamored the little girl, "is Pearl going to be thy wife?"

"And will there be a grand wedding in the church, with the bell ringing, and a dance with fiddles, and people all in their best clothes?" asked the boy, eagerly.

But Uapukun, seeing that her son was much disturbed, told the children it was no concern of theirs and hurried them off to bed. They left, obediently enough, but looked back over their shoulders as they scampered up the little wooden stairs, and their happy laughter was pealing.

The girl had put her hand up to her breast, suddenly, and she had looked down at her feet. Then she sat down, quietly, and took up the knitting of a big sock. She also looked somewhat dismayed, her eyes never wandering from her task. Yet they may have shown gladness as if, in the distance, there had been in them the vision of a pleasant dream that might come true. The man remained utterly silent, gazing persistently out of the window, in the fast gathering darkness whence, perhaps, the powers of evils might be on the watch. Finally Mititesh rose and went into the other room, to prepare dough that was to rise for the morning's baking. As soon as this was finished she bade the others good night and left for her own little chamber, on the same floor.

The Indian of the north prefers the winter and its hardships to the idle time of summer

For a few days Ahteck remained very somber and preoccupied, working hard during the day and at night sitting outside, near the door, for many hours, always gazing towards some very distant place in the great North, whereon seemed to fall the shadow of a great evil. There was a battle going on in his heart, a fierce struggle whose outcome, he thought, could only be disastrous, whichever way it might turn. He deemed it the beginning of his punishment. If he yielded to his longing he could but live in constant fear of having led Mititesh into dire peril. If he resisted he must lose something greater than life itself, and that had become a part of his being like the strength of his thews or the keenness of his vision.

It had come gradually, but none the less the shock was a terrible one when he realized how passionately he loved Mititesh—ay, an appalling shock, for his alarms returned in full power. He clenched his great fists and braced his broad back, swearing to himself that it should never be. He knew! Indeed he knew! These were doings of the devil of the priests, or the *Matshi Manitou* of his ancestors, that was seeking to lure him farther to his destruction. They were making ready to strike at him through the loyal, throbbing breast of Mititesh, to inflict unknown and frightful evils upon her that they might the better torture his heart and leave him helpless in his misery to cry out for pity, for a mercy that would never be accorded to him.

All these things, of course, his simple mind saw but vaguely, but he was like the wolf that smells a trap and fears it, even though he may be ravening with hunger. The snare of the evil spirits had been most cleverly set, and no odor of man or devil clung to it, but his suspicions had been aroused and he scented a danger ahead, as if already he could feel the crushing jaws and the cruel, pointed teeth of steel that were ready to snap together and grind into his quivering flesh.

Danger to himself was a thing he never thought of. The prospect of pain left him indifferent, as far as he was personally concerned. He despised it as his forebears had done in the olden days of warfare against other tribes, when captured warriors submitted, deriding and insulting the victors, to the tortures inflicted at the

stake. But he would allow no power of evil to crush him through Mititesh, the Pearl of Fresh Waters. He would not let them punish him by first tearing away at her soft flesh the more surely to wreak their ferocious vengeance.

A few more days went by and, one evening, mother and son were once again alone in the living room. She was mending clothes by the light of a small lamp while he sat close to her, battling with the thoughts that constantly assailed him.

"It has again been a good winter's trapping," finally said Uapukun, after a long silence. "There is no trapper hunting from Pointe Bleue who brings in so much fur, year after year, for no other could travel so long a line. I often think that thy work is too hard, with never any rest. Thou wilt kill thyself with toil. Already thy back, long before thy thirtieth year has come, is beginning to bend under the great loads of thy tump-line. Every year there is much money put aside, since it is all given in my keeping. Wha will be done with it all ?"

"It will be for thee and the children. Thou wilt also give some to the girl Mititesh, if ever she should need it."

"Dost thou never think of the need of it for thyself, for the home thou mayest seek some day ? It is all thine, but that which came from Peter McLeod my husband, that shall be for his children. And Mititesh is no longer a girl now, but a very beautiful woman."

"Ay, very beautiful," he admitted, nodding in assent. "There never was another like her."

He had no need to be told of her beauty. The image of it was always before him, waking as well as in his dreams. But an expression of pain came over his face, one that Uapukun was quick to detect, her eyes being shrewd with the great love she bore her son. For a moment she hesitated,w ith her hand pressed to her breast, yet she spoke again, with some effort.

"Mititesh would kneel and kiss the places trodden on by thy feet," she said, very slowly.

He looked at her, a vague fear showing in his eyes.

"No !" he exclaimed. "It must never be. Dost thou think that I brought her from the camp where she was starving, and that she has grown in beauty and goodness among us, only to be dragged by me towards those evil things that must come to me some day, swiftly, like the crashing storms that whiten the lake ? I tell thee again that it must never be !"

He had forgotten the child, nay, the woman who slept but a few paces away, separated from them by a slender partition he had built up for her with his own hands. The man's deep voice, in his excitement or his suffering, roused her from slumber. She lifted herself from her bed, her hands braced behind her, wondering at the loud speech, fearing that some trouble had arisen, and heard Uapukun's voice, more subdued and yet plain to her keen senses.

"But, oh, Ahteck, my son, thou surely lovest Mititesh."

There was a moment's silence, during which she listened, trembling. In the man's simple mind had come the idea that a lie might save his mother from suffering.

"No, mother," he answered, haltingly. "I—I do not love Mititesh !"

He had thought he would be able to deceive his mother, to prevent her from knowing that another source of misery had been added to his life. But Uapukun had understood him. She had no need to look at the arms that were now hanging limp at his side, at the head bowed down until his chin rested on his breast. Big silent tears began to well out from the eyes of the woman who had already shed so many.

But in the next room those words had penetrated clearly and stabbed their way into the girl's heart !

SHE was bred of people who from time immemorial had accepted hardship and pain as things inherent in their lives, with hardly a murmur. Therefore she merely dug her nails in the palms of her hand, silently, suffering as do the beasts of the wild, with never a whimper or a groan. Yet in such folk the great primal instincts and passions are as all the world over. The dreadful sentence had struck a chill through her—a chill like that of cold steel—that brought with it a fierce pain, a pang too great for endurance. Then, in the extremity of her grief, she buried her face in her small pillow, that she might make no outcry, that no sob of hers should reach the others. Most keenly she remembered those days of the great hunger in the woods, but no starvation of the body could be compared with the awful feeling of emptiness under the breast at which she clutched.

It was just a little more than four years ago, when she was yet a child, that she had told Ahteck that one day she would be his woman. Somehow, with hardly any further thought anent the matter, the idea of it had quietly taken a firmer and firmer hold upon her, becoming implanted in her mind and growing, ever growing, with strong grasping roots. And these, so deeply sunken, were now being torn out, brutally, fiercely, and she was left panting and exhausted, with lips trembling, so that for the rest of the night she could only stare through a darkness that was a long agony.

But the last star faded out again, and the sun rose and the birds sang. Yet after the two children had left for school the house became like one of mourners. Mititesh had battled with herself bravely, though she looked like one who has been in the grasp of death and has but recently become able to toil again. Uapukun was moving about the house in silence, attending to various needs patiently, long-sufferingly, like some over-driven beast of burden. Ahteck had gone out very early, and spaded up a good part of the garden, between the growing plants. But he came in again after the work was done. At times he uttered a few words, in his low grave voice, yet all of them avoided the eyes of the others, as if a single glance would have sufficed to bring despair among them.

At this time a bell began to toll in the little wooden spire of the church of the Oblates, and they crossed themselves. It marked a mass and the christening of little children borne in their mothers' arms, a time of rejoicing and hope for others.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BLOW UNRETURNED.

As they stood in the room with heads bent they heard Paul. He was coming along the road, and as usual, was singing away in a loud voice whose merriness made up for a great lack of quality.

"Ah ! *Bonjour, bonjour* !" he cried, coming in. "How are you all ? I have great news to tell you. For a long time Xavier Papineau has been coming to the house, making the big eyes at my sister Anne. Yesterday evening she comes in, and the old mother she was peeling some *patates*, and I was shaving wood for a pair of *raquettes*, and Anne she look so *innocente* and she says, '*Maman*, thou knowest Xavier,' and the old *Maman* she says, 'Know Xavier ! He is always *fourre* around here, or waiting outside on the road, or bringing flowers from his garden. Certainly I know Xavier!' And then Anne she looks a long time at her *bottes*, and she says Xavier has asked her to marry him—and—and—he wants to be married *tout de suite* and —and. . . . The old *Maman* she looks at me and asks me what I think of that *coquin* Xavier and I wink my eyes and say he is no good and Anne she gets red in the face and says we are both very *mechant* and *Maman* and I we laugh. Oh ! What laughs ! Then *Maman* she drops the *patates* and kisses Anne, and me too, and the wedding is for ten days, and they have borrowed Xavier's horse and gone to Roberval for a hat with feathers on it, as if the

Continued on page 315.

Nature's Pot of Gold

By Jean Blewett

Illustrated from Photographs

In Algonquin Park your nerves realize they're on a holiday and go off and hide themselves

CELIA DEAR,

Make no mistake, Louis the half-breed, who is guide, philosopher, and friend, and Peter, the mighty hunter, are the important members of this party—Dear Thing (Louis' name for the youngster) and I being mere hangers on, a pair of respectable, though hardly acceptable camp followers. At the last minute the cousin who was to have kept our house, and child, while we came to Algonquin Park on this fishing party, took measles. Think of it! Woman as a rule may be the self-sacrificing creature the poets paint her, but I'm out of that class, having a very human appetite for a good time and a burning desire to please myself. So, instead of offering to stay home and let Peter go I remarked:

"We'll take her with us."

"She'll be no end of bother," demurred Peter, "and Louis will likely swear like a trooper when he sees her—unless he happens to take a shine to her. *She's* an ingratiating little codger."

Louis took the shine all right—mutual love at first sight. From that day, when he tossed a cushion into his canoe, and tossed her upon it, they have been comrades. They made a queer looking pair, he wrinkled and swarthy, she with her white face and golden hair, her dimples and softness. I often sit and laugh at them, but I *don't* let Louis see me; I know better.

You may remember my raptures over these wilds in summer, but Celia, summer isn't in it with the autumn—nature's showing-off time. The summer is greenness and warmth, the autumn grandeur. In the summer nature's purpose is to tranquilize you; but now, ah! now, she is primitive, gloriously savage. Tranquilize! nay, stir, exhilarate. She seizes on your imagination with her pageants of color, she lifts the soul of you to the topmost branches of her flaming trees, blows you forth with a wind which sings in as many voices as the forest leaves have colors, forth upon a highway of red and gold and russet and crimson, lets you down among the maples, which are not maples now, but a company of gipsy dancers at their maddest, gladdest measure.

Our tent, a compact one of heavy oiled silk, sheds the water (when it rains) like the back of the duckiest duck you ever saw. Some genius has been at work on camping outfits, and, as a result, we have beds and tables which can be folded up and put out of the way. Even our stove goes in layers, and travels in a dinky suit case of its own. Am telling you all this to make you cross at yourself for refusing to come along. We are camped among poplars which look all the whiter because of the *riot* of *color* everywhere.

"Five of them were wise and five were foolish." The parable of the virgins has been in my thought since the dark came down. Just in front of the tent door is a group of poplars, five in number—five slim, silvery, sorrowful things, that lean together as though seeking comfort, then draw apart as though realizing there could be no comfort. They whisper, whisper, whisper, and always with tears in their whispering. "No oil; no oil; so happy we forgot! forgot! forgot!" a soft concerted chant of pain "forgot!" Poor pretty virgins in their bridal finery and not a lamp among them to ward off the darkness closing in!

Not a great way off, just behind the hills yonder, is in progress an illumination which might be in honor of the wise virgin who remembered and reaped the reward—and who consequently do not grip our sympathy as the foolish ones do. A touch of nature makes—you know the rest, Celia:

You and I used to think we saw the Aurora Borealis, Celia, but we never did. The real splendor is seen only in this north country, what we looked on was only the faint far-off reflection of it—not these, mighty marching hosts of snow white flame, merely the tips of the shining lances. There is a path of——

Louis, the half-breed, who is guide, philosopher and friend, and Peter, alias Isaac Walton, are the important members of this party

I had to stop for awhile. Isn't there a verse in the Book which says something like this: "Be still and see the glory of the Lord—the whole earth is filled with His glory." I may not be quoting correctly, but you'll catch my meaning. Forest and fen, cairn, valley and hill, wind and water, heights and depths both immeasurable, seem to be chanting the words. It is an experience which does not come often, nor does it need to, this losing yourself in the heart of things.

This northern lights display resolves itself into a celestial extravaganza. One lone shaft of brilliance comes as herald, quivering through the purple of the night like a rainbow splitting a storm cloud. Up, up, sweeps an army white armored, fire crested, up, up over a field which shines before it. Up, up, a myriad lances and every lance flame tipped, up, up, a million spears and every spear fire touched. Up, up, in growing splendor, column and company, square and file, two abreast, three abreast, four abreast, armor, helmet, and visor ashine, marching, still marching, horse and foot, banners of silver, pennons of flame mingling, melting into one, glory indescribable. The young moon, the hunters' moon as Louis told us at supper time, which awhile ago flaunted her silver crescent above the grey and purple twilight of the woods, hangs now on the edge of things like a broken Jade bracelet, and the stars, those faithful lamps of God, one by one, put out their lights (the northern star last of all) and leave the heaven's fire to this compelling host.

Celia, I wish you might see Algonquin Park with the night changed to noon. It is all vivid, quivering. The firs and pines seem to press against the glow until they show in detail needle, and cone, and feathery moss like a lace pattern upon a pillow, or cobweb across the open fireplace of some Indian's tepee. The balm trees and silver birches wave every leaf and twig outlined. If you could *see* it! When it comes to describing something which looks like a chapter from *Revelations* I'm scared to attempt it. When this glory fades, the stars will light up again—just so, and when I get back to common things I'll likely follow their example and get my lamp of conceit burning merrily as ever. But not to-night, my dear, not to-night.

It is only in these great spaces one comes face to face with nature—catches a vision of wonders, hears her sounding her trumpets through the gloom of the forest, ringing her bells on the hills of silence, and she has a way of making you feel small.

"Beeg fireworks, eh?" says Louis, who has come up from the river with a pail of water. "Mebbe I tol' you 'bout de foolish Indian girl who travel far to fin' out w'ere all de shine it start? No, den I tell you now. She is too curious, dat girl, w'en somet'ing shine lak it bus' itself don' get too close b'gosh!" his black eyes gleam merrily under his heavy white brows as he seats himself on a log by the tent door. (You'd love this homely old voyager.)

"Indian girl is dat beautiful dey call her Silvermoon. She died long tam ago—all beautiful Indian girl die long tam ago, I t'ink," with a chuckle, "anyway she is mooch praised—w'en she's dead. W'en we live folks don't wear de voices out telling how nice and good we are—you notice dat, eh? Mebbe w'en Silermoon was alive dere was talk 'bout de squint she have and de large feet. Native woman queer dat way, lak praise oder woman w'en oder woman be dead, jus' so."

He looks like a jolly old gargoyle with his face twisted in mirth. My husband, who has come up, chuckles, so do I. No, of course it isn't right but you've no idea how infectious Louis' fun is.

"Silvermoon have plaintee lovers, you bet," he proceeds. "She is big chief's daughter, and rich—don' know 'bout white man, but Indian don't let de girls fortune scare him way'. Come Stone Arrow from Marsh Lake, and say if she mak' de marry wit' him he will give de fader of her heap presents, also he will put on de war paint and lick de debbil out of de ol' chief's enemies—dat's de way catch de girl ever' tam b'gosh!

"But she is contr-a-r-y" drawling out the word, "tell himshe is not mooch on de marry—too young yet, but all tam she turn tail ob de eye on no account young hunter who is not a chief, or son of a chief. Jus' fool fellow who ma' de songs and sing dem, poet I t'ink you call him. De ol' chief is keen for dat wedding, he needs de presents. Indian queer, de more he have de more he want," with another of his mocking grins, "and he say w'en comes time for spirit lights festival

Silvermoon will be Arrowhead's bride. I s'pose he is not de firs' parent to mak' maistak', nor de las', eh? It was 'bout dis tam o' year, yes, I t'inkso, and de place it was jus' round here mebbe, an' de whole tribe—and den some (if I learn to talk slang, Celia, lay it on Louis) is on han' for de affair. Dat tam de sky is so full ob shine mos' peoples hide de eye, but Stone Arron he don' do not'ing but show off all he can to let on he ain't scare. He is jomp up in de air and crack his heels, dance till he shake de ground mos' and was lak bull moose to show he don' care a dam for not'ings at all. Silvermoon she don' pay attention, she's busy keeping de eye on de singer ob songs. She is fond of de music mebbe, anyway, she can't tear herself 'way from de sound ob it. By and by she speak out kin' ob proud and strong, and say de marry mus' be put off till she come back from pilgrimage she tak' right away quick. 'Way behin' de hills," she say, "de spirits kindle de lights dat fill de sky. Dey call me all de tam, come, dey call come, come Silvermoon. So I go. Me, I will go to Stone Arrow's lodge, but not now, because I go to de hills, and behin' de hills, and see wit' my own eyes de firs' leetle fire kindle and flame," she says, "and de w'ile night seems to wrap her like beeg sof' blanket, and w'en de flame cools down and goes out, den will I, Silvermoon, feel in de pile of w'ite ashes, and fin' de gift that will keep de heart young and de body beautiful forever and ever. Silvermoon goes alone, none must follow or come after."

The old story of the crock of gold at the end of the rainbow, Celia, only it

Continued on page 305.

Herè nature seizes your imagination with her pageants of color

Sleep—not the coy, long coming, short staying sleep—but a dominant thing pursues you, and lays you in her poppy beds as the late shadows lengthen over the lake

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

Letter from a French-Canadian

THAT not all of the French speaking Canadians are Nationalists of the Bourassa type goes without saying. Quebec has sent hundreds of her French speaking sons to the trenches in defense of the Empire and her Allies. But even so it always will be a regrettable phase of our war history that marks the decided difference in sentiment between the Bourassans and the true Canadians of French extraction. One of the best examples of this is to be found in the Bourassa family. Henri Bourassa has done everything in his power to prevent the French speaking citizens of Quebec from enlisting in the cause of the Empire. His own cousin, Captain Talbot M. Papineau, on the other hand put aside a promising career in the law to don the khaki and has won his D. S. O., by his brilliant work in Flanders with the Canadian men. When Captain Papineau, therefore, writes back to his cousin Bourassa from the trenches in an attempt to show the cousin the error of his ways, true Canadians certainly will be interested in his words. We quote from Captain Papineau's letter to Bourassa as it appeared in a recent issue of the *Montreal Herald*.

"Very possibly nothing that I could have said in August, 1914, would have caused you to change your opinions, but I did hope that as events developed, and as the great national opportunity of Canada became clearer to all her citizens, you would have been influenced to modify your views and to adopt a different attitude. In that hope I have been disappointed. Deeply involved as the honor and the very national existence of Canada has become, beautiful but terrible as her sacrifices have been, you and you alone of the leaders of Canadian thought appear to have remained unmoved, and your unhappy views unchanged.

"Nor can I altogether abandon the hope—presumptuous, no doubt, but friendly and well-intentioned—that I may so express myself here as to give you a new outlook and a different purpose, and perhaps even win you to the support of a principle which has been proved to be dearer to many Canadians than life itself.

"I shall consider the grounds upon which you base your opposition to Canadian participation in this more than European—in this world war. Rather, I wish to begin by pointing out some reasons why, on the contrary, your whole-hearted support might have been expected.

"And the first reason is this. By the declaration of war by Great Britain upon Germany, Canada became *ipso facto* a belligerent, subject to invasion

John Bull, London

The Spirit of Conquest

Shade of Kitchener—"*That* way, my lad, I am *still* with you!"

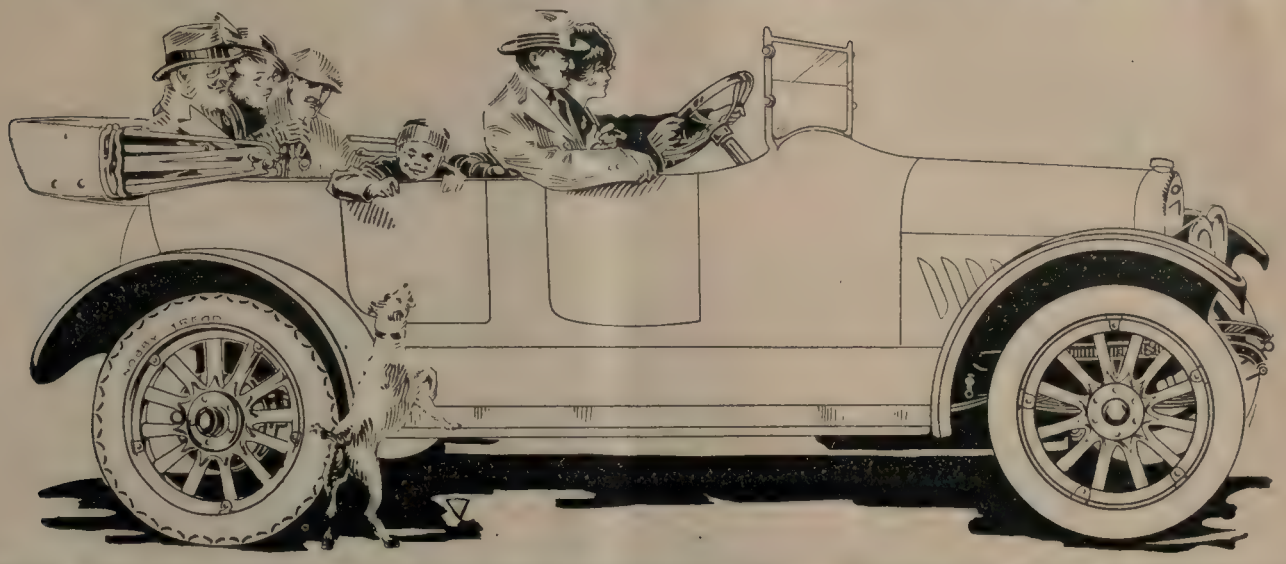
and conquest, her property at sea subject to capture, her coasts subject to bombardment or attack, her citizens in enemy territory subject to imprisonment or detention. This is not a matter of opinion—it is a matter of fact—a question of international law. No arguments of yours at least could have persuaded the Kaiser to the contrary. Whatever your views or theories may be as to the future constitutional development of Canada, and in those views I believe I coincide to a large extent, the fact remains that at the time of the outbreak of war Canada was a possession of the British Empire, and as such as much involved in the war as any county in England, and from the German point of view and the point of view of international law equally subject to all its pains and penalities. Indeed, proof may, no doubt, be made that one of the very purposes of German aggression and German military preparedness was the ambition to secure a part, if not the whole, of the English possessions in North America.

"That being so, surely it was idle and pernicious to continue an academic discussion as to whether the situation was a just one or not, as to whether Canada should or should not have had a voice in ante-bellum, English diplomacy or in the actual declaration of war. Such a discussion may very properly arise upon a successful conclusion of the war, but so long as national issues are being decided in Prussian fashion, that is, by an appeal to the power of might, the liberties of discussion which you enjoyed by virtue of British citizenship were necessarily curtailed and any resulting decisions utterly valueless. If ever there was a time for action, and not for theories, it was to be found in Canada upon the outbreak of war.

"Let us presume, for the sake of argument, that your attitude had also been adopted by the Government and people of Canada, and that we had declared our intention to abstain from active participation in the war until Canada herself was actually attacked. What would have resulted? One of two things. Either the Allies would have been defeated, or they would not have been defeated. In the former case Canada would have been called upon either to surrender unconditionally to German domination or to have attempted a resistance against German arms.

"You I feel sure would have preferred resistance but as a proper corrective to such a preference I would prescribe a moderate dose of trench bombardment. I have known my own dogmas to be seriously disturbed in the midst of a

1917 Announcement



WE have no startling announcement to make for 1917. We are proud to say that the 1916 Gray Dort has exceeded even our expectations. We expected great things of this wonderful car. We KNEW the Gray Dort was the real car—no matter what price. To-day hundreds of motorists are fellow enthusiasts with us in our admiration of this exceptional car. The Gray Dort has taken Canada by storm.

GRAY DORT $885

ADDED REFINEMENTS

The Same Tremendous Power and Strength—
Greater Luxury of Comfort and Appearance

EVEN GREATER VALUE

We couldn't improve on the wonderful Planche motor—that veritable giant of power in the Gray Dort. The sturdy, rugged heavy frame stood the severest tests. Mechanically the Gray Dort was, and is correct. In the searching investigation we did not find a Gray Dort owner who was not enthusiastically satisfied—even amazed—with the performance of his car.

We have added some final refinements to the car—made it bigger and it is now the roomiest car at anywhere near the price. A larger windshield—an ammeter—dashlight—roberail and footrail—in every way the sturdiest and most mechanically perfect car is now the most refined and comfortable car.

Read the specifications. Remember that in three days motor experts bought up the entire 1916 output of this car.

F. O. B. CHATHAM

Motor—Gray Dort, 4 cylinder, cast en bloc, L-head type, bore 3¼ in., stroke 5 in., speed 2000 R.P.M., horsepower 28. Cast iron removable heads. Carter Carburator. Thermo-syphon cooling, oil pump and splash lubrication. Westinghouse two unit starting and lighting system. Connecticut battery ignition. 12 inch cone clutch. Three speed and reverse selective transmission. Universal joint. Gasoline tank under cowl. Heavy Duty front axle. ¾ floating rear axle, with Hyatt High Duty bearings. 10 inch internal expanding and external contracting brakes. Pressed steel frame Springs—front 37 in. eliptic, rear 50 in. full cantilever. Left-hand drive. 16 in. irreversible worm and nut type steering wheel. Gear shift lever-centre control. Emergency brake, right pedal. Service brake, clutch pedal. Accelerator pedal. Spark and throttle control on steering wheel. Artillery type wood wheels. Detroit demountable rims. 30 x 3½ Dominion tires. Nobby tread rear. Westinghouse electric lighting. Linoleum covered running board. Lock ignition switch. Dashlight, ammeter, roberail, footrail, clear-vision windshield, one-man top, tools, equipment complete.

Wheel Base—105 inches. Weight—2100 pounds.

Gray Dort Motors, Ltd.

Chatham, Ontario

German artillery concentration. I can assure you that the further you travel from Canada and the nearer you approach the great military power of Germany, the less do you value the unaided strength of Canada. By the time you are fifteen yards off a German army and know yourself to be holding about one yard out of a line of five hundred miles or more, you are liable to be inquiring very anxiously about the presence and power of British and French forces. Your ideas about charging to Berlin or of ending the war would also have undergone some slight moderation.

"No, my dear cousin, I think you would, shortly after the defeat of the Allies, have been more worried over the mastery of the German consonants than you are even now over a conflict with the Ontario Anti-bi-linguists. Or I can imagine you an unhappy exile in Tierra del Fuego, eloquently comparing the wrongs of Quebec and Alsace."

Captain Papineau dismisses the possibility of Canada's receiving assistance from the United States with the following:

"Nevertheless we are not dealing with what may occur in the future but with the actual facts of yesterday and to-day, and I would fain know if you still think that a power which without protest witnesses the ruthless spoilation of Belgium and Servia, and without effective action the murder of her own citizens would have interfered to protect the property or the liberties of Canadians. Surely you must at least admit an element of doubt, and even if such interference had been attempted, have we not the admission of the Americans themselves that it would not have been successful against the great naval and military organizations of the Central Powers.

"May I be permitted to conclude that, had the Allies been defeated, Canada must afterwards necessarily have suffered a similar fate.

"But there was the other alternative, namely, that the Allies even without the assistance of Canada would not have been defeated. What then? Presumably French and English would still have been the official languages in Canada. You might still have edited untrammeled your version of Duty, and Colonel Lavergne might still, publicly and without the restraining fear of death or imprisonment, have spoken seditiously (I mean from the Prussian point of view of course). In fact Canada might still have retained her liberties and might with the same freedom from external influences have continued her progress to material and political strength.

"But would you have been satisfied—you who have arrogated to yourself the high term of Nationalist? What of the Soul of Canada? Can a nation's pride or patriotism be built upon the blood and suffering of others or upon the wealth garnered from the coffers of those who in anguish and with blood-sweat are fighting the battles of freedom? If we accept our liberties our national life, from the hands of the English soldiers, if without sacrifices of our own we profit by the sacrifices of the English citizen, can we hope to ever become a nation ourselves? How could we ever acquire that Soul or create that Pride without which a nation is a dead thing and doomed to speedy decay and disappearance?

"If you were truly a Nationalist—if you loved our great country and, without smallness, longed to see her become the home of a good and united people—surely you would have recognized this as her moment of travail and tribulation. You would have felt that in the agony of her losses in Belgium and France, Canada was suffering the birth pains of her national life. There even more than in Canada herself, her citizens are being knit together into a new existence because when men stand side by side and endure a soldier's life and face together a soldier's death, they are united in bonds almost as strong as the closest of blood ties.

"There was the great opportunity of the true Nationalist! There was the great issue, the great sacrifice, which should have appealed equally to all true citizens of Canada, and should have served to cement them with indissoluble strength. Canada was at war! Canada was attacked! What mattered then internal dissentions and questions of home importance. What war, whether we owed anything to

L. Raven-Hill, in Punch, London

A German Holiday

"Please, sir, what is this holiday for?"
"Because out Zeppelins have conquered England."
"Have they brought us back any bread?"
"Don't ask silly questions. Wave your flag."

New Prices August 1, 1916

The following prices for Ford cars will be effective on and after August 1st, 1916

Chassis	**$450.00**
Runabout . . .	**475.00**
Touring Car . .	**495.00**
Coupelet . . .	**695.00**
Town Car . . .	**780.00**
Sedan	**890.00**

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

These prices are positively guaranteed against any reduction before August 1st, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance in price at any time.

Ford Motor Company of Canada
Limited
Ford, Ontario

Assembly and Service Branches at St. John, N. B.; Montreal, Que.; Toronto, Ont.; London, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Calgary, Alta., and Vancouver, B. C.

Star, Montreal

An Object-Lesson in Preparedness

What the Kaiser Respects

England or not, whether we were imperialists or not, or whether we were French or English? The one simple commanding fact to govern our conduct was that Canada was at war and Canada and Canaidan liberties had to be protected.

"To you as a 'Nationalist' this fact should have appealed more than to any others. Englishmen, as was natural, returned to fight for England, just as Germans and Austrians and Belgians and Italians returned to fight for their native lands.

"But we, Canadians, had we no call just as insistent, just as compelling to fight for Canada? Did not the Leipsig and the Gneisnau possibly menace Victoria and Vancouver, and did you not feel the patriotism to make sacrifices for the protection of British Columbia? How could you otherwise call yourself Canadian? It is true that Canada did not hear the roar of German guns, nor were we visited at night by the murderous Zeppelins, but every shot that was fired in Belgium or France was aimed as much at the heart of Canada as at the bodies of our brave Allies. Could we then wait within the temporary safety of our distant shores until either the Central Powers flushed with victory should come to settle their account or until, by the glorious death of millions of our fellowmen in Europe, Canada should remain in inglorious security and a shameful liberty?

"I give thanks that that question has been answered, not as you would have had it answered, but as those Canadians who have already died or are about to die here in this gallant motherland of France have answered it."

Continuing Captain Papineau discussed the French Canadian issue in straight-from-the-shoulder fashion:

"You and I are so-called French-Canadians. We belong to a race that began the conquest of this country long before the days of Wolfe. That race was in its turn conquered, but their personal liberties were not restricted. They were in fact increased. Ultimately as a minority in a great English speaking community we have preserved our racial identity, and we have had freedom to speak or to worship as we wished. I may not be, like yourself, 'un pur sang,' for I am by birth ever more English than French, but I am proud of my French ancestors; I love the French language, and I am as determined as you are that we shall have full liberty to remain French as long as we like. But if we are to preserve this liberty we must recognize that we do not belong entirely to ourselves but to a mixed population, we must rather seek to find points of contact and of common interest than points of friction and separation. We must make concessions and certain sacrifices of our distinct individuality if we mean to live on amicable terms with our fellow citizens, or if we are to expect them to make similar concessions to us. There in this moment of crisis was the greatest opportunity which could ever have presented itself for us to show unity of purpose and to prove to our English fellow citizens that whatever our respective histories may have been we were actuated by a common love for our country and a mutual wish that in the future we should unite our distinctive talents and energies to create a proud and happy nation.

"That was an opportunity which you, my cousin, have failed to grasp, and unfortunately despite the heroic and able manner in which French-Canadians have distinguished themselves here and despite the wholehearted support which so many leaders of French-Canadian thought have given to the cause, yet the fact remains that the French in Canada have not responded in the same proportion as have other Canadian citizens, and the unhappy impression has been created that French-Canadians are not bearing their full share in this great Canadian enterprise. For this fact and this impression you will be held largely responsible. Do you fully realize what such a responsibility will mean not so much to you personally—for that I believe you would care little—but to the principles which you have advocated, and for many of which I have but the deepest regard. You will have brought them into a disrepute from which they may never recover. Already you have made the term of Nationalist to stink—in the nostrils of our English fellow citizens. Have you caused them to respect your national views? Have you won their admiration or led them to consider with esteem and toleration your ambitions for the French language? Have you shown yourself worthy of concession or consideration?

"After this war what influence will you enjoy—what good to your country will you be able to accomplish? Wherever you go you will stir up strife and enmity—you will bring disfavor and dishonor upon our race so that whoever bears a French name in Canada will be an object of suspicion and possibly of hatred.

"Those of us in this great army who may be so fortunate as to return to our Canada will have faced the grimmest and sincerest issues of life and

Novi Satiaiken, Petrograd

The Angel of Peace

As the Germans still imagine it will come to them.

And as it will really come to them.

death; we will have experienced the unhappy strength of brute force; we will have seen our loved comrades die in blood and suffering. Beware lest we return with revengeful feelings, for I say to you that for those who, while we fought and suffered here, remained in safety and comfort in Canada and failed to give us encouragement and support, as well as for those who grew fat with the wealth dishonorably gained by political graft and by dishonest business methods at our expense—we shall demand a heavy day of reckoning. We shall inflict upon them the punishment they deserve—not by physical violence, for we shall have had enough of that, nor by unconstitutional or illegal means, for we are fighting to protect, not to destroy, justice and freedom—but by the invincible power of our moral influence.

Can you ask us, then, for sympathy or concession? Will any listen when you speak of pride and patriotism? I think not.

"Remember, too, that if Canada has become a nation respected and self-respecting, she owes it to her citizens who have fought and died in this distant land and not to those self-styled Nationalists who have remained at home.

"At this moment as I write French and English-Canadians are fighting and dying side by side. Is their sacrifice to go for nothing, or will it not cement a foundation for a true Canadian nation—a Canadian nation independent in thought, independent in action, independent even in its political organization—but in spirit united for high international and humane purposes to the two Motherlands of England and France?

"I think that is an ideal in which we shall all equally share. Can we not all play an equal part in its realization?"

A Fine Example

THE experiments in connection with a gratuitous pension system adopted by the Swift-Canadian Company, which has a big packing plant at Edmonton, will be watched with interest, says the Bulletin of that city. The pensions are purely voluntary, the employees making no contributions to them. The plan will reach more than two thousand employees. After 25 years' continuous service, men aged sixty-five and women aged sixty-five will be pensioned at half the average salary for the five years preceding retirement. For the same length of service pensions may be paid to men at sixty and women at fifty years of age. Employees of from fifteen to twenty-five years' continuous service may be pensioned, if permanently incapacitated, at a rate based on length of service. The minimum

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2° Buy St. Lawrence Red Diamond Extra-Granulated Sugar. It is guaranteed pure Sugar-Cane Sugar, and free from foreign substances which might prevent jellies from setting, and might cause preserves to ferment.

3° Cook well.

4° Clean your jars perfectly, and also sterilize them by boiling for at least 10 minutes. Then pour in the preserves or jelly.

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R. G. TOBIN, Manager, 135 Mail Building, Toronto, Ont.

pension is $240, and the maximum $5,000. The widow and children of an eligible employee will receive half the pension to which he is entitled. The scheme will be watched with interest by students of modern sociological development, and will doubtless afford valuable guidance for the old-age pension scheme which is one of the planks of the Liberal party.

Misuse of National Anthem

WAR has given a deeper significance to the national emblem and to the national anthem, and the Toronto Globe says:

The tune of "God Save the King" ought not to be played, and ought not to be allowed to be played, anywhere in Canada as part of a medley of airs that have no national significance.

It is the anthem of the Canadian nation. It is the anthem of the British Empire. In these days of crisis and sacrifice the chords of its music vibrate with sentiments the very highest and with thoughts and feelings the most profoundly holy. To the British millions the world over it means more to-day than it ever meant in all the past. To every loyal Canadian the sound of its music inevitably and very reverently suggests all that is heroic and holy, and all that is tragic and terrible, for Canada and for Canadian soldiers, in the training camps and trenches and battlefronts of the war.

The playing of the National Anthem as part of a jingling medley of meaningless ditties, to tickle the ears of dining-room guests in a hotel, or to fill up the interlude between acts in a theatre, or for any other trivial purpose, is a desecration that ought to be forbidden by good management or publicly resented by good taste and good patriotism.

The Casement Case

CANADIAN comment upon the execution of Roger Casement shows an almost unanimous opinion that justice was done. The general sentiment is thus summed up by the Farmer's Telegram.

Certainly there is nothing in the state of Ireland at present to excuse rebellion, which is morally justifiable only as a remedy for desperate evils that can be cured in no other way. The three hundred people who were killed in the streets of Dublin were innocent of any wrong-doing and were entitled to the protection of the law. A government that would refrain from punishing their murderers would be a government unfit to exist. It is true Casement was not actually in Dublin

when the outbreak occurred. His time was spent where he thought he could do more harm. That is to say, he was in Germany procuring arms with which to assassinate his fellow-countrymen and trying to seduce Irish prisoners of war to become renegades. Anyway it is looked at his conduct was despicable as well as treasonable. Let us hope, for the sake of human decency, that he was not a party to the cruelty with which the Germans treated their Irish prisoners. The attempt to make a martyr of Casement failed; the facts are too transparent.

Conscription Impossible

ACCORDING to the Winnipeg Free Press, Conscription is impossible in Canada, and demands for it on the part of Citizens' Recruiting Leagues which have been heard from time to time are useless. The Free Press says:

Attempts to make it appear that Canada has shown slackness in participating in the war are not justified by the record. Up to date three hundred and fifty thousand Canadian men have volunteered for service at the front. Bearing in mind that the Canadians of British stock and descent do not at the outside number five million people, the showing is highly creditable. In Western Canada, taken as a whole, the recruiting has been not only creditable, but nothing short of marvelous. We question the justice of some of the sweeping remarks at the recent meeting about the number of slackers in and about Winnipeg. The man of military age and apparent physical fitness seen upon our streets in civilian clothes is not necessarily a slacker. In many cases, behind the failure to enlist, there are reasons which would be regarded as sufficient by any competent tribunal.

The totals of voluntary enlistment, impressive as they are, would have reached a much higher figure if the Province of Quebec, outside of Montreal, had contributed its due proportion. The men of Quebec, with considerable exceptions of course, have failed to respond to the appeal for reasons which are not creditable to them. The fact is, however, there and must be faced. Is it the idea that under conscription the other provinces would apply force to Quebec and compel the reluctant habitant to join the colors? If so we should have plenty of use for our Canadian army nearer home than the plains of Flanders. Or is it proposed, in the event of conscription, to apply it to the provinces where the quota has practically been supplied and exempt the province which has failed to do its duty?

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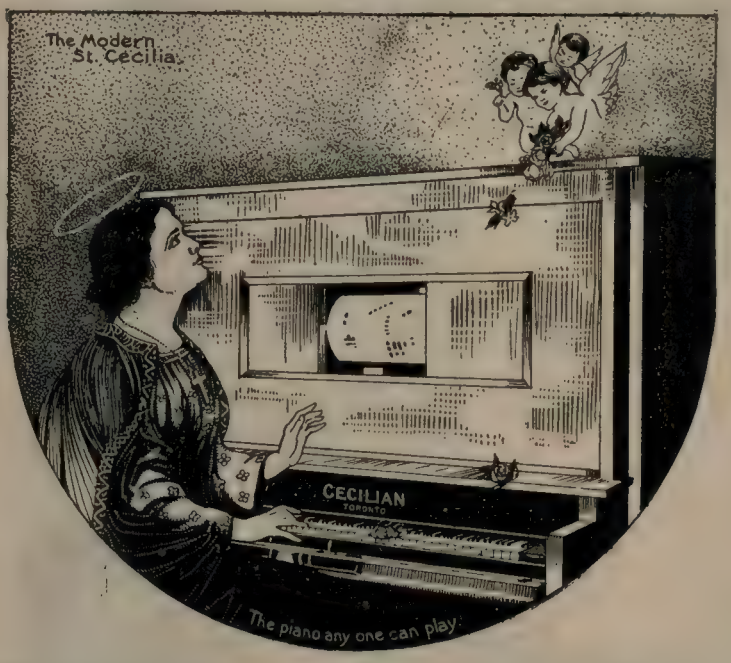

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Canada's Part in the War

IN the American Review of Reviews there is an admirable article upon "Canada's Two Years of War and Their Meaning" by Mr. P. T. McGrath, president of the Legislative council of Newfoundland, and well known as a newspaper correspondent. In his introductory paragraph he sums up the situation in these words:

"Two years of war have seen Canada effecting achievements on behalf of the British Empire which not even the most farseeing contemplated when the present world struggle began in August, 1914. She has raised an army now within measurable distance of 500,000 men. She has increased her grain acreage so as to gain the third place among the wheat-producing countries of the world, exceeded only by United States and Russia. Financially she has transformed her situation entirely, becoming a creditor instead of a debtor nation and raising a domestic loan for the first time in her history, as an earnest of her whole-hearted spirit. Industrially, she has expanded enormously and gained a position not easily described in figures, and she has evolved an entirely new pursuit, that of munition-making, which daily grows in magnitude and importance."

He continues to show by comparison that at the end of 1915 Canada had twice as many men fighting overseas as fought for the United States in the war with Spain; by the end of last April a larger force enlisted than Britain used in the whole South African campaign; that her original fighting force was larger than the purely British troops under Wellington at Waterloo; and that her losses at Neuve Chappelle were greater than those sustained by the British troops in their struggle aginst Napoleon. Canada moreover sent over the Atlantic the greatest force ever shipped across "a waste of waters in modern times. He reminds his readers that Canada has enlisted, uniformed, equipped, trained, and transported these men at her own cost and is paying, equipping, provisioning, and munitioning them in the field in the same way, though they are fighting 3000 miles from her own shores. Then she is doing all this on a scale truly munificent. The rate of pay for the Canadians—rising upwards from $1.10 a day for the privates—is not alone vastly above that paid by other nations in former wars, but without a parallel now, save in Australia and New Zealand. The British soldier gets about thirty cents and Continental countries pay only a fraction of that.

The dependents of Canadian soldiers also get from the state $20 a month for wives or widowed mothers, similarly well above the allowances made by

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European countries, except the British, and Canada again supplements this by the generosity of the Canadian people, who have raised a Patriotic Fund for this purpose — the contributions to which, from the beginning of the war up to the end of April last, or for twenty one months, amounted to $10,327,000, of which over seven million dollars had been disbursed, the remainder being required for the rest of the current year; and for which another ten million dollars will be required in 1917 if the war continues. For a country so young as Canada, with comparatively few wealthy men, this is especially noteworthy."

Anzacs Undying Story

A COMPANION article to Mr. McGrath's is one by Fred S. Alford who shows what Australia has done. He refers to the brilliant exploits of the Australian navy, and points oot that Australia had a great initial advantage over other British dominions in that her compulsory military service act went into effect in 1911. Her first expeditionary force of 20,000 men left Australia in November, 1914 and completed training in Egypt. He reviews the imperishable record of the Australians and New Zealanders at the Dardanelles. Of this it is enough to say that the casualties on the Gallipoli among the Australians were 41,524. Up to date about 200,000 Anzacs have gone to the front, and nobody needs to be told that the incomparable reputation won against the Turks has been maintained in France and Flanders. Of the character of the Anzac army the writer says:

CHARACTER OF THE AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

Critics say there is no discipline in an Australian army. From the continental standpoint there is not. Australians obey orders promptly and intelligently, but retain their individuality. General Birdwood delights in relating experiences characteristic of the men of Anzas. An English colonel of the old school once complained that the Australians did not show him proper respect. "That is nothing," replied General Birdwood; "they seldom salute me either. One day, when on the rounds of inspection, I passed a burly Queenslander on sentry duty who stared at me with nonchalant interest without saluting. Just then a shell came screaming over, and the Queenslander, turning quickly to me, cried warningly: 'Duck your blamed head, Birdie ' " "And what did you do ?" inquired the Colonel, aghast, anticipating an account of a summary courtmartial. "Why, I ducked my blamed head, of course," was the smiling reply of the distinguished General.

Glorious deeds of individual bravery

and thrilling episodes at Anzac would fill volumes, but one thing stands out alone: that was the fortitude and cheerfulness of wounded Anzacs. They died smiling, often with the words of their war-song on their lips, "Australia will be there." Famous surgeons and war correspondents with experience of other fronts met nothing like it before. In an inspiring poem, London Punch gave tribute to the Anzacs as "the bravest thing God ever made." The Australian is described by competent judges as the finest soldier in the world. Clean-cut, of magnificent physique, extraordinary endurance, and ever cool and resourceful, he is in a class by himself. He is grim and determined in combat and a big, merry, overgrown boy in relaxation with a fine capacity for enjoying the best of life.

The Great Naval Victory

LORD SYDENHAM, one of the greatest living naval authorities has this to say in the contemporary review about the great naval battle in the Skagerrack:—

The battle of Horn Reef could not, in the circumstances, be a second Trafalgar; but it has proved that ship for ship and man for man the German navy is not equal to our own. It has ended all hope of breaking the blockade or of invasion, which was always impracticable unless naval superiority in the North Sea could be wrested from us. It leaves us relatively stronger than before, and gives to the Russians, for a time at least, the control of the Baltic, with fresh opportunities, which they will turn to account. So long as the High Seas Fleet declined to be tempted into blue water, imagination could invest it with any attributes that fancy might suggest and its chiefs with unfathomable designs fraught with surprises capable of altering the conditions of naval war. That is all over, and to numerical superiority has been added the indefinable sense of moral superiority which only a great battle could confer.

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More Sheep Farming Wanted

IN the opinion of many Western journals the West offers great opportunities to the sheep farmer which have been too long neglected, and the Calgary Times-Telegram preaches a sermon upon the subject as follows:—

For the stack of wool in the Horse Show building on Saturday, a United States firm cheerfully handed out $85,000, a sum well worth considering these days, even by farmers. From this sale, therefore, the question arrives: "Why should Canada, with its boundless areas of undeveloped land, be under the necessity of importing its supplies of wool and mutton when sheep can undoubtedly be raised with profit not only in connection with mixed farming, but as well under conditions where cultivation of land or the grazing of other animals is impossible?" Yet, in 1913, the imports of sheep in Canada from the United States for slaughter totalled 211,622 head, and the following year the imports were 131,931. The same years the imports of wool amounted in all to 18,103,201 pounds, and there seems to be no good reason why this should not have been an export as well as an import.

The advantages of sheep raising are many, and there is no doubt but that it will become more of a business from now on. The sheep is a dual purpose animal, producing both wool and mutton, and on a flock the initial expenditure is small. Every farmer can well afford the investment of the necessary capital in a few sheep, particularly when the monetary returns are rapid, the wool clip and the lamb crop being saleable annually. Expensive buildings are by no means necessary; and as for feed sheep will eat and relish almost every class of weed. As a matter of fact, the weed problem in Alberta would not be such a thorn in the side of the Hon. Duncan Marshall if there were more sheep in the province. All things considered, therefore, there

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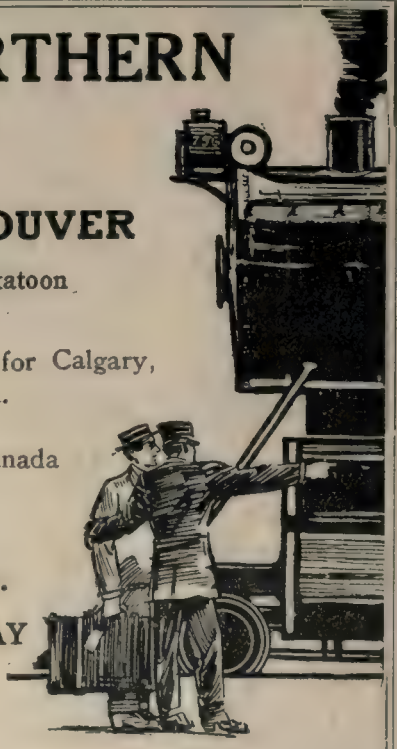

Through tickets to all points and berth reservations from Local Agent, or write to General Passenger Department, 68 King Street, E., Toronto, Ont., or Union Station, Winnipeg, Man.

are numerous reasons to be advanced as to why sheep raising as an industry should be well considered. That $85,000 sale of Saturday, too, should prove a strong temptation.

Paper Prices Advance

THERE is not a newspaper in Canada and the United States that has not been affected by the increase in price of print paper. Some big American publications have already announced a considerable reduction in size. The public, however, may not realize how the situation will react upon newspaper readers, and the following article in the Guelph Herald is timely.

For some time past a somewhat serious situation has confronted the newspaper publishers of Canada and the United States, due to the fact that consumption of what is known as "print paper" has increased beyond the production and unless something is done at once to relieve the situation there will be a paper famine.

In Canada, with all its wood pulp, this seems rather a strange occurrence, but there is a constant drain on the Canadian manufacturers for all the paper they can spare for the U. S. and foreign markets, and this has led not only to very heavy advances in the price of paper, but to difficulty in securing large supplies—so much so that occasionally is heard a demand that export of paper from Canada be prohibited.

Across the border the situation is naturally worse. Recently the publishers of the New York papers held a conference and agreed to reduce the size of their papers so that there will be a big saving. They also decided to cut off all return privileges from news dealers, so as to eliminate the waste of the past.

An appeal has been sent out to every newspaper to save space in every possible way, to cut down the size of papers and to reduce the consumption so that the reserve supply may be restored.

In the meantime newspaper publishers are being forced to pay very high prices for paper. Where it could be bought last year for less than two cents, the price to-day is four and a half and even five cents, with nearly every mill refusing to make any quotation because the output is under contract.

The public does not realize what such an increase on price means to the publisher. It simply makes absolutely necessary drastic action in every direction. Increases in subscription rates, in advertising rates and a reduction in the size of newspapers are likely to be general. In some cases the increase in the cost of paper will force suspension.

Nature's Pot of Gold

Continued from page 161.

goes our legend one better. What living human wouldn't rather find what would keep her a glad glorious young thing forever than all the crocks of gold imaginable? Just so—I had nearly said b'gosh.

"Mebbe ol' chief t'ink a leetle ob dem ashes good for him—he's gettin' mighty stiff—for he lets her go. Stone Arrow mak' to go too, but she shak' de head and say, 'No one mus' come wit' me or follow after,' an' looks at de singer ob songs. Sure 'nough she is gone. De year gets old, an' oder years come and go but no Silvermoon. Mebbe she lose herself, I dunno."

To my surprise, it is Peter the married man who answers. It is not like him to pay any heed to wilderness tales. "She trekked with the poet chap if you ask me," he remarked.

"But she say no one mus' follow after," Louis reminds him.

"He likely cut on ahead, and trimmed a path for her," scoffs Peter.

When Louis is tickled foolish over anything his nose has a habit of twisting clear around to visit with his cheek. It does this now.

"I hope so," I cried, "and that, together, they found the beautiful thing they sought."

"They found each other, that's all," argues Peter.

"Same t'ing, mebbe," mused Louis. "Kin' ob hard on Stone Arrow t'ough, who is short on wives 'bout dat tam. He say if any more ob his squaws get de fever to mak de pilgrimage behin' de hills w'ere de spirits fires be kindled he will cure her wit' kin'ness and a dam good licking b'gosh!"

I daresay Louis' swear words will shock you—they wouldn't if you heard the delicious old rascal say them. But no more at present. Of Louis' philosophy—the fish which Peter caught and exhibited so proudly every night upon his return to camp—of the other wonders of the wood, I will tell you in my next epistle. I'm too sleepy for another line. A strange thing about the big wastes, the woods and the waters of Algonquin Park is that you find it impossible to "work on your nerves" as we say at home, meaning use up our reserve power. No need to try it here —your nerves realize they're on a holiday and go off and hide themselves. Your will power goes to hunt them—and never comes back till daylight does appear and by the enthusiasm of it you know it has been carolling all night, "We won't go home 'till morning". Not that it matters for sleep, not the coy, long coming, short staying sleep you used to coax to keep you company, lured by many Dianas to give you a call, but a dominant thing which pur-

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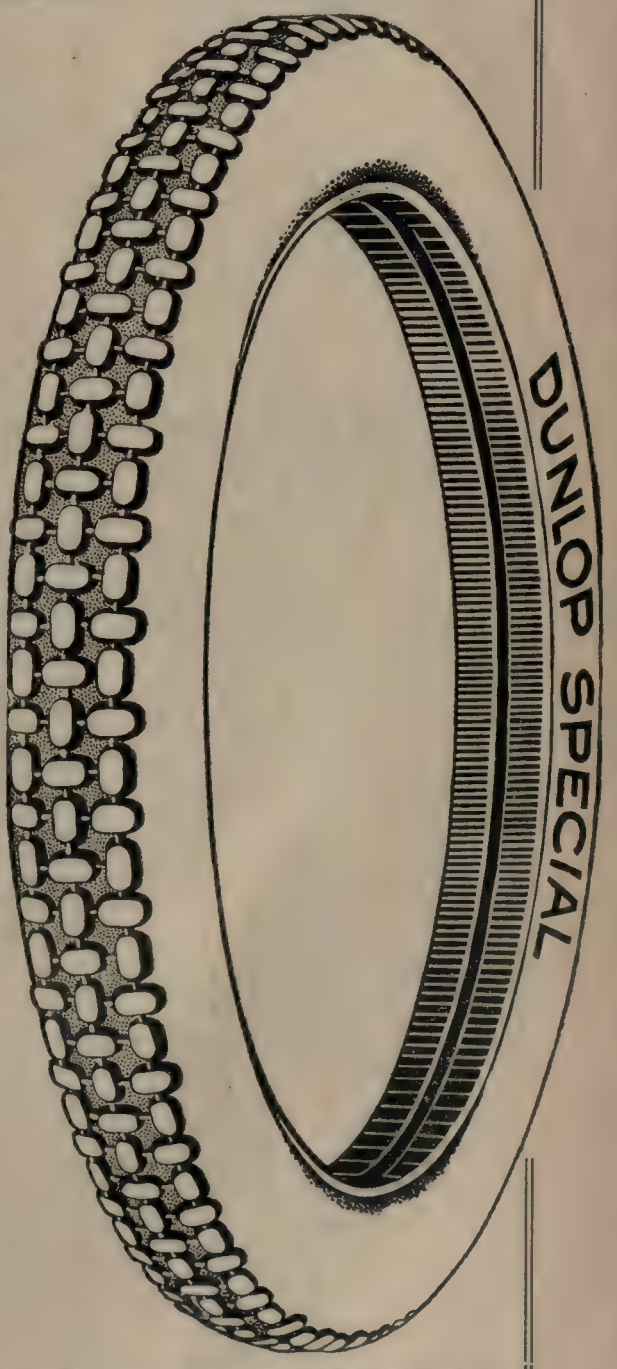

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BETTY BLUE.

The Conversion of Alexander Popoff

Continued from page 271.

something that would justify his scorn of Scott, his staying home with wife and children. His eyes quickly caught the following utterance of the British Minister of Munitions: "There is no man in this room who has always regarded the prospect of engaging in a great war with greater reluctance and with greater repugnance than I have throughout the whole of my political life. . . . . " Popoff impatiently read on expecting to find words which would put an end to his doubts.

"We are fighting that claim to predominancy of a materially hard civilization, a civilization which if it once rules and sways the world, liberty goes, democracy vanishes. And unless Britain and her sons come to the rescue it will be a dark day for humanity.

"We are not fighting the German people. The German people are under the heel of this military caste, and it will be a day of rejoicing for the German peasant, artisan and trader when the military caste is broken.

"It is a great war for the emancipation of Europe from the thraldom of a military caste which has thrown its shadows upon two generations of men, and is now plunging the world into a welter of bloodshed and death."

THE die was cast. Popoff did not enter his home that night with his usual happy smile. He was thinking of the impending council with his wife. He knew he must join the Canadian contingent.

His wife met him in the hallway with eyes full of tears. "Don't make any noise," she said pressing a kiss on his lips. "I have put the children to sleep so as to be able to talk with you without interruption."

"I am glad you did so, for I too have something very serious and important to talk over with you. But is anything wrong? Why are you crying, are either of the kiddies ill?"

"No, they are both well and happy. They are too small yet to realize the horrors of this war. They don't dream of what it may mean to them. Nellie with pride tells her playmates that her mother is a Belgian, and in her innocence is asking me when Father will go to fight the German Kaiser.

"My tears are caused by the letters I have received this morning. You remember Marie, my cousin and best friend? She wrote to me from Liverpool where she is seeking refuge since the Germans occupied Brussels. Poor girl, she was wealthy before war broke out and now she is destitute in Liverpool with her aged mother and three nieces. Louis, her brother, and her brother-in-law were both killed in battle. Her sister was killed in the siege of Louvain.

"It is too awful to think of all the terrible times they have passed in my poor old fatherland. Oh, I wish I were a man, that I could join the small band of my gallant and brave countrymen, who hold the flag of Belgium high enough to make it glorious forever."

Popoff seated himself reading the letters handed to him by his wife. His clinched fists and set teeth expressed his state of mind. Brushing aside the letters and envelopes spread before him he rose from his chair, and exclaimed:

"This settles it. Now it is up to you Poulette to give your final approval, and I will go where you are so anxious to be. I am glad you broached the question of war, for I wanted to speak to you to-night about my enlisting.

"If not for ourselves, then for the future of our dear children. It is my duty to go to this war. Militarism must be crushed. Our Nellie and Willie have a right to live in a world which will be secure against any attempt to repeat the terrible tragedy of the present time.

"I have decided to enlist to-morrow, not with a cry of 'Down with the Germans,' but like Scott, 'Down with German militarism' and 'God bless Canada'."

A few days later Alexander Popoff was a King's soldier.

A Wooing on the Veldt

Continued from page 277.

ness. As she opened her eyes, she gave a bewildered glance around, and in a few moments realized that she had been near death's door. Her eyes lighted with animation. In them was the look—the love—that woman gives only to her mate. Turning to Jan she held out her hands. "Kiss me Jan," she said. "I want your kisses. I'll be your wife, and go home with you."

So Jan won his wife, having literally snatched her from the gates of death. His strength and courage had enabled him to achieve the prize that was denied his wooing.

The Woman of His Faith

Continued from page 280.

that happened under the pendant lamp on the porch. Rodd recognized the face of the photographs as the woman alighted, and Larned recognized the face of the man whom he had expected to see.

"Yes, it's Strange," he said bitterly, "and she ought to have known the kind Strange is. But I'll not wait here looking on. My position is impossible.'

If one impulse drove him on, another, sent by the green devil to overtake and over-power it, held him back in a trance of suspense and tragic curiosity. They saw Mrs. Larned smile to her companion and go inside the house. Strange followed her. The chauffeur had not entirely cut off his power and the hum of his cylinders was so low that Rodd could hear the quick, deep breaths of the statue at his side.

"I believe ! I believe ! I do ! I do !" Larned suddenly cried out in stubborn anguish.

"If you do, why did you come ?" Rodd fairly shot the question at him. It impaled him for a second like an arrow of shame. But the green devil was ready with a retort, singing, "Isn't that like you, you 'Old Simples,' " in his ear. So he stood waiting in dumb torture for he knew not what.

Directly Strange reappeared on the porch. Rodd now had a better look at him. The "Bully" was as transparent in his way as Larned—a vain, self-sufficient creature, conscious of his square shoulders, who used his mirror for other pruposes than shaving and hair brushing. With a jaunty toss of his head, he turned to the chauffeur, who nodded in answer to the directions. Then the louder whirr of the cylinders told their story. The machine was returning to town.

When Rodd looked around to see how Larned had received this blow he extended his hand in alarm to keep him from falling. For a second he was limp; life seemed out of him. But it came back in a rebellious flood, reddening cheeks that were chalky, and, Rodd's fingers felt Larned's muscle swelling with rigidity as he cried out in his natural voice, vibrant with raging denial:

"No ! She will not for you, Strange, nor any other man on earth. It's a trick you are playing—which you will pay for !"

"I hope so," thought Rodd, whose own faith was going. But it was not a time for casuistry. Rather, he sprang in front of Larned just in time to prevent him from dashing toward the porch.

"Wait ! Think what you are going to do !" he remonstrated, just as Mrs. Larned came out of the door.

She was still wearing her wrap, as Rodd noted triumphantly. Strange bent over her familiarly and significantly in evident explanation of the machine's departure. She drew away from him, first one slow contemplative step, and then another, her head poised a little higher than in any of the photographs. Rodd wished that he might see the depths under her lashes—in their majestic scorn.

Thus for a few seconds she survyed Strange—surveyed him as if he were something unearthly and unspeakably foul—while he wilted, his pose all gone, a despicably dismal figure under the smoky lamp with its aurora of buzzing insects. Then, without having spoken a word, it would seem, certainly without any theatricalism, she started down the road toward San Diego.

"I knew ! I knew !" breathed Larned. "I had faith all the time."

"But *you came*," said Rodd sharply. That transfixed him.

"Yes—yes—you are right. Nothing can change that !"

He looked after the departing figure of his wife as if taking stock of some priceless treasure which he had proven with an acid that was now eating into his own soul. And Rodd knew that the story was far from told.

"We will go back unseen," he suggested, "as we came, if you wish—even to the cruiser."

"No !" Larned answered hotly; and now he was looking at Strange, who, as if there was nothing else to do in his predicament, had started along the road.

"Do you want her to know ?" Rodd asked. "What will she say when she finds you have been spying on her ?"

"That I'm a mud puddle which she would walk around," said Larned. "And she ought." He was magnificent in his honesty and the courage with which he faced the truth. "But I should have to tell her. I would be living a lie to her if I didn't. Ours is such a love, it could not exist with any such deceit. Yes, I must tell her—though it means that something will come between us. No, I could not blame her if she turned me away altogether. I can see her eyes flash in full warrant of her action as she does it. For that is the kind of a girl she is, and that is why she is life to me. How can I ever atone for this journey ? How ? How ?"

"That is for you to say," answered Rodd. He dropped his hand, which had been resting on Larned's shoulder. Larned was still gazing after Strange.

"My fellow-officer !" he said—and the words clicked like chilled steel.

"Yes," said Rodd, convinced that the primitive way was the only way on this occasion in our complex civilization—even for a man who had been

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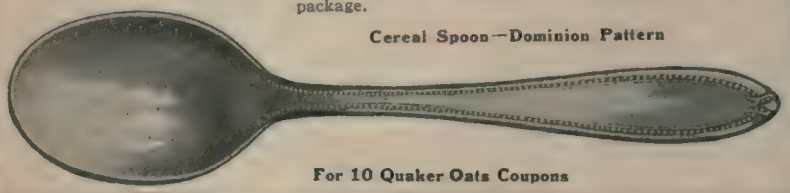

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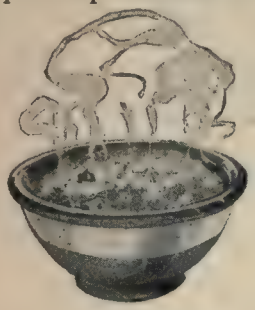

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trained to fight with shells at a range of eight thousand yards.

"You see, I've nothing but my hands"—and Larned spread them open before he started across the sands.

"That is the proper setting! Now for my part!" thought Rodd.

But he paused long enough with his hand on the lever to hear the call of "Defend yourself!" and see Larned spring upon Strange with the no-quarter fierceness of a tiger.

A few second's work for the auxiliary and the *Falcon* dropped the combatants out of sight and picked up the graceful, swift-moving figure of that woman who was so superb a mistress of her body and soul, and floated down beside her. As Rodd stepped to earth she had paused and was looking over her shoulder inquiringly, apprehensively, yet with a kind of fearless preparedness for any emergency that might appear to her alone, at night, in the desert.

Her face, clear in a patch of moonlight, was soberer than any of the photographs. It needed no Sargent's brush now to sound its depths in which he found the great thing which he knew from the first belonged there to complete her glory. And the joy of his discovery made his voice tingle with an infectious winning sympathy.

"I fancied that maybe you had farther to go than you realized," he said, "and I might give you a lift."

She had already recognized him from his pictures in the press; and she saw that his manner bore out his reputation.

"Thank you, Mr. Rodd," she returned, "it certainly is quite a long walk to San Diego." She smiled in a fashion that made her smile of the photographs faint and stilted, and then added, with a determined seriousness which won him with its frankness, "And I'll be only too glad to go if you promise not to ask me any questions as to why I'm here."

"Why, no," he answered, as if surprised that she should think any such idea should ever occur to him. And he gave her his hand to assist her in embarking. When the *Falcon* rose, however, he started back toward the inn.

"But you are going in the opposite direction from San Diego," she remonstrated quickly.

"Not far out of our way, you will find," he answered softly. "A mile more or less means little to the *Falcon*. Why, I came from the Isthmus today."

He glanced around as if testing his ground before he proceeded with his daring plan of being the first to tell her the truth. It seemed like meddling—and fatal meddling at that—but back of it was all his experience of humanity and the prayers of the mess for "Old Simples."

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"Yes," he added. "And I brought a naval officer with me—Frank Larned."

"My husband!" she cried, responding like magic to the name. "He is at San Diego? Oh, Frank! They gave him leave, and I shall see him to-night."

"Yes, he came in answer to an alarming telegram concerning you!"

"Concerning me!" She was thunderstruck. "Alarming telegram concerning me! Who from?"

Studying her face he was sure that she was without guile in her surprise.

"Alice!" he answered.

She was still puzzled, but smiled benignantly.

"Poor Alice—with the corners of her mouth drawn down! She's so overworked!" she said. "But where is Frank? Tell me! Why all this mystery?"

"He came out with me from the hotel this evening following an automobile!"

"Following Strange and myself?"

"Yes."

There was a thrill in her cry of hurt astonishment which sent a shiver through Rodd.

"You saw us stop at the inn?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"Where were you?"

"Out in the shadows."

"And you saw the machine sent away?"

He felt her breath, hot and gasping, close on his cheek as she drove in her questions, each a little more tensely than the preceding one.

"Yes."

"And what did he say?"

Rodd looked fairly into her burning eyes and answered slowly:

"He said, 'No! She never would for any man on earth.' He said Strange had played you a trick—and I held him back——"

"Oh!" The exclamation was drawn out into a fine point that broke into lightning. "But he came! He came! He *came*!" she cried.

And now Rodd himself opened fire.

"And you came—came with Strange."

"Yes—and I'd have written Frank about it to-morrow, as I always do. I had no secrets from him—only trust for him. What had he for me? Yes, I came," she concluded defiantly, "but not to spy on my husband."

"And you have been indiscreet—you have flirted a little," he persisted gently.

"How dare—" But she forebore such a commonplace of indignation, awed by his judicial mercilessness.

"You loved life and company—you believed so much in your power that it carried you to the point of exposing yourself as you have to-night."

"Yes," she answered slowly. "I

have learned a bitter lesson. All that is over—and—and something else is, too." Her goddess air was gone. She was in torture.

"Something so great that everything is ashes without it," she went on. "I had followed him around the world. I believed in him. I find that he did not believe in me—he believed Alice's talk. That is between us forever. I feel as if I did not want him ever to touch me again."

Rodd was not surprised, or even discouraged. Out of the corner of his eye he was watching the struggling shadows which he had purposely kept in the distance so that she would not see them. The *Falcon* kept on circling them as a pivot while her head was bowed with the bitterness of her disillusion.

Fights in a roped arena had never interested Rodd; but this had the dignity of primitive battle. It was desperately even, he saw; neither man seemed yet to have an advantage.

"And when," Mrs. Larned asked as she looked up again, "and when he saw me walk down the road, what did he do then ?"

It was the question that Rodd wanted her to ask. He smiled like a cabinet-maker who had just fitted in a difficult part.

"The only thing a man could ! There ! You see !"

He wheeled the *Falcon* in until, with her eyes watching through half-closed lashes and her chin held high, she saw the shadows take the form of men. When she recognized her husband, she said not a word but leaned far out, clinging to the braces while the rain of blows knew no rules except fair play, no sounded recesses. One man was fighting to save his face; the other for an idea. Both were becoming exhausted. Their onslaughts had determination but not strength. The decision was near; a single blow might make it.

As if she could not bear the suspense, she suddenly turned away and in a nervous impulse put her hands on Rodd's arm as if to steady herself on his dependable strength.

"Oh, it's good—good !" she said, expressing the hope that ran with her fear. "For it seems to me that my husband is fighting to kill that something which was going to stand between us. And deep down, aren't we all primitive ? Am I not just a woman ? And I don't know why—but I find that it was this which I wanted. I wanted a dragon slain — and by him !"

She dared not look back, while over his shoulder Rodd saw Strange go down, struggle to his feet, and then go down again. He rose to his hips this time and with a gesture of assent sank outstretched on the sand. At

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C. A. MINER, Managing Director.

last he had the medicine which the blunt ship's doctor had prescribed.

"It's all over with the dragon," Rodd told her sweetly.

"Frank! Frank! Quick to him! Frank!" She kept repeating his name in accents that were triumph enough for any victor till after the *Falcon* had descended and her arms were around his neck. "Oh, Frank, I wouldn't have been so foolish"—she was half crying, half laughing—"if it hadn't been such a temptation to shock Alice with the corners of her mouth drawn down—Alice who thought she always ought to be along to look after me. Oh, Frank, I'm so glad you gave that beast a pounding, you old dear."

Strange, with his face in the sand, never once looked up. Even the doctor would have admitted that he was having a full dose. On the way back, Rodd slowed down to call to the chauffeur, who had just reached the harbor beach:

"Please go back for your employer! I have all the passengers I can carry."

Community Farming for War Widows.

Continued from page 283.

school age such children run wild in the streets a great deal of the time, being exposed to all sorts of evil influences, making it a guess whether they will turn out an asset, or a burden to the state, a blue lookout for all concerned.

BEGIN with springtime on the little farm. The woman would rise early, slip quietly out, leaving the little ones restfully sleeping, while she fed pigs, calf, and poultry, besides milking the cow, or cows. Then comes a nice, cosy breakfast all together. Next, she does the necessary housework, puts baby to sleep in his buggy, wheels it out under a tree, or onto the little porch, and begins working in the garden, while the older children play about in the open, till hunger drives them all in to get another meal. Thus, while earning a support, the mother may have her children always under her watchful care, to their great moral and physical benefit.

Consider the living made possible to this poor family. Choice vegetables of all kinds, crisp and fresh from the garden; strawberries with the dew glistening on them, and a succession of other garden fruits; new laid eggs, milk direct from the cow, golden, fragrant butter with the tang of the clover meadows still on it, and choice hams and bacon in plenty. Then think of the chicken dinners and roast duck they could have! Also, contrast the

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Just as surely as the 3A (post card size) picture displaced the 4 x 5, this 2C, for pictures 2⅞ x 4⅞ inches, will displace the 3¼x4¼. The elongated shape, used horizontally is better for landscapes—it dosen't waste film on sky and foreground. It is better for portraits when used vertically for it gives the high, narrow picture. It *gives more picture for the area* than is usually possible in a square—and the shape of the picture is far more pleasing.

And this elongated shape in the picture makes possible a slim, thin, easily pocketed camera. The 2C Autographic Kodak Junior has a capacity of ten exposures without reloading, it has the Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter with cable release, working at speeds 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100 of a second and of course the usual "bulb" and time actions. The camera has brilliant reversible finder, two tripod sockets, black leather bellows, is covered with fine grain leather, is well made and beautifully finished. It is furnished with a choice of lens equipment as listed below.

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Ditto, with Kodak Anastigmat lens, f. 7.7.	19.00

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well-lighted cottage with the wretched abodes open to the city poor.

Children instinctively take to producing from the land. They naturally take an interest in plant growth, and delight in the care of young creatures, which pursuits gradually lead up to successful farming. Under these conditions, the fatherless children should develop into ideal young Canadians for Canada. That is a good slogan, "Canadians for Canada." No hyphen.

The community idea has fine possibilities. The school grounds may be used for community sports, games, or fairs, and the school house planned so as to be used by the public for library, reading room, rest room, lunch room and concert hall. In most domestic science cooking classes, they either waste the results, or eat it to get rid of it, which is still worse. Instead why not have the class prepare dinner for distant pupils on school days, and for shoppers on Saturdays?

Medical attendance is of great importance. A good doctor should be provided with suitable quarters, given a stipend that would ensure him against actual want for the first three years, on condition that he charge moderate fees. It is usual to charge by the mile in a country practice. The community idea would be to strike an average, and charge all alike.

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Unless by permission of the management, no agents, nor vendors should be permitted to go among the settlers, over-persuading inexperienced men or women into buying unwisely.

It is well understood that this life isn't for all women. There is the woman who would rather scrub the city streets, live in a cellar, on cheap food, than take the best the farm could give her. Then there is the lazy woman and the extravagant woman. Well, the city is the only place for these.

The Son of the Otter

Continued from page 288.

tails of our roosters could not give them plenty."

"I am very glad," said Uapukun. "Xavier is a fine fellow and I hope Anne will be very happy."

"Yes! He is a *bon garcon*, and he has a cow and a horse; also many fine pigs. So there will be a fine wedding in the church, and Pere Laroux has promised to marry them; I have just seen him. Then there will be a dinner in the house and after that a dance in

Grand Prize, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915

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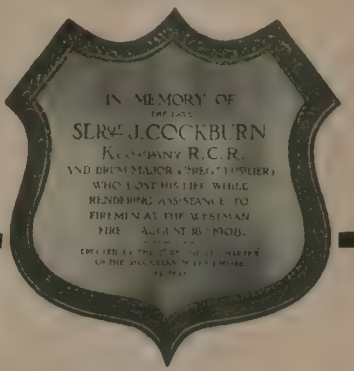

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Xavier's new barn, which is painted red. It will be *superbe*, ay, a fine *veillee* it will be. We will have Hyppolite Lechantre, he of the crooked leg, and Dougald *l'Ecossais* with their fiddles and little Bernard with his accordion. Every one at Pointe Bleue is coming. So you will all be at the dinner and the dance. Mititesh, see to it that thou wearest thy best *hardes* and pretty ribbons in thy hair, for I shall dance with thee, many dances!"

He capered around the room, not ungracefully, his face beaming with smiles, but the other three remained silent and he saw at once that something had gone wrong, so that he stopped suddenly.

"Well, why don't you speak? What is the matter? Are you not going to come?" he asked, anxiously.

"I—I have become too old for such things," said Uapukun.

"Thou art not old, and since when were women too old to come and gossip at a wedding? The oldest will be there, as well as the young, and it will remind them of the days when they also prayed to *La Vierge Marie* for happy days. But thou, Ahteck?"

"In all these years thou knowest I never went to a *veillee*," answered Ahteck, turning his head away.

"Then it is surely time for thee to begin. But thou, Mititesh, the most beautiful girl at Pointe Bleue—thou wilt surely come. I will dance with thee, many dances, though there is one other I must dance with also. I will make all the other men jealous, for they will also want to dance with thee."

"Oh! I could not dance," she cried. "I—I shall never dance again!"

"But what has happened? I left you all so happy, only a day or two ago, and now your faces are all that of *kukukuu*, the speaking owl, that bewails himself at night."

"Nothing has happened," declared Uapukun, sadly.

"And you will not come? But I tell you it will be a great feast of my family! Haven't we all been the best of friends? And now people will say that we must have quarreled, or that you despise us. Then Anne will surely weep—weep on her wedding day, a thing that always brings bad fortune, as every one knows. Why! Mititesh! Are we not good old friends? In the days that are gone, when we traveled all together in the big woods, thou wouldst have done anything for me, as I would for thee! Did I not help bury thy people and make crosses and pray at thy side?"

The young man looked red in the face, grievously disappointed, and they all could see that this was a blow to him.

"Yes," answered the girl. "Thou wert in truth a good friend, and I

would not willingly cause thee pain."

"And thou, Ahteck? Have we not been partners for long years? Have we not lived together like brothers, with never a quarrel or a harsh word, and gone together through hunger and cold and hard toiling? I—I cannot understand it."

"I was thinking that I am not one to bring good fortune upon a wedding," Ahteck answered, his head still turned away.

"Oh! Is it all thy life that thou art going to be like *kakatshu*, the raven, ever crowing of ill luck? Does not good fortune always attend thee and thy people? Did not my evil luck become good as soon as I began to hunt with thee, so that I have again a little house and a cow, and my mother a roof over her head and plenty to eat? Art thou not a rich man now, with money in plenty at the bank? Just look at him, prospering every day and chattering of ill luck! It is a shame—yes, a shame!"

"If it will make thee happy I will come," he finally consented, uncertainly.

Paul was delighted with the advantage he had obtained, and was quick to press it further.

"Then I have thy promise to come! It is well for never hast thou broken one. I think that Mititesh was wiser than thou, for she was first to say she would not willingly hurt me. Uapukun, thou wilt surely not let thy children come alone. I shall now count upon you all. Behold! Now I am happy and I can dance again!"

He took a few funny steps across the room, laughing, after which he leaped over a bench and capered again, until the others could not help smiling at his antics.

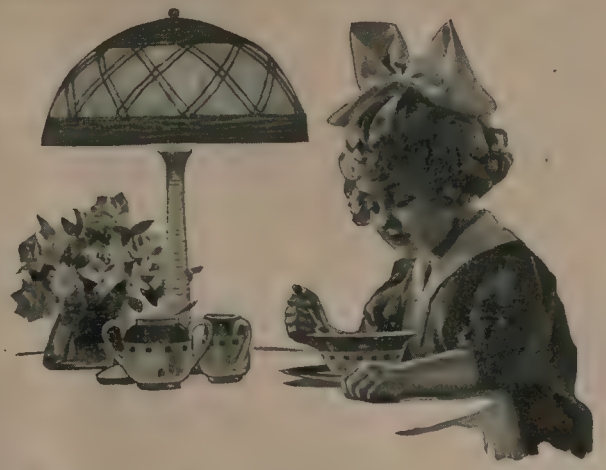
"Now I run away," he said, "for fear your minds might change once more. Remember that you have promised. I run away now. *A bientot*!"

He rushed out through the door, chuckling.

Thus it happened that in due time they all went to the little church, which was crowded to the doors, and where all were dressed in their very best Sunday clothes. After the ceremony was over a goodly procession walked off to Xavier's house, where the great feast was bountifully spread.

It may be said at once that the bridegroom was no niggard. A sheep had been killed, and there was roast young pig, and chickens and geese to the admiration of all beholders. Potatoes were brought in by the bushel, with cabbage and turnips and carrots in profusion, while the tea was made in a clothes boiler. There was also any amount of sweet stuff.

And the presents! It was indeed easy to see that the young couple had



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The dish used to be bread and milk. Sometimes it was crackers. Now it is whole grains, because whole grains are better. And those airy, toasted, flaky grains are made four times as porous as bread.

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At Noon

When you serve ice cream, try scattering Puffed Rice on it. The finest chefs do this now. The grains are fragile, crisp and flaky. The taste is like toasted nuts.

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Puffed Wheat Except in Far West **12c**
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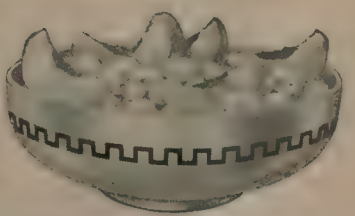
At Morn

In the morning serve with sugar and cream, or mixed with any fruit. Serve Puffed Grains each morning. Every pantry shelf in summer should contain these. As breakfast dainties, Puffed Grains hold supreme place. Nothing compares with them.



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many friends. There were fine handkerchiefs of vivid hues dear to the Indian soul, and embroidered things of buckskin, and glistening pots and pans, and various articles of clothing. Best of all, perhaps, was a sewing-machine, the rarely-attained ambition of all the house-wives of Pointe Bleue, a contribution from Ahteck and a gift so liberal that it brought tears of joy to the round cheeks of the bride when it was brought from Roberval, all shining enamel and bright steel and wood so polished that one could see one's face in it, as in a mirror.

After dinner they had to rest a little, to regain their breaths, and finally all trooped over to the barn, that was lighted with all the kerosene lamps that could be borrowed on the reservation. The two violins and the accordion were severally perched on boards placed upon wooden boxes. The horse and the cow had been taken out and placed in the pasture, back of the house, while the plough and buggy, with the sled and stone-boat, had been pulled out behind the barn. There was any amount of room.

The fiddles uttered some of the dismal sounds absolutely indispensable for perfect tuning, harbingers of the lilting measures to come. Then the musicians looked gravely at one another and, with a nod, began to bestir themselves till one's feet moved of their own accord. They were old Scotch tunes of country dances, and French ones of long ago, mere reminiscences of centuries gone by.

It was unfortunate that a very few of the men, chiefly among the younger ones, had managed to obtain, in spite of the law prohibiting its sale to Indians, certain flasks of strong drink. One or two of these young fellows at a time would leave the barn, heated with dancing, stand for a moment in the shadow of the walls, and return smacking their lips and, perchance, coughing from the strength of the vile stuff. But it must be said that the majority were well behaved and sober, so that the ball proceeded joyfully.

When Paul first asked her, Mititesh had hesitated to dance. But he had looked so sorely disappointed that at last she consented, much against her inclination. Then she bethought herself that, after all, it was best to do all she could to conceal her grief from Ahteck and Uapukun. Yes, she would dance! Why should they know of her distress?

So she bravely put her hand in Paul's and they took their place upon the floor.

Paul may, like the others, have danced somewhat heavily, yet not without a certain grace. His deep bows and merry gestures were much admired, and none could leap so high or click

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Walkerville Ont.

heels together so cleverly. Mititesh moved with the ease of her youth, with a harmony of motion that was all her own. In the merry laughter, among the happy people crowding the place, she was finding some surcease to her pain.

When the fiddles stopped at the end of the country-dance she looked toward the people standing near the walls, and caught Ahteck's staring eyes, that were immediately withdrawn from her. The man had been devouring her with his hungry vision, noting the finely chiseled face, the gracefully rounded form, the little hand extended to her partner, the wonderfully heavy coiled tresses on her shapely head, the curve of her red lips, the warm color of her cheeks, the light kindled in her eyes by the unwonted excitement. He clenched his fists and his powerful arms became rigid and hard as iron with the sudden effort he made to control himself again, to pay no heed to her, to pretend that she was nothing more to him than all the others who crowded the place. He turned and moved towards an open, unglazed window and stared out. It was early yet in the evening of the long summer day. A saffron sky mottled with tiny clouds lay above a sun touching the horizon with its great fiery ball. He thought of the places in the far North where he had tramped with her in the majestic silence of great snowy wastes, in the august solitude of the big snow-capped trees, on the long, twisted, perilous path that was a river held in bondage by the frost and groaning in its gyves. The sun disappeared and the tinted clouds faded. People were all about him, in a swarm, and yet he felt himself in a solitude so great, in a darkness so profound, that he had the sensations of a man become suddenly deaf and blind. He was alone in the world, marked for destruction.

Mititesh was determined to dance no more, and yet who should come to her but the bridegroom, insisting on the next turn? It was utterly impossible to affront him by refusing. After this other men would not be denied. Uapukun looked at her, approvingly, glad to see the child having a small meed of pleasure. Who knows whether an innocent, half formed instinct of coquetry did not move the girl, after a time, to show Ahteck how eager other men were to take her in their arms? And so she danced, untiringly, while young men whispered of her wonderful good looks, and other girls perhaps felt twinges of jealousy. And Ahteck had stopped staring out of the window into the darkness, that now was dense, and remained like a statue, with his back to the wall, watching her, utterly unaware of the intensity of his gaze, with his big throbbing heart on fire.

To be continued.

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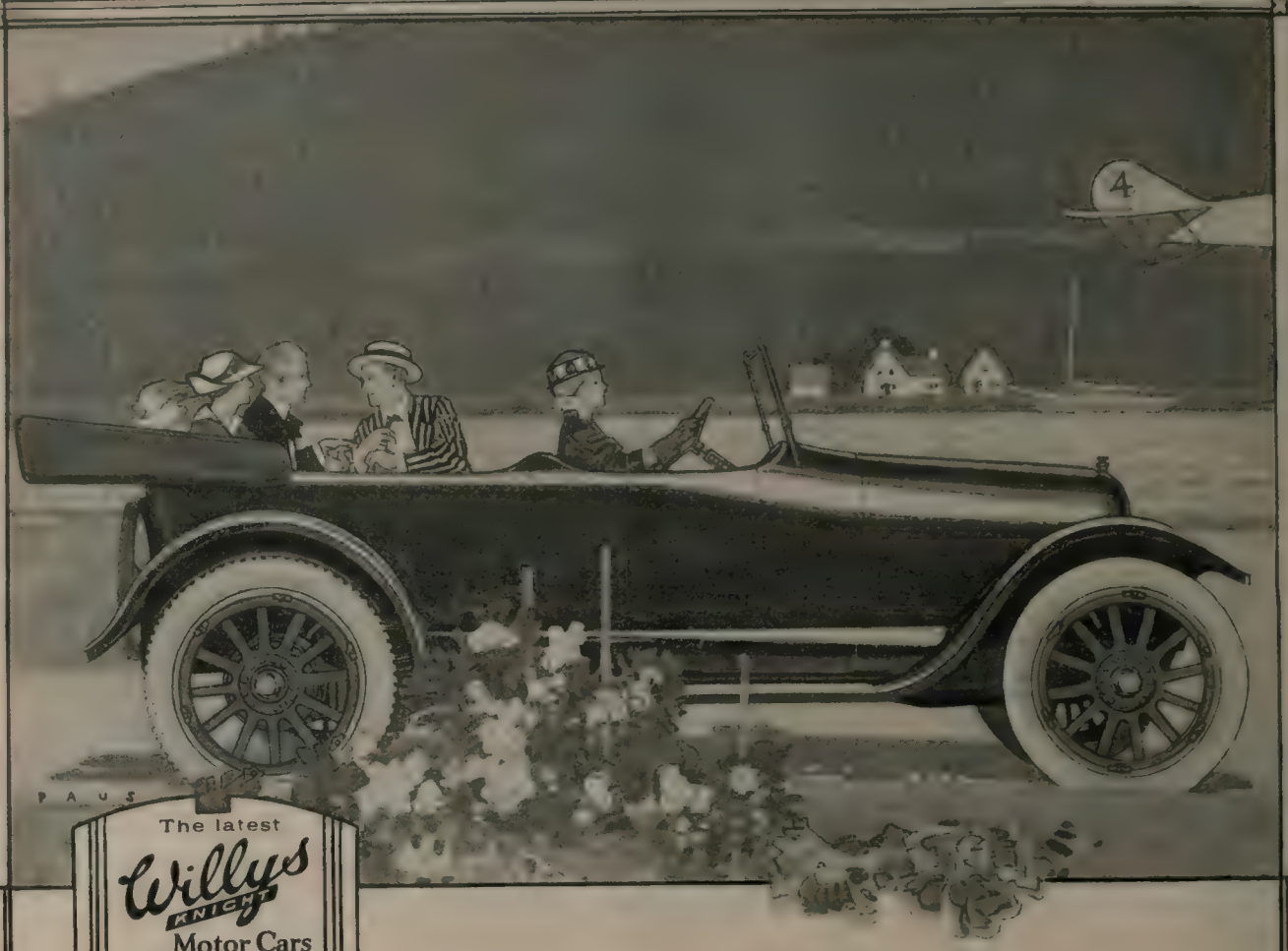

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CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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FOR the western prairies, with their hardships and wonderful rewards—their bleak days and their bright days—Henrietta R. Baxter has woven a story that will be of interest to every Canadian. *The Secret of the Lord*, a feature story in the November CANADA MONTHLY, deals with the question that most of us are called upon to answer some time during our lives—"why are such things so?" The answer Henrietta Baxter gives to this question, through the characters in her story, is a sermon in itself.

Will the soil of New Ontario and the Western Provinces take the place of the flax fields of Belgium? With the reorganization of the commercial affairs of the world after the war will Canada become the world's manufacturing centre for linen and similar products made from flax fibre? These are some of the problems handled by James A. McCracken in his interesting article *To Save or Sacrifice an Industry.*

Newspaper men see more sides of life than those in any other profession. Luman Spehr, a newspaper writer from Winnipeg, presents a story from the criminal court of the western metropolis that gives us a most interesting and enlightening peak at human nature.

Mrs. Emily Murphy tells in an interesting article, that *The School Library in Alberta* is one of the greatest melting-pot factors among our western prairies.

Eric A. Darling's story, *His Postscript*, is a veritable handy guide in love letter writing.

The closing chapter of *The Son of the Otter* appears in the November number. The great climax of this wonderful story of the snow lands of the north presents a most thrilling reckoning on the shadow of guilt which had hung over Ahteck's head since the time he struck his father. The closing of the mystery is even more interesting than the wind up of the love affair between Mititesh and Ahteck.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1916

The White Feather Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton	Charles Stokes	331
Canada's Immigration Policy After the War Illustrated from Photographs	Walter H. Kirchner	334
The Reeve of Silver Island (Part III.) Illustrated by F. M. Grant	Harry Moore	337
Winter Sports in Old Quebec Illustrated from Photographs	Estelline Bennett	340
The Son of the Otter Illustrated by F. M.Grant	George Van Schaick	343
How the M. P.'s Earn Their Salt Illustrated from Photographs	Tom King	347
Eluding an Earl Illustrated by P. J. Monahan	Herbert D. Ward	350
Psychology in Salesmanship	Rex White	352
Currents Events in Review Illustrated from Cartoons		354
The Scientific Side of Bread Cartoons by H. F. Colson	Helen McMurchie	360

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The defendant, who was charged wih keeping a dog without a license, made repeated efforts during the hearing of the case to interrupt the evidence brought forward against him, but on each occasion he was called to silence by the pompous dignitary on the bench.

Yet still he persevered. Finally the magistrate, thoroughly exasperated turned to him and sternly inquired:

"Do you wish the Court to understand that you refuse to renew the license ?"

"Yes," replied the defendant, "but—'

"We want no 'but'!" roared the preserver of law and order. "Your dog license, as you must be very well aware, expired so long ago as the 1st of January. You must either renew it now, therefore, or be fined. Is that clear ?"

"Yes," sighed the defendant; "quite clear. But, in that case, I may find myself here again next week, charged with keeping a license, but no dog. You see, the latter also expired on the 1st of January !"

~

"I attribute my success in great part to my persistency," says Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the steel millionaire. "I've been all my life pretty nearly as persistent as the Loretto barber."

"Once this barber said to me, 'I shaved a man,' "

"Yes ?" said I.

" 'And afterwards,' he continued, 'I prevailed on the fellow to have a haircut, a shampoo, a singe, a friction, a face massage, an electric scalp-rejuvenation, a dandruff-cure spray, and a tonic rub.'

"And after that ?" said I.

"After that,' said the barber, 'he needed another shave.' "

~

Medical Officer: "Sorry I must reject you on account of your teeth."

Would-Be Recruit: "Man, ye're makin' a gran' mistake. I'm no wanting to bite the Germans, I'm wanting to shoot 'em."

He was consulting the lawyer on what was, to him, an important subject.

"It's this way," he said. "The man who lives next door to me has a beast of a cat that spends the night sitting on my fence and yowling. Neither my wife, the baby, nor myself has had any sleep for weeks. The man next door refuses to get rid of the cat, and I want you to tell me what to do."

The lawyer was young, and he looked wise but said nothing.

"I've got a right to shoot the cat, haven't I ?"

"I should not feel justified in advising such an extreme course. As I see it, the cat is not your property."

"Perhaps not; but the fence is !"

"Aha ! Then you have got him, for you can pull the fence down !'

~

"Teddie, said Mildred, with a contemplative look, "how much money have we in the bank ?"

"We !" replied her husband, in sarcastic mood. "I have about five hundred dollars. Why do you ask ?"

For a second there came a glint in the feminine eye; then laconically:

"I just wondered, that's all. I have a letter to-day from the lawyer who wound up father's estate, and I find he had much more to leave than anyone ever expected."

"That's fine !" exclaimed the husband, suddenly alert. How much do we get from him, Milly ?"

"We !"—surprisedly. "I got a few thousand dollars ! Why do you inquire ?"

~

A certain railway line has the reputation of being very badly laid, and one day the train was rushing along at the rate of seven miles an hour, and the train was rocking atrociously. Passengers were rolling from one side of the carriage to the other or holding on like grim death to the window strap. Presently the train became a little steadier, and a traveller smiled faintly at the quiet-looking man opposite him, and remarked:

"We seem to be going smoother now."

"Yes," said the quiet man, "we're off the rails now."

~

Some school children were set the task of reading an article about Lancashire, and were afterwards asked to write an essay on this part of England.

Looking over one of the essay papers, the teacher found the statement, "The people of Lancashire are very stupid."

"Where did you get that idea, Maggie ?" said the teacher.

"Oh," replied the girl, "out of the book. It says that Lancashire is remarkable for its dense 'population.'"

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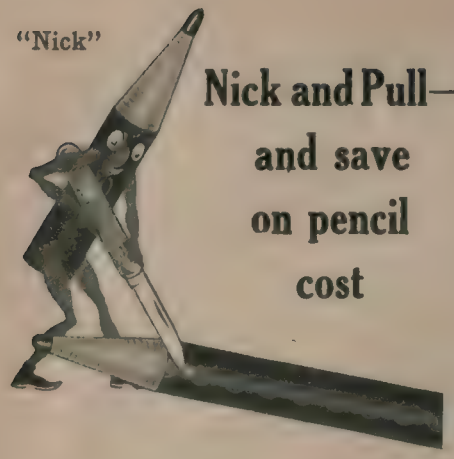

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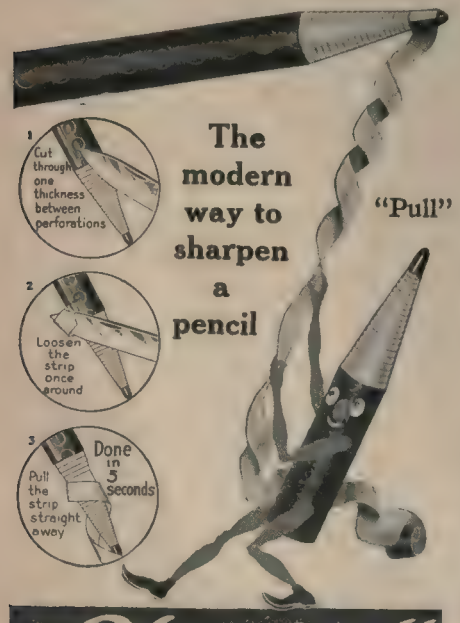

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After being kept waiting for the usual five or ten minutes, the new arrival at the restaurant was duly served with the first course of the table d'hote dinner—soup.

Hesitating a moment he glanced at his plate: then said;

"Waiter, I can't eat this soup."

"Then I'll bring you another kind, sir," said the waiter, and hastened away.

The guest sighed as the second plate was placed in front of him.

"Nor can I eat this soup," he said, a trifle more emphatically than before.

And the waiter, silent, but angry, brought yet another plate of soup. Whereupon the guest once more remarked, in a low, emphatic tone.

"Really, I cannot eat this stuff !"

But the waiter, now really angry, summoned the manager, and, to the interest of the other guests in the restaurant, explained what had happened.

"Really, sir, this is most unusual, sir," said the manager. "May I ask why you can't eat any of our soups ?"

"Because," replied the guest, with a sad, wan smile, "I have no spoon !"

~

The teacher of a large class sent one of her scholars to buy a pound of plums from a fruit-vendor outside, and as she handed the little boy a nickel said:

"Be sure, Willie, before buying the plums to pinch one or two just to see that they are ripe"

In a little while the boy returned with flushed face and a triumphant look in his eyes. Handing the teacher the bag of plums, he placed the nickel on the desk and exclaimed:

"I pinched one or two, as you told me, and when the man wasn't looking I pinched a bagful."

~

Pat was home on furlough, and whilst going down the main street of his native town, he saw a shop where everything was sold by the yard. Pat, wishing to play a joke on the shopman, went in and asked for a yard of milk.

The shopman was astounded, but he put his fingers in a bowl of milk, and measured a yard long on the counter with his fingers.

Pat, not wishing to be caught at his own game, asked how much it was.

"Sixpence," said the shopman.

"Then wrap it up," said Pat, "I'll take it."

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Belgians' Indomitable Spirit

MR. A. J. HEMPHILL, Chairman of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, one of the most powerful banking institutions in the United States, has just left London after a visit to Belgium and Germany. He was also received by King Albert.

Mr. Hemphill, who acts as Hon. Treasurer of the Neutral Commission for Relief, crossed the Atlantic to see for himself the conditions in the German occupied part of Belgium and to investigate the distribution of the relief supplies to which the American people have generously contributed. In order to secure permission to enter Belgium he had to go to Berlin, where he spent the better part of a week. In the course of an interview Mr. Hemphill said:—

"It is only after being in Brussels for a little time, and after visiting Charlerio, Malines, Antwerp, Liege and other places that one realizes how misleading are first impressions of life in Belgium as it is to-day. The outward appearance of normality is sustained only by the fact that relief to the value of over £1,200,000 is, so to speak, injected into the country every month. The external calm is an amazing tribute to the efficiency of the system whereby the Relief organization provides and distributes to this whole nation the supplies without which there would be chaos and unthinkable suffering. In this complex work of rationing every day over seven million souls, of whom just one-half are totally or partially destitute, the Belgians themselves are co-operating magnificently. Without their unflagging support and public-spirited work the efforts of those throughout the world who, regardless of nationality, sympathize with the Belgian people would fail of their purpose. The Comité National in Brussels, composed of the leading Belgians who dared to stay and face the invaders, has enrolled thousands of volunteer helpers who arc now experts in this problem of rationing.

Relief Reaches the Belgians.

"Both in America and England a good deal of uneasiness somewhat naturally exists as to the relief supplies actually reaching the Belgians. I discussed this point thoroughly with responsible Belgians through ut the country and with the Americans who are supervising the distribution, besides keeping my own eyes open for any indications of confiscation by the Germans. *As a result I am convinced that the relief supplies sent into Belgium reach, in their entirety, the Belgian people.* Except for trivial local incidents, which are invariably remedied,

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Your Dollars Go a Long Way

in the hands of the Belgian Relief Committee

Nothing else has ever aroused the indignation and practical sympathy of the English speaking world as has the fate of Belgium. At the first call for help, some of the leading business men of the Neutral United States organized the Commission for Relief in Belgium, arranging with the British Goverment to co-operate, and with the Germans to keep their hands off—and the work of feeding the starving millions began.

Never before has relief work been done on such a huge scale, or with anything approaching the efficiency with which it is being carried on in Belgium. Faced with the appalling task of feeding a destitute nation, the Commission has done magnificent work.

Scores of the ablest and highest salaried men of the United States and Great Britain have been giving their time free to perfect this organization and carry on the work. Operating expenses are phenomenally low. Business methods are applied to every feature of buying, shipping and distributing food, and every dollar received is accounted for.

With the millions of dollars that have been generously contributed to the Fund the Relief Commission has managed to feed some three million Belgians for over two years. Rations have been meagre, but so far they have managed to avert actual starvation. But to keep it up until the War is over will require even greater efforts.

The situation in Belgium grows more critical with every passing week. The fate of women, children and old and wounded men, in steadily growing numbers, depends absolutely on the Commission. If the food supplied by it were cut off, the third day would find the weaker ones starving to death. Within two weeks 3,000,000 would be dead or dying, and 4,000,000 more would be suffering acutely.

Compare this with Canada, with our huge crops and busy factories, an abundance of food and plenty of money; Think of the average Belgian family; The father is in the trenches—or dead. The mother takes her place in the lengthening bread lines, to get the scanty rations served out by the Belgian Relief Committee. The children thin and pinched and clad in rags, wait for what she will bring home.

So long as contributions to the Belgian Relief Fund keep up, each will get three slices of bread and a pint of soup a day. If the givings fall off, some must go hungrier or starve.

You can save at least one from such a fate; $1.00 a month less than 4c a day—will do it. $2.50 a month, in the hands of the Belgian Relief Commission, will feed an average family. Can you spare that much or more? Can you with a clear conscience, withhold it? How many families will you undertake to feed till the war is over?

Whatever you feel you can give, send your, contributions, weekly monthly or in one lump sum, to Local or Provincial Committee, or

Send Cheques payable to Treasurer,

Belgian Relief Fund

59 St. Peter St., Montreal

$2.50 Feeds a Belgian Family one Month

I heard of no instance whatever of the Germans breaking their guarantees to respect the food which the Allied Government allow to be brought through the blockade. As regards the home-grown produce there are, probably, still some minor leakages—almost inevitable in a country garrisoned by a foreign army—but I can safely say that 95 per cent. of the native food supplies go towards feeding the Belgian people. The inappreciable leakages to which I refer are always made the subject of negotiations between the Relief Organization and the belligerent Powers.

"You ask me as to what the Belgian people really think. *They don't think. They just hope.* They live from day to day in the undimmed expectancy of regaining their independence. I might also say they live *on* hope, because if that wonderful spirit were not there, the scanty ration, which is all the Relief Organization can supply, would be inadequate to prevent increased disease and mortality.

"Under ordinary circumstances the population would be pauperized by free feeding of the unemployed. This is not the case of Belgium. In the first place, a daily diet of soup, bread, sometimes potatoes and a little bacon, and occasionally rice and beans, continued over two years, does not offer many attractions. *It is only the indomitable spirit of the people themselves that makes it bearable.* They will be glad enough when peace comes to exchange free meals of such a kind for the food they can earn by work. At present, a small percentage get a few day's work weekly in local industries, such as the enamel, glass and coal trades, at a few francs per week.

"There are 600,000 children in Belgium entirely dependent upon the tender-heartedness of the outside world. A large percentage of the remaining two million children, up to the age of 16, are partially dependent upon relief. The problem of bringing them up and even of keeping them alive is becoming more and more grave. The Relief Organization has just started an extraordinarily interesting experiment to meet the emergency of short milk supplies in industrial centres. They have asked the peasants to lend, free of charge, for one year, one cow from each of their herds to a communal herd which will provide milk for the children. In Antwerp, the herd now numbers over 400 cattle. In other centres the peasants are responding excellently to the appeal. At the end of the year the cows will be returned to their owners, who will be compensated for the loss of any of their cattle."

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CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
OCT.

The White Feather

By Charles W. Stokes

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

THE English newspapers, the morning after the last day of December, carried the folowing item:

"Amongst the cases of personal heroism reported from the Allies' lines is another from Ypres. Forced by a strong surprise flanking attack to retire from their advanced position to their trenches, the City of London Light Infantry and the Warwickshire Sharpshooters left behind a large number of wounded. Suddenly, Private Jones, of the City of London, left the ranks, ran back some hundred feet in the face of a fierce and galling fire, and picked up Private Trench, of the Warwichskires, who, wounded severely in the legs, was amongst those left behind. He regained his line successfully, but received several wounds, and is now in hospital. Trench has since died. Jones is being recommended for the Victoria Cross."

The same day, two persons, a middle-aged man and a still youngish woman, sat gravely contemplating, in an office in London, a small batch of papers that lay on the table between them. One of these papers was dirty and covered with pencilled writing; another was a folded, foolscap document endorsed on the front, "Last Will and Testament of John Renshaw;" and the remainder were some sheets of foolscap, neatly collated and fastened together at the corner by a brass clip. Alongside them was a large envelope ripped open, obviously the container of the various papers, and it bore, in a firm script, the words, "To be opened on December 31st, 1914, by my solicitor, in the presence of my wife."

"I can assure you, Mrs. Renshaw," said the lawyer, "that I have not violated these instructions. This is the first time I have seen any of these papers, and I do not know of what they consist. As they are obviously meant to be read, would you prefer me to read them ?"

"Yes," the woman replied.

"The will first—or last ?"

"Last." She did not wear mourning.

The lawyer cleared his throat, picked up the little batch of papers fastened together at the corner, and began to read them.

I HAVE written on the envelope (he read) that this shall be opened on December 31st. That is as good as any other date. By then I shall either have disappeared—i.e., been killed or taken prisoner (either will do)—or else I shall be so incapacitated by wounds that I shall be smothered with sympathy and this plain statement of facts misconstrued and therefore meaningless. If I am still alive, I shall be still fighting, and the consummation will only have been delayed.

This is mostly intended for you, my dear wife. You must have discovered by this time that I am not in America—never went. It was a clumsy ruse, really. What follows may not be particularly novel to you—you probably found me out years ago.

I am writing this on the twentieth of September, seven weeks since Great Britain declared war.

It was only just over three months ago that I met Malette—or, rather, re-met him, because as soon as I saw him that evening at the club, I recognized him at once, although I hadn't seen him for seventeen or eighteen years. He was talking to Miller.

"Say, Renshaw," Miller said, "do you know Malette ?"

If I had only disavowed him then, at the start ! But Malette said,

"Why, Renshaw is an old school chum of mine !"

"Hardly a chum," I ventured. Malette put an eyeglass up—the wearing of which made the only difference in him as I remembered him, and which served to intensify the piercing look he was so proud of—and said, "Well, we knew one another quite well—didn't we, Bunny ?"

At the last word, I started violently.

"You haven't forgotten, surely ?" he went on.

"Bunny !" exclaimed Miller. "You never told us that, Renshaw."

"I'd hardly be likely to burden you with my schoolboy nicknames, would I ?"

"Nevertheless," said Malette, "an old friend may—," He saw my gesture of annoyance. "Well, if you prefer not—"

"I do, decidedly."

"What have you been doing since school ?" he pursued. "Making a fortune ? It's like old times, meeting you."

"Tell him, Miller," I retorted. Really I did not want to have anything to say to him; but he was not to be snubbed, and turned to Miller enquiringly.

"Renshaw is one of our most famous brokers now. Quite notorious, I assure you—the kind that is quoted in the financial press !"

"The plungy kind ?"

"Oh no ! Conservative—but has made money at it—stacks !"

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"I have sometimes wondered," said Malette deliberately, "how some of these rich stockbrokers, who operate on the classic principle of selling out half a point higher than they bought, know stocks *are* going up that half point. What is it, Bun—Renshaw—intuition or mathematics ?"

"I have always made it my rule," I replied, "to handle only safe chances."

"I might have known that !"

"Known what ?" asked Miller curiously.

"Go on—I was generalizing. What else does Renshaw do now he is grown up ?"

Miller was the most inquisitive member of the club—and the most garrulous. "Why, he has crowds of money salted away somewhere, by that process, and lives in—where the devil is it you live? Some very swell street, but I forget it—on the fat of the land, and goes to church twice on Sundays, and is executor for estates, and is universally respected."

"Executor for estates ? So ?"

I had a dim prevision then—how, I don't profess to explain, except that I have always had a mild belief in predestination—that he would somehow be tangled up in the Boissevain estate. Or was it nerves ?

"What have you been doing all these years, Malette ?" I asked. "Confidence for confidence."

"Sowing my wild oats. South Africa, mostly, practising law. I came back only a month ago, found I was still qualified here, and so have decided to stay home, go to church twice on Sunday, and become universally respected. Married, Bun—Renshaw ?"

"Yes—I married Violet Markham, if you remember her ?" It gave me a little pleasure to put some malice into that.

"Dear me ! Any family ?"

"No."

"Why, you two must dine with me some time—for old times' sake. Me, I'm single still, but perhaps—"

"I'll tell Violet," I said. Just like his impudence! "You'll find it a hard pull at first, getting a practice together."

"Maybe. Especially now I'm colonialized. But how glad I am to run across you again—me, a returned wanderer, without any friends ! Eh ?" He readjusted his eyeglass, and grinned at me diabolically.

TO go back to the past—Malette's tyranny over me began about a week after he came to the school—I was his own age, and was new too. In some subtle way, he discovered my weakness—I was a coward. No one else, I think, knew it, but he did. He has a faculty for making discoveries like that which he loves to exercise as a hobby—purely as a hobby, because if he applied it widely he would become unbearable. No, he used it—still uses it, I have since discoverd—in a quite

"I can assure you, Mrs. Renshaw," said the lawyer, "that I have not seen any of these papers."

dilettante manner, selecting just two or three specimens, so to speak, just as many as he can conveniently handle. Once he requisitioned a subject, however, he never let go; he studied it in all its evolutions of misery. I happened to be one of them—I believe the fact that I had the seat next to him was the reason.

I must confess that try as I might I have never outgrown fear. I have grown able to conceal it better, but that is all. To get down to a fine analysis, most of us are like that—afraid of being found out and laughed at and sneered at as cowards. That's what makes a boy say "I dare!" and men take enormous risks, because they are afraid someone will tell them, with devastating scorn, that they are afraid. It seems a convention of critisicm that all men are born courageous and that only the exceptions are cowards. If some one could have yelled "Cowards!" to any regiment just before it wavered, they'd probably have walked into the enemy and smashed them, against big odds.

Malette was never a bully, mind you — his sense of proportion was too balanced. To use a very old metaphor, he preferred the finesse of the rapier-thrust to the brutal knock-down of the cudgel. Moreover, he was cynic enough even then to see that the latter method disposed of the victim too soon, and deprived the student of the chance to watch its struggles and flutterings. Some of my friends were astonished at my becoming, about ten years ago a very vehement supporter of the anti-vivi-section movement. As a matter of fact, I took my position from the wrong end—not because it was anti-"humanitarian" to cut up living animals, but because it was extra-humanitarian to be able to do it so well. I happened to see a vivisectionist at work. It was dreadful enough, God knows, but what sickened me was not the bound and undrugged animal which was being operated upon, but the attitude of the operator—strong, skilful and competent, undoubtedly, and perhaps a humanitarian according to his own lights. It was the cool way he stood over that dog, with his steel points and scissors, and probed and twisted and excoriated, his face aflame with enthusiasm, that converted me. . . .

One of the grossest mistakes made by parents and schoolmasters is that boys are too young to have feelings. A boy can be as sensitive as a woman, sometimes, if you know the right key to his feelings; and he is so in the softest formative phase that it is then possible to affect his entire life by a too careless handling of his feelings. A cynic can derive exquisite pleasure from the mental agony he can make a child undergo. I remember a boy at school—another of Malette's small circle—who had an odd way of shaping his mouth when he whistled, making a little hole at the side instead of pursing his lips in the middle, as most do. Malette soon discovered he was rather ashamed of this (it seemed he couldn't do it otherwise) and straightway always imitated him to his face. You would hardly think this would upset a normal, healthy boy, but this imitation did this boy. It seemed to hurt him like a whip lash. He would hesitate, stop his whistling, change color, and rush away. He was big enough to thrash Malette heartily, but somehow he never did.

"Mrs. Boissevain leaves the handling of her money entirely to you, Bunny, doesn't she?" asked Malette

Malette's particular steel point for me was "Bunny." I forget how it arose—the other boys used it, I think, because boys must invent nicknames or burst. In Malette's hands, the innocent word seemed to become just such another cause of self-shame as the crooked whistle. How, I can't explain: but it seemed that Malette, in using it, employed a deliberate ridicule; and every boy is weakest in his sense of ridicule. I know I never felt the same when the other boys called me "Bunny;" and long after the other boys had forgotten it, he kept it up. It was "Bunny," "Bunny," "Bunny"—"Bun-nee," he used to say, with a rising inflection—till I was sick of it, sick of him, and yet unable to overcome it.

It was when he found out I was a coward that this real enthusiastic enjoyment and my own excruciating misery began—but I won't enter into details. Someone—I think it was Oliver Wendell Holmes—has said that when God puts the key of a human being's soul into the hands of an unscrupulous person, that human being lives in hell (or words to that effect). Sufficient to say that *I* lived in a hell for all those years—and Malette knew it!

He disappeared from my circle eventually. At college I fortunately encountered no one with his spiteful insight, or probably I should have committed murder. Instead, I found an environment that enabled me to bury my cowardice out of sight. I learnt to contemplate some things with fair composure, such as the killing of a bird or an animal. I elaborated a theory then that cowardice consists of unpreparedness; as, for example, if I knew I was going to see a sheep killed, I could go into a shambles and see a sheep's throat slit with passable coolness, whereas once, when a fellow quite unexpectedly touched me with the bloody little body of a dead rabbit, I was nauseated for hours.

As time passed, I married Violet Markham, the daughter of our old

Continued on page 371.

Canada's Immigration Policy After the War

By Walter H. Kirchner

Illustrated from Photographs

THE significance of emigration to the people of Canada is very evident from the publicity which has lately been given this question by men who represent some of the more important phases of public opinion.

Doubtless the war, with its hundredfold side issues, absorbs first place in the minds of the people of the North American continent; but to every well-balanced individual, the necessity for an immediate grappling with the immigration problem is recognized.

Just in so far as the war has revolutionized society as a whole and caused us to regard the Empire in wider perspective, so the immigration question assumes an infinitely more-important aspect than in pre-war times. And it is most obvious that, as the length of the war continues, the adequate solving of this problem becomes more and more urgent. However, there are signs that an immigration policy, more in line with the pressing needs of the times, is shortly to be translated from the realm of ideas into the language of facts, the language we all can understand.

It has been suggested that an advertising propaganda be started immediately in England, which would be enormously assisted by the presence of so many thousands of Canadians, who could give personal testimony to the truth of such a propaganda. No individual would question the wisdom of such a step; but let us look facts in the face. The other British dominions are represented in England also: probably better in some cases than we are ourselves, and such a propaganda by Canada will have competition. To meet competition, you must have something equally good or better to offer. As one who is familiar with conditions in the three great British dominions, let us examine the immigration question in some of its greater aspects.

Any individual, who has lived in England for the last few years, will remember the amount of adverse criticism Canada has received, from some quarters, concerning the fate of certain emigrants, who aired their grievances in the British press. Even at the present time occasional references are made regarding the hardships to be encountered in Canada.

Undoubtedly, some of this adverse criticism is still fresh in the minds of the British public, and should be refuted by explaining the conditions as they actually exist in Canada.

In view of the fact that the great bulk of emigrants are drawn from the middle classes, which are the backbone of every nation, the would-be emigrant will naturally want to know under what conditions he will live in his new home. In this all-important question, how does Canada compare with the other colonies? What are the facts?

IN Australia and New Zealand, we find an almost ideal system of democracy. The government has legislated in the matter of the wage question, and established a minimum wage —a wage which allows a man to regard his work with the dignity which should characterize all human activity, whether in the highest or lowest strata of society. So far as this crucial question is concerned, Canada is lacking. A minimum wage is really a question of principle and not a matter for private discretion.

There is another side to the minimum wage question, and that is the effect of such a far-seeing principle as affecting early marriages, which are certainly to the vital interest of a young country. If the question of a minimum wage were settled by Parliament, early marriages would undoubtedly increase.

Of course, in this connection, Canada has been at somewhat of a disadvantage as compared with the rest of the colonies, for the price of labor has undoubtedly been influenced by the great influx of emigrants of all nationalities, who were needed for the rough pioneer work, when money had a freer circula-

tion. But, whatever the difficulties to be encountered, Canada must, sooner or later, fall in line with the rest of the colonies in this respect.

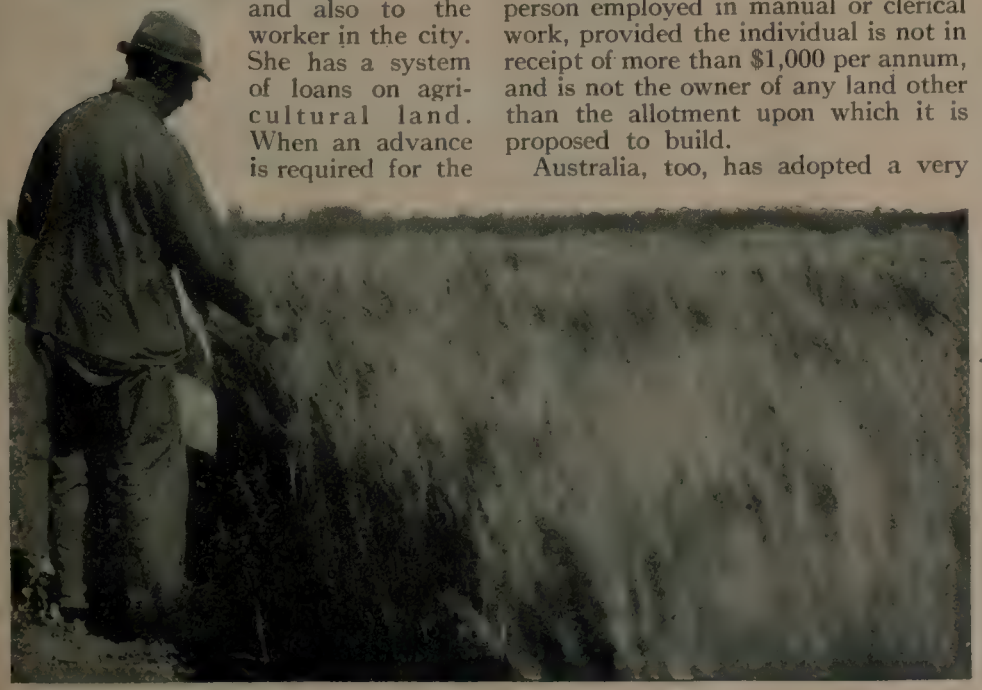
Other beneficial legislation, such as old-age pensions and restricted hours of labor, directly affecting the conditions of the worker in Australia and New Zealand, makes a great appeal to intending emigrants.

The importance attached to the welfare of the common people was emphasized by Mr. Hughes, the Australia Premier, who, on being presented with the Freedom of the City of London, on the 17th April, last, said:—

"If we are to keep the Empire as a heritage for the British race, *we must create conditions under which the population of both these islands and the Dominions will rapidly increase and multiply.* Mere numbers availed nothing. *So we must create an environment which will breed a virile people,* for wealth will not save us, if our crop of such men failed. The defence of our Empire rested ultimately upon the basis of that which will promote the welfare of the common people, and ensure those opportunities of employment, *conditions and renumeration of labour, and that standard of comfort which are the first heritage of a civilized people.*"

The European emigrant has ready access to exhibits of Western Canadian nutritive grains and grasses

A very important matter, which concerns the average emigrant, is the amount of practical assistance a Government is willing to offer him to undertake the journey to his new home. In this connection, the various state governments of Australia and New Zealand grant assisted-passages. The New Zealand government also encourages the emigrant by reduced-rate passages. The emigrant, first in importance to all the colonies, is the man who is going to take up his home on the land. New Zealand has adopted a very wise and generous system of state-assistance to the agricultural emigrant, and also to the worker in the city. She has a system of loans on agricultural land. When an advance is required for the purpose of erecting buildings, improvements, etc., she provides the money, with interest at the rate of five per cent., reducible, under certain conditions, to four per cent.



A wise emigrant counting the number of grains to the head to estimate the yield of cereals per acre in the district in which he intends to settle

IN this connection, it is interesting to learn that "The Advance to Settlers' Department" has loaned over $50,000,000 during the years 1906–1911, which is proof positive that it is a very remunerative policy to the government quite apart from the benefits conferred on the settler.

New Zealand also lends money to any person employed in manual or clerical work, provided the individual is not in receipt of more than $1,000 per annum, and is not the owner of any land other than the allotment upon which it is proposed to build.

Australia, too, has adopted a very comprehensive policy in regard to the financial assistance of settlers, loans being granted for periods as long as thirty years, with interest at the rate of from four and a half to five per cent. per annum. Another great feature of the Australian policy is the "Government Produce Department," which undertakes the shipment and disposal of produce on behalf of farmers, and, when desired, makes advances up to 75 per cent. of the estimated value of the produce entrusted to it for sale.

Comparing the class of advertising matter issued by the Canadian government to attract settlers to the Dominion, with similar publications of the colonies, we find the need for a great change, for those booklets issued by the Canadian government lack all the charm and attractiveness of color, which characterizes the work of the colonies mentioned.

New Zealand and Australia appear to have realized the fact that people, as a rule, think in pictures. A business firm which advertises largely always appeals to the artistic sense of the reader. The booklets, depicting Australian life, in particlar, compel attention by the beautifully-colored illustrations, which convey a better idea of that country than all the verbal praise in the world is calculated to accomplish.

Australian booklets also have a strong human appeal. One of their publications is entitled "Australia for Boys" issued by the "Boy Immigration Department of Australia." Extracts from letters written by boys, whose passages to Australia have been assisted

The maintenance of immigration is the sheet-anchor of Canadian prosperity and development. We can double our population in a few years after the war, if we study and prepare now. Most careful preparation should be made for the well-being of intending emigrants in the new land of their adoption.

by the government, are given. Here is a sample:

"Sale, Victoria.
"I am with a very fine Australian family and am being well looked after, and am sure that it is the ideal life and place for any British lad or person that intends earning or saving money. I also think I shall never regret the day I left England. Leslie Fraser."

These boys, in time, grow up as ideal citizens.

UNDOUBTEDLY the advertising matter, issued by the Canadian government, lays great stress on the unsurpassed material resources of the country, but most people, who are thinking of immigrating, do not care so much about these great material resources, which very seldom come to them, as the kind of home they are likely to make for themselves and family and the measure of happiness they may expect across the seas.

One cannot lay too much stress on the fact that 'this measure of happiness' depends very largely on legislation affecting the conditions of the worker, in whatever sphere of life.

Australian enterprise is again shown by the magnificent building which is being erected in the heart of the city of London, where people from all parts of the world congregate. This building will house the products of the various states of the commonwealth of Australia and show the brightest opportunities which are open to the emigrant.

The immense value of such a building for advertising purposes is, of course, apparent. And it is a matter for extreme regret that Canada has nothing to compare with it.

True, Canada, is represented in London in various ways—in particular, by the British Columbia Building, but, so far as location and concentration are concerned, Australia undoubtedly takes the lead in advertising her resources to the greater British public.

AS regards Canada, if instead of each particular province being represented in a separate building, scattered over the metropolis, she were to follow the example of Australia and erect one imposing structure, containing exhibits of each province, the benefit to the Dominion, as a whole, would be immense.

Such buildings have a great psychological value. They convey the impression that the country which advertises in this way must be progressive in character, and the intending emigrant is greatly attracted thereby. Surely the Canadian government should not take second place to any colonial government in this respect.

Another very interesting parallel of the advertising methods adopted by the Canadian and Australian governments to attract emigrants, is shown by the use which these respective governments have made of the cinema, probably the greatest advertising medium in the world. The Canadian government advertises largely the wonders and glories of her majestic scenic surroundings, but the Australian government lays more emphasis on the industrial side, such as films of typical sheep-ranching scenes or the fruit-growing industry.

The publicity which is given to the scenic glories of Canada undoubtedly makes a wide appeal, but the industrial side is vastly more important to the intending emigrant, for, while the former concerns his pleasure, the latter concerns his livelihood.

Bearing in mind that Canada has a much larger population than Australia and several times larger than New Zealand, it is to her vital interest that every phase of her advertising propaganda, whether in buildings or literature, should reach the same high standard and be characterized by the same degree of foresight as the work of the other branches of the Empire.

It was pointed out by the Hon. Robert Rogers, when speaking at Winnipeg, that

"the maintenance of immigration is the sheet-anchor of Canadian prosperity and development."

so that the need for a more comprehensive policy is apparent.

Even if this policy were not desirable before the war, it is certainly necessary now, and preparations should be immediately made if Canada is to receive her future share of immigration from the old country.

It was further pointed out that:—

"We can double our population in a few years after the war, if we study and prepare now, and that most careful preparations should be made for the well-being of intending emigrants in the new land of their adoption."

Let us always remember that a wise immigration policy will be characterized by a full and positive assurance that a real home awaits the settler and his family beyond the seas.

No country will attain its ends in the line of immigration, unless this is the undercurrent of its advertising propaganda. The prospect of the survival of the fittest does not strike the fancy of the intending emigrant now, whatever it may have done in the past. The prime need in Canada, as in the Colonies, is not to benefit the capitalist, by exploiting the land, but to attract

Continued on page 383.

Manitoba's immigration and colonization office in London

The Reeve of Silver Island

By Harry Moore

Illustrated by F. M. Grant

PART III.

THE month which followed was notable for two things—the death and burial of Judge Law, and the arrest of his son, the treasurer.

To John Best, a changed man since his interview with the old judge, the probable arrest of Frank Law became a personal matter—a matter that touched him to his very soul. Although he scorned the idea of taking the old man's money, yet he began to feel that the treasurer was being punished enough.

The Reeve knew of cases where such a charge had been dropped when the guilty party had made *good* the deficit. Frank Law had made *good* the defalcation, and the islanders were nothing out of pocket. But working against this feeling of sympathy for a fellow-being in distress were the thoughts of having spent eleven years of his life—eleven years of the best part of his young manhood—behind barred doors and this hardened him. Yes, and how he had spent that time in contemplation of what he would do if he ever came back to the island. How he had gone West only because he knew in that new country no person would ask anything about his past, and there was the chance to make money quickly. Now, as the municipality's head officer, the guardian of the treasury, and bound to them by strong bonds of friendship welded by the years, he had to do his duty, and that duty was the arrest and punishment of the ex-treasurer.

Nor would the people let him forget about the matter.

They stormed his office. Judge Law had been dead two days and the funeral was on the morrow. They couldn't understand why Frank Law wasn't in the lock-up. They came to ask the Reeve about it—he knew the ins and outs of everything.

Nights of sleeplessness had made ravages on John Best's face and his cheery smile had completely disappeared.

"We called to ask you if you are going to see that this man is arrested," members of a delegation said to him.

"Wait a minute, friends," returned the Reeve—"Give us time. On this island, no criminal shall go unpunished. Proceedings will begin immediately after the funeral. The warrant will be sworn out on Friday—the day after the funeral—and Constable Swartz will serve it. This man will come up for a hearing next Monday at ten o'clock. Are you satisfied?"

"Hurrah!" they shouted in answer. "Silver Island is no place for a grafter. That's what we put you there for, John Best—you made this island famous—we leave it to you."

The funeral on Thursday took place in a little cemetery on the East Side. A service was held at the house and Mr. Owens paid a fitting tribute to the worth of his parishioner just departed. Then the cortege proceeded to the cemetery, the beautiful burial service of the Anglican church was read, and all that was mortal of Judge Law was placed in the grave.

FOR obvious reasons, the Reeve of Silver Island did not attend the funeral, but Frank Law was chief mourner.

Returning from the cemetery, the ex-treasurer was surrounded by the angry islanders, and to the presence of the constable alone is due Frank Law's escape.

In his office at a late hour that night, the Reeve was preparing to go to his room at the hotel. He had put on his hat and coat, turned off the fire in the stove, and was bending over to blow out the light, when he heard a foot-fall on the steps below and the succeeding sounds of someone scrambling up the stairs.

Disheveled and out of breath, pale and haggard, bruised and bleeding, hatless and cold, Frank Law rushed into the room.

"John—John—for God's sake arrest me—take me to the lock-up—they're after me—I'd be safer there, John—Please do me the favor—I can't stay at home—they would kill me—they're watching the house and I came out the back way—see, where I cut myself on barbed wire—John—John—for God's sake do something—don't stand there and look like that—don't John—"

John Best opened the damper in the pipe, stirred up the fire and placed a chair close to the stove.

"Sit down here, Frank, and get warm. You have no business doing this. There is nothing — absolutely nothing—to fear; they won't dare touch you."

Frank Law sat down and the Reeve talked for a long time to him, urging him to bear up, telling him that he would be locked up soon enough and to take things as they came.

The ex-treasurer took heart, he got warmed and he grew quiet. Then the Reeve took him home and saw that he was put to bed.

The next morning Frank Law was arrested. A large crowd followed constable and prisoner to the gaol, where a fire had been kindled and the place cleaned up a bit. Through a heavy door and across a narrow room was the unfortunate man taken. He was pushed into a dark cell and the barred door locked.

The islanders craned their necks to see him. His pale face scowled at them from the dimmest corner of the cell.

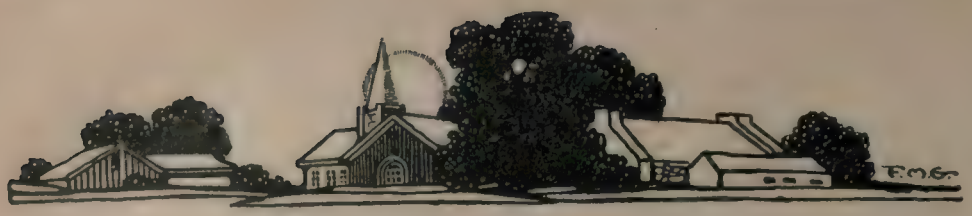
Then the constable cleared the lock-up, pulled the door shut, locked it, and went away. One by one the crowd dispersed and the day passed into afternoon, and the afternoon into night.

THE arrest of Frank Law was the sole topic of conversation on the island. The weather was bitter cold. Ice had formed on the lake and communication with the mainland was an impossibility. Law's preliminary trial was memorable: there were no lawyers present.

The hearing came up before Magistrates Loveday of the East Side and McGregor of the North Side. The hall was packed—there was a strong smell of tobacco and fur coats. There was much whispering.

Little evidence was taken. The magistrates nervously turned the pages of the Criminal Code and the Revised Statutes. The charge was read, and they asked the prisoner to plead. He arose and in a voice full of emotion, said, "Guilty."

Reeve John Best, the councillors



Ice had formed on the lake and communication with the main land was impossible

and the auditors—witnesses for the prosecution—occupied the front seats. They moved about uneasily when the prisoner's voice broke the silence of the room.

After a long delay, during which the magistrates conferred in an undertone, Magistrate Loveday asked the prisoner to stand up. It was a dramatic moment.

"Frank Law," he said, clearly, so all could hear. "We have decided to send you up for trial before Judge Boyle at the Spring Assizes at Wilkie. We would strongly advise you to get a lawyer. In the meantime, you will be detained in the Silver Island gaol without bail."

"Court's over—clear the hall," shouted the constable, leading the prisoner down the aisle.

There was a loud thumping of feet, noisy laughter and much talking, the magistrates pulled their whiskers and the crowd gathered outside the hall, satisfied that the reeve would see that this man who robbed their treasury would get his just desserts.

THE first few weeks of his incarceration, visitors to see the ex-treasurer were few and far between. But these good people could not stand off very long, and after a while, they began to call on him and bring him food. The prisoner was cheerful and he encouraged these visits.

In February a thaw set in. This was followed by a heavy frost. A venturesome youth set out with an ice-boat for Wilkie. He returned that night and reported that there was no danger whatever—the ice was splendid. This started an agitation among the islanders to have Frank Law taken to Wilkie for safe-keeping.

John Best heard the talk, for he was one of the first asked to sign the papers to have the man removed, and he did much thinking. He had spent a lot of time lately with the prisoner. He didn't want to see the man removed until spring came. He didn't tell the islanders but he had made up his mind that Frank Law must escape.

He took a trip that day to the north side and he was away the most of the day. What his mission was nobody knew, but they thought it was business.

During the evening he had visitors at his office. At a late hour they went away and he arose and paced the floor as he had done the deck of the *Marie* four years before. Up and down, up and down, he walked, then he pulled out his watch and impatiently sat down. It lacked but a few minutes of midnight.

He got up and looked out of the window. It was pitch dark outside and the snow was falling. It looked like a heavy storm.

He went to his trunks, after locking his door, and he pulled out their contents. After considerable rummaging, he gathered some heavy clothing together, wrapped it up in a bundle and placed it within reach.

He re-packed his trunks, closed the lids, and went over and sat down by his desk, from time to time casting his eyes on the hands of his watch. At twenty minutes to two he picked up his parcel, extinguished the light, went down the stairs and once in the open, he headed for the gaol, tramping a path through the heavy snow as he went. He unlocked the door and went inside.

"Who's that?" came a voice from the cell, and he answered, "Hush, Frank, it is I."

"They intend to take you to Wilkie to-morrow," he told the prisoner as he lead him over to the stove—"Unless—"

"Unless—what?" demanded the ex-treasurer, eagerly.

The reeve pointed to the bundle and he watched Frank Law as he picked it up and pulled out its contents. The prisoner's face, upon which the fire played through a crack in the stove, was a study in surprise.

"Do you mean for me to—" He couldn't say another word.

"Yes," answered John Best, quickly—"Hurry!"

Immediately Frank Law began donning the clothes and as he did the reeve watched him.

"If you go to Wilkie, you will go to the penitentiary—for nothing can save you. It is an awful place, Frank—an awful place. At the quarries, you will find an ice-boat that I made to-day—it isn't much of an ice-boat, Frank—but it may see you through. Head for the United States and if you ever prayed in your life, pray that you may reach there safely."

Already dressed, the ex-treasurer turned to the reeve and handed him a long document.

"That's yours," he said—"In it you will find a complete confession of my misdeeds on this island—"

"Enough," spoke the reeve holding up his hand, accepting the paper and throwing it into the fire. "You have paid dearly for your crimes—in another country, try to do better. Are you ready?"

Outside they stopped and looked about them. The island was as silent as the grave, and the snow was getting deeper every minute.

"You have no time to spare—good-bye, Frank, and may the All-Wise Judge see you through."

"Good-bye, John," Frank Law returned, burying his face on the reeve's shoulder. "If I get through, I'll never forget you. If I perish—think of me some time with a little sympathy."

And so they parted.

THE snow that fell that night filled the roads, and the reeve and councillors were out early next morning with their shovellers. This was one of the many duties of the Silver Island council during the stormy winter months.

Breathless to where John Best was directing his gang clear the west road north, came Constable Swartz and announced that Frank Law had escaped.

"Escaped?" ejaculated the reeve, apparently surprised. "Impossible!"

"Escaped?" demanded the men, quitting work for the moment.

"Get men and search the island," John Best commanded. "Swear in as many as you like, but get this fellow. He mustn't escape. Any trace?"

"No," returned the constable. "None whatever."

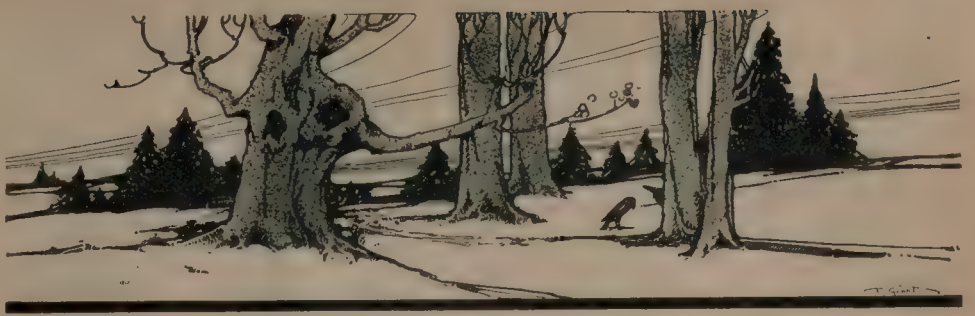
By night all the main roads had been cleared, and by night the island had been combed for the fugitive. There wasn't a clue. Nobody had seen Frank Law since the night before when at eleven o'clock the constable had visited the gaol to fix the fire. He found the prisoner in his cell at the time and he was sound asleep. When Swartz returned in the morning, he found all the doors locked but the cell was empty. He at once made a search for a possible means of egress, but found none.

"Who has the keys of the lock-up?" they asked. It was evening at the West Side store.

"I have," said the constable.

"And I have," spoke up Reeve Best, quickly. "But I assure you they weren't out of my possession last night."

He didn't have to assure them. They knew he hadn't anything to do with the man's escape. Neither did they place any blame on the constable, for he was an old and tried official. Frank Law must have had a friend on the island. Who could it be?



The snow that fell that night filled the roads

Leaving the store, John Best went down to the Widow Wurst's. It is strange that although he had been backward and forward so often the islanders had never remarked his interest in the old lady. They thought that he was actuated by sympathy; had they power to foretell what the next few days would bring they would have believed the opopsite.

"Mother," he said, after she had placed his chair by the fire. "Frank Law escaped last night—"

"Escaped last night?" the old lady ejaculated.

"Yes," he returned. "I let him out early this morning—"

A look of incredible surprise was depicted on the widow's face.

"And you helped him get away—after all he did—"

The Reeve of Silver Island stared for a long time into the fire. When he spoke, he did so in a tone of confidence—

"Mother, the skipper of the *Marie* says that Bill Wurst was a wild lad—perhaps he wasn't as wild as he was painted, Mother, but there is no doubt that he was heading for trouble. When, after the terrible ordeal he went through, he assumed the name of John Best, he cast off the Bill Wurst entity, and resolved to make this world better for having lived in it. As Bill Wurst, nothing would have suited him better than to see Frank Law suffer, but as John Best, who had not seen the inside of a penitentiary, he had to do what he did. Mother, do you understand what I mean?"

Mrs. Wurst came over and stroked his hair and patted his cheek.

"Will, my poor child—I wouldn't have it otherwise—still—still—" and she pointed to a small picture on the wall. "Frank Law killed your father—"

"I know, mother," he returned, dreamily. "But after all it must have been foreordained that he should go that way." He stopped, got up and went over to the window. "To-morrow," he said, "I am going to tell the world who I am. I wonder how they will take it?"

These good people could not stand off very long and after a while they began to call and bring him food.

TO the islanders the confession made by John Best was a great surprise. They didn't want to believe it. The reeve, expecting just such consequences was not disappointed, although as the day wore on he felt that he should never have told them.

Like wild-fire spread the news and Bill Wurst was received very coldly by the very men who had raised John Best to a pedestal of popularity.

The islanders called a meeting in the hall at eight o'clock, deliberated, and sent upstairs for the reeve.

He trembled as he entered the hall. He knew there was trouble in store for him. There was an air of stiffness among the people that he could feel. He was not long kept in ignorance of the object of their meeting.

Ex-Reeve Simpson, never too friendly since the canals had been built and middle-ground had been reclaimed, sprang to his feet and in a loud voice demanded Bill Wurst's resignation—

"What for?" asked the Reeve, in a tone of surprise. "What wrong have I committed?"

"You are Bill Wurst, and an ex-convict," shouted two or three, excitedly. How the world loves to kick the man who appears down and out!

"You're a murderer," asserted another.

"No ex-convict can run the affairs of Silver Island," came from another voice.

Then like a bolt out of the blue, Bill Wurst thought of Frank Law's written confession. What a fool he had been to destroy it. He knew he might argue all night with these men, but unless he could show them in black and white that he was innocent, they wouldn't believe him. Why had he not prepared for this emergency! He mounted to the platform and raised one hand.

"Friends," he said, "I am innocent—I did not murder John Stanton—before God I protest my inocence to-night as I did that day before the judge—"

"Prove it!" came from the hall, as the door opened and closed. "You say you did not murder Stanton, yet you served time for it. Who killed this man—"

Bill Wurst swallowed a lump in his throat and looked at them—an appealing, pathetic look. Oh, why hadn't he kept Frank Law's confession?

"Who killed John Stanton?" demanded the islanders—"Speak up Bill Wurst."

THEN a voice came from the back of the hall—back near the door where it was dark—a voice they had heard before—a voice they all knew—

"Bill Wurst doesn't have to speak. I killed John Stanton."

Everybody watched Frank Law as he staggered down the aisle. His face, hands and feet frozen, his clothing sheathed in ice and snow—told them without asking of a lost man's losing battle with the elements on Lake Erie in the middle of February.

Having reached the platform, the ex-treasurer turned and faced them.

"You have before you the self-confessed murderer of John Stanton—I have come back that I might pay the price—that an innocent man should suffer no longer—" his voice failed him, he tottered for a minute, then he fell

Continued on page 383.

Winter Sports in Old Quebec

By Estelline Bennett

Illustrated from Photographs

The Vice-Regal dog team in Quebec

DEAR JANE:

How I wish you were going to be with me in Canada this winter! Yes, of course, Spring and Summer and Fall are glorious here—but a winter in Canada! You simply cannot imagine how wonderful they are until you have experienced the many thrills of a Canadian winter.

To begin with winter sports in Canada are quite the vogue among the swells from all parts of the North American continent. Last winter we had a lot of people from the States who had been going to Switzerland every year. From reports I hear around Quebec and Montreal many of these people are coming back and will bring a lot of their friends with them. I understand that many of the hotels are booking reservations now. The only wonder is that the outside world did not learn about the winter play grounds of Canada long ago.

Take this quaint old city of Quebec, lying hilly and uneven between the high cliffs of the St. Lawrence river and the blue range of the Laurentian mountains, in the hands of a weather man whose sympathies are all with the ice king, it affords a wonderful setting for winter sports at their best and in their greatest variety.

TIME was when the Indian and the early French habitant fastened on their snowshoes and tramped across country on purely utilitarian errands. They had little time or necessity for sports as sports, but such were their every day occupations that later generations called them winter sports. They organized snowshoe clubs, had especially woven blankets for the striped habitant suits they wore, and made their cross country runs for pleasure and recreation.

Snowshoeing, the oldest of the winter sports, is at the same time one of the most easily mastered accomplishments. An amateur cannot take hurdles but he can easily learn to tramp smoothly and quickly over soft snow. To the master snowshoer is the joy of the steeple chase and the long drive. Snowshoeing is more or less neglected by the young people of this speed-mad generation because it is "too slow," but their fathers and older brothers have not lost interest in the old sport that was founded on an insistent practical need. The snowshoer like, the man who drives a horse, knows his country as no racing, strenuous skier or motorist ever can know it. Anything more charming to remember than a snowshoe tramp through the pine woods on a moonlight night, is hard to imagine. The most beautiful picture of Quebec stamped on the minds of some of its own people is a vision of the walled, turretted city with the great sea-like river at its feet, silhouetted against a sunset sky as they turned to look back from the heights above the town, after stopping to fasten theirsnow shoes more securely before going on their way over high piled drifts of snow toward Montmorency Falls.

EVERY country in the world where the snow lies deep in the winter has contributed its best cold weather gaiety to Canada. Skiing, which came over from Scandinavia, is something not to be lightly acquired. The test for membership in the Quebec Ski Club reads like the list of events at a professional athletic meet.

The second class test consists of a cross country run over a course not less than four and not greater than six miles in length, to be made in ten minu-

tes or less; and exhibitions of the Telemark and Christiana swings. For the first class test, the candidate must have passed the second and is then required to show his skill in jumping.

Good ski jumpers are rare even in Canada, but good skiers who can make good swings and average jumps are so numerous that skiing parties ending in supper dances are the most popular form of amusement among the young people. School boys and girls spend their holidays and after school hours skiing, sometimes in lines as long as the streets are wide. They start on the Cove Fields, the children, and ski down to the esplanade below the Parliament building. The older skiers usually make their runs out across the historic Plains of Abraham.

A form of skiing much in vogue is ski-joring which means that the skiers drive a horse, one horse to each couple, thereby greatly accelerating the speed, although at no time is speed a noticeably lacking quality in the sport of skiing.

The triple toboggan slide down the Dufferin terrace in front of the Chateau Frontenac

THE outdoor sport most thrilling to the onlooker is hockey, which of course is not confined to Quebec or any one quarter of Canada. A championship game of hockey is one long drawn out excitement. The wild delight of it never lags for an instant. And the best hockey playing in the world is in Canada. In Quebec on the eve of "Little Christmas," one of the greatest of French-Canadian fete days, the world's championship was tied at a game between the Quebec team and the Wanderers from Montreal. The event was like a first night at the opera except that the women in the boxes wore furs and most of the men were in khaki. Instead of motors waiting outside were carioles and open sleighs. But the crowd was a large one and gay, in spite of the tragic significance of the men in khaki. Although hockey has become a professional game like base ball with high priced players and a national league, it is still a favorite among the amateurs and growing boys, and is played on all the open air rinks. The wonder is that it remains so distinctly a Canadian game. No game is better fitted to be the center and reason of a gala occasion. It is as easily understood by the uninitiated onlooker as polo and has the advantage of being closer to the spectator. It never gets as far away as polo. And wherever the ice is good enough for fancy skating, hockey is possible.

Snowshoeing, the oldest of the winter sports, is at the same time one of the most easily mastered accomplishments

SKATING is scarcely a sport in Quebec. It is one of the accepted facts of life. It is the thing that knows no race nor language. Everybody skates. They form impromptu carnival parties on the open air rinks. In the midst of the skilled skaters and those who are learning, there appears suddenly a black-face comedian who can do a cake walk on the ice, or a Charlie Chaplin who tumbles around on his skates recovering himself with an agility that is amazing even to professional skaters.

The French Canadians dance but little. They leave that to the English. They are not tremendously fond of skiing. Most of them snowshoe more or less, but they all skate. Last winter on the open air rink in connection with the Chateau Frontenac, young girls in their quiet dark Norfolk tailored suits and little felt hats, skated with men in kahki—always men in khaki. The city was filled with territorial troops and the military atmosphere was pronounced.

Bob sleighing near Quebec

It would seem to the stranger that all the young men in Canada were in Quebec waiting to go to the front. Boys and small children appeared on the ice in the gay habitant suits. At night the wall of evergreen trees that shut in the rink was lighted with colored lights and it was all very gay. There was a great deal of fancy skating that was not confined to the young people, for Canadians begin to skate when they begin to walk. At the indoor rink on the Grande Allee opposite the Parliament building, carnivals and fancy dress parties were given, the proceeds going to the Red Cross. "Red Cross" suggests war but Quebec is too French in its very heart and soul to show the depression of war. Someone has said that the underlying cause of French gaiety is that the "French have overcome the fear of unhappiness."

FROM Scotland was brought the distinctive game of curling, which is claimed by experts to have no equal as a sport for the tired business man because of its sociability and its mental rest. It isn't a fast game like hockey, and permits of much friendly conversation. It is played without skates and the player must be able to stand easily on slippery places. When once a man becomes devoted to it, he never gives it up. There are men in Quebec eighty years old who are still among the best curlers. Many grey-haired elderly men are seen on the ice with their brooms sweeping clean the smooth surface in front of the sliding stone that looks like a squat kettle with a handle on the top. The players wear rakish little Scotch Tam O'Shanters and sashes around their Norfolk coats—costumes brought evidently from Scotland with the game, although the sashes are often, as in all Quebec sports costumes, the diagonally striped long-fringed sash of the Huron Indians. Curling is a great family game and many fathers and sons play it together.

"Eh Father, sweep away there," the boy calls out with the same familiar comaraderie that he shouts to another boy, "sweep away there."

No game makes a stronger appeal to men of affairs than curling. It is not as strenuous as hockey, and the feeling for triumph does not run as high. The conferences at the end of the rink are friendly discussions. There is enough exercise to keep the blood running warm, and that it is a good game goes without saying or a man wouldn't keep playing it from his early boyhood on into his eighties.

One of the many games played on the ice which tests the skill of the skater and provides exhilerating exercise is ice basket ball, which is comparatively unknown in the United States. It is described in detail by a Canadian instructor in winter outdoor athletics.

"The ball is started off in the same manner as the 'pack.'

"Bodily combat or rough play, pushing, etc., is a foul.

"For a foul a free shot is given.

"If an opponent touches a player with the ball, the ball is again put in play as at the center.

"A player may carry the ball the length of the playing space and may shoot providing he does not take over one stroke with the skate or if he is not touched by an opponent.

"The basket is of the usual height on a movable base.

"The regulation ball may be used."

Usually the last sport to come into the winter schedule in Quebec is tobogganing. A few venturesome enthusiasts try the slide before it is completed but the crowd waits until the triple slide has been properly iced and smoothed and the snow drifts piled by the side down along the Dufferin terrace in front of the Chateau Frontenac.

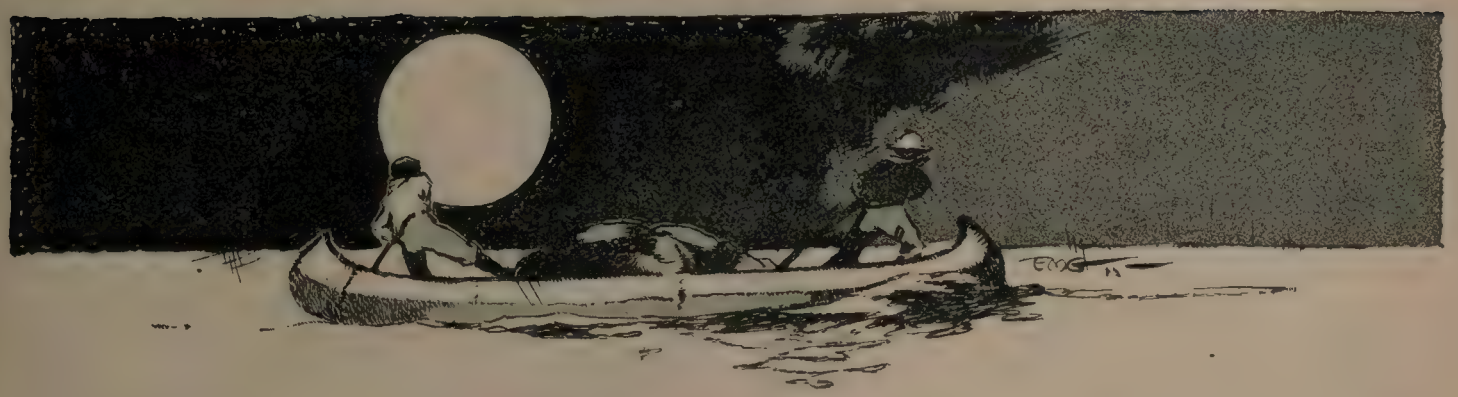
By the time the long holiday season, which ends with Little Christmas, is over, the toboggan slide is in condition and the gaiety is on.

The test for membership in the Quebec Ski Club reads like the list of events at a professional athletic meet

The Son of the Otter

By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Finally she came to him, her cheeks flushed, her charm and her beauty heightened, in a last effort to attract him to her, to cause him to place his arms about her, an effort that was instinctive like the turning of a flower towards the sun.

"Wilt thou not dance, Ahteck ?" she asked, softly.

"I know not how to dance," he answered, with a catch in his breath. "I have never danced."

"Wilt thou not try ?" she pleaded.

"No, it is no use," he replied, and in his accent was some of the bitterness of his sorrow. "I am not one that can ever share in the happiness of others. Thou canst not understand."

"Try—please try !" she persisted.

But he put out his hand, gently, waving her aside, and then the full weight of her crushing grief fell upon the girl, and she ran out of doors, into the darkness, away from all these people whose joy seemed to make her suffering greater.

The fiddles continued to grind away, loudly, and the old accordion was doing its best. The floor was resounding with the tread of many feet; merry voices were making a babel of French and Montagnais. But through the confusion of it all Ahteck heard a sudden shriek and leaped out of the room, followed by others.

Big Baptiste, better known as Peshu, the Lynx, who had already pestered Mititesh with his attentions, was the cause of the trouble. He had been drinking with some of the others, outside, and when the girl came out and passed by him he had caught her by the waist, probably meaning no great harm but full of the devilment caused by the fiery spirits he had taken.

"Struggle not !" he cried. "Thou canst not escape me ! Thou art Mititesh the very beautiful one. Until I have a kiss thou shalt not go !"

But the girl's passion of grief had turned to one of fierce anger; she struggled, wild to be free, to run away from all these people, to reach her home and throw herself upon her bed to weep her heart out. Even now her eyes were full of tears, and when she found that she was unable to tear herself away from the man's grasp she shrieked in her despair.

In two tremendous leaps Ahteck was upon them, while others were streaming out of the barn to see what the matter was. With a fierce grasp he caught Peshu's arms and tore them apart, giving him a push that sent him reeling to the ground while Mititesh staggered away, a few steps off, shaken and sobbing. But Peshu was swiftly on his feet again, and ran to Ahteck, raging like a maddened bull, and with his great clenched fist dealt him a blow with all the power of the fury that was upon him, full in the face. Then he drew back, watchful, crouching, expecting the battle.

For an instant Ahteck was stunned, but then a frenzy came upon him, and it was good, a relief to the awful turmoil that was in his soul. He advanced, looking like a great antlered moose in a rage and about to clash with his rival. He felt that he was about to tear his adversary limb from limb, to crush him into a bleeding pulp, to kill him. The instinct of the mink about to tear at the throat of the muskrat was upon him, the desire of the wolf for the hot and steaming blood of his prey, the cruelty of the wolverine crunching at the neck of a palpitating victim.

And then, all at once, the memory of that other crashing blow at far-off Grand Lac flashed through his brain in lightning vision. Once more the vengeful curse of the spirits of evil was fastening its talons more firmly upon him. He stared, stricken with horror, and suddenly fled—fled like the wind away from the fierce and bestial temptation to revel in a killing.

And as he ran he heard men—aye, and women too, shouting, "*Meluelimou* ! *Le Lache* !" (The Coward !)

CHAPTER XIX.

HEART OF A WOMAN.

PAUL was running about from one man to another, while Peshu staggered away, somewhat sobered. Ahteck's partner was crazed with anger and shook his fist in people's faces. He was beside himself, torn and hurt by the awful words that had been spat out at the man he simply worshiped.

"I tell you that he is no coward !" he was yelling. "He is the bravest one among you all. He could have killed Peshu !"

"But he ran," said a woman, grimly. "Ran like an *ahtum*, like a cur that is pelted with stones !"

Whereat Paul was overwhelmed with woe, and a small hand was placed in pity on his arm, and through his blurred eyes he saw the daughter of Pilon, little Marie, who shared his sorrow and sought to comfort him.

In the meanwhile Uapukun was hurrying home with Mititesh, having found her weeping in the darkness, on the road that passes in front of the red barn, and seized her hand. They were both hastening away while over the happy crowd had fallen a pall that wrapped it up in dark folds, for Ahteck

had always been deemed a great man among them and now their divinity had shown feet of clay. The mighty had fallen, and the little bride was weeping on her husband's shoulder.

Uapukun was soon compelled to slow her gait, for her poor overburdened heart was beating wildly. Yet she endeavored to keep on, with one hand pressed to the bosom which had already suffered so many wounds, and in which there was now an indescribable pain. Oh ! Would the consequence of her action, done in ignorance and under the resistless temptation of great love, never cease to punish her in the person of her great boy, of the son she worshipped with the love that passeth understanding ?

She was bowed down with sorrow; her form early bent by the weight of years too heavily laden with pain, was now like that of a very old woman, though she was not yet fifty. But at her side Mititesh seemed to have grown in stature, walking erect, well-nigh defiantly. She understood the grief of the older woman, at least in part, and shared it in full measure.

She also had been stricken with awe, amazed with a great wonder. Nothing as to the first cause of these dreadful things had ever been known to her, since their secret was locked up in the hearts of Ahteck and his mother, shared also by one kindly old priest who prayed for them. But now she was a woman, a woman who loved with all her heart and soul, one to whom the man who held her being in the hollow of his hand would ever be great and strong a man needing no condoning, one to whom every instinct of her beautiful womanhood drew her, irresistibly, with a power such as that of mighty waterfalls, or of the fires of heaven that come down and shatter lofty pines or play havoc with the summits of mountains.

She was eager to get to him, for he was not only the man she loved, but also a brother to her, in whose house she had been welcomed, who had ever treated her kindly, like a beloved child, who had carried her out of the wilderness when she was starving and had prayed over the bodies of her people. Hers was now the instinct of all that is best and most noble in woman, the longing to cherish and console, to bear burdens for others.

What if his hand had waved her aside ? What if he had of late even seemed to shun her, and had declared to his mother that his heart held no love for her ? She loved him still, more strongly than ever since he had suffered in defending her. She would always love him and cling to him with all the power of her strong young body, with all the might of her brave heart and gentle soul !

She continued to hold the older woman's hand as if the bond of their common love had brought them nearer than ever before, both eager to bear their share of the weight of the cross that rested so crushingly upon those tremendous shoulders.

They found him within the little house, sitting dejectedly in the darkness, his arms sprawling on the table before him, his head bowed down upon them. But he sat up when they entered the room, and as his mother placed her hand upon his shoulder, after lighting the small lamp, he lifted up his bruised face and sought to smile, a brave, strong, quiet smile. He knew he had no need to explain anything to her.

But Mititesh threw herself down, kneeling on the floor before him and seeking one of his hands.

"Oh ! Ahteck ! I beg thy forgiveness !" she cried. "I should not have tried to go away from the dancing. It has been my fault and my punishment to have thee drawn into this quarrel. I ask thy pardon !"

At her the man also smiled. He had never thought to blame her in any way for what had happened. If any one were at fault it was himself, or rather, as he believed, the evil influences that always surrounded him. In his heart he had begun to realize fully that Mititesh loved him, and felt his own passion surging like fire through his veins. But he firmly believed that he must escape from it, run away before it as he had already done before Peshu, because every fibre of his being was striving against him and tempting him beyond his strength.

And this was the beginning of the real torture. He felt that he could never continue to see her about him every day; that he could not keep on living in the same house with her, knowing that she would be sleeping behind that partition, her bosom rising and falling, as it had done beside him in the great northland woods, while his own heart would hammer at his ribs and his head would be on fire. He had but to open his arms—he knew it well—and she would come to them, with a cry of joy. But all this was but a terrible temptation to lure him so that, by dragging her in his own fate, he might more surely be destroyed.

"Surely there is no forgiveness needed from me, little Mititesh," he said slowly. "In what thou didst there was no thought to offend. I have it in mind that I was the one to hurt thee and therefore I am the one to ask thy pardon. But I am as a brother to thee, and thou as a very dear sister to me, and never in all these years has there been any need of forgiveness between us, for we have always been the best of friends. Go to thy bed now, Mititesh, and let not these things spoil thy sleep, for they are over with now, and if God wills may be soon forgotten."

The girl rose and stood before him, hesitating for a moment. Then she lett the room with unsteady footsteps, and after she was gone Uapukun spoke.

"Oh! My son !" she whispered, eagerly, "why keep on throwing to one side the happiness that might be thine ? Why continue in such suffering, breaking the child's heart and perhaps bringing sorrow to thy mother ?"

"It may be that the people were right when they cried out against me for a coward," he answered. "And yet I feel it in my heart that I would be the greater coward if I dragged her into a punishment that I alone have earned. I have decided, after much thinking. I will leave and go to other places far away. The land is very great and wide over which fur may be taken, and there is a big world in which there is need of the arms of strong men."

At this Uapukun rose. If her figure had been bent and looked old under the pressure of sorrow and pain it was now erect again as in the days of her youth. She was once more like the brave woman whose courage had allowed her to flee through a vast wilderness and affront starvation and death in her indomitable resolve to escape from an object of hatred.

"Art thou indeed my great son Ahteck ?" she asked, placing her hand upon his shoulder. "Wouldst thou leave us to suffer alone ? Thou are not the only one that has borne pain. My poor breast that once fed thee to thy wondrous strength has also felt pangs ! Who knows better than I how salt and bitter are the tears that keep on flowing year after year ? And I also know the heart of a woman, to which thou art blind ! Thou wouldst be a coward indeed to forbid those who love thee to share thy danger ! The girl Mititesh whose coming brought rays of happiness into this house of grief is strong to endure and strong to love. I, Uapukun, the mother who bore thee, forbid thee however great and strong thou art to leave her without giving her a choice, I go to call her !"

Ahteck put up his hand, protesting, seeking to prevent her from doing this thing, but it was in vain for she passed him, proud and erect as he had not seen her for some years, and went to the girl's little room.

Mititesh was not yet undressed. She was kneeling, with her face resting upon her joined hands, at the side of her bed.

"Come with me, Mititesh," said the mother. "I want thee."

Hand in hand they entered the living room, where Ahteck still sat at the little table and looked at them in awe.

"Mititesh" said Uapukun. "I must speak to thee. I have long watched the growing of thy love for my son."

"Thy son !" cried the girl.

"Ay, I am the mother who bore him."

Mititesh kept silent. Her head hung low; she was afraid with a great vague fear.

"And I also know that my son loves thee. But there is a terrible thing that makes him want to leave us, to go away to other lands, to pass out of our lives."

"Mother !" exclaimed Ahteck. "What is the use of such words? My fate can never be changed. Nothing can ever take away the things that were done years ago !'

But Uapukun waved him aside, heedless of what he said. It seemed as if he were no longer her big son, the head of the family, the man whose word was law to which all owed obedience, but still a small boy over which she had authority as in the days of his childhood.

"I am speaking," she said, calmly, "and you both must hear. Mititesh, I must tell thee now that many years ago Ahteck slew a man, and the man was his father ! But Ahteck did not know this, and killed him to save me from harm. Yet the man was his father ! I was also guilty of a great sin, telling others that the child was my brother. It was a great wrong, for which I have suffered, and I seek no excuse. There was a man who truly loved me, and I feared to tell him the truth. His memory is blessed in my heart. The deed was done, and Atheck since then has always believed that a great punishment must come, and this may be true. No one can say that it is not, even at this moment, ready to fall upon us ! It is a fearful thing, is it not ? For a moment, Mititesh, I saw thee shrink as I spoke. Ahteck says he will never drag a woman he loves into the fate that is hanging over him. But he knows nothing of that which lies in a woman's heart. How great, O Mititesh, is thine ?"

The girl stared at her and then, turning to Ahteck, threw herself at his feet, her voice trembling with a great emotion, her eyes appealing to him.

"I know not how great my love is," she cried. "How may a woman ever know ? But surely I hunger to take upon me thy punishment. For love of thee I would suffer all the pains of this world and the anguish of hell that I might give thee happiness !"

"That is a real woman's heart," said Uapukun.

Ahteck rose, very unsteadily. His breast was torn and his resolution faltering. Before the greatness of such love he felt as weak as a little child.

But he suddenly ran off to the door.

"Oh ! Do not tempt me !" he cried. "It is more than I can bear. A fire is burning in my head ! I must think ! Indeed I love thee, Mititesh, but there is a terrible fear in my heart lest some

Synopsis

Peter McLeod is appointed agent for the Hudson Bay Company at Grand Lac to succeed the inebriate Jim Barry, recently deceased. Upon his arrival at the Post Peter finds stores depleted and accounts unkept. He tries to restore order and accidentally discharges an old pistol which wounds him in the leg. The various remedies applied by the Indians result in blood poisoning and he is near to death. Uapukun, a lovely young Indian girl, nurses him back to health and is rewarded with his love. She had been a servant for Barry's wife, during that unfortunate woman's lifetime, and her knowledge of affairs at the Post is a great aid to Peter in straightening out the financial chaos. She tells him that the brighteyed youngster Ahteck, always at her side, is her brother; both presently become essential to McLeod's happiness and he marries her. One evil day, when he is away on a week's hunting trip a band of Nascaupees arrive and their spokesman reveals himself to Uapukun as the avenging husband who has sought out her hiding place. She can purchase his silence only by giving him expensive stores and firearms. She refuses and he is about to strike her when Ahteck, hearing his threats, rushes upon him and fells him with a blow. He believes he has killed his father. He insists upon leaving home lest the punishment of offended deities may include those he loves, and journeys to Pointe Bleue, where he works in a sawmill and lives with the family of Jean Caron, whose little daughter, Mititesh, alone can rouse him from his gloom. He goes on trapping expeditions with Caron's friend, Paul Barrotte, and finally abandons his work at the sawmill for this newer occupation.

Upon the death of Peter McLeod, Uapukun seeks out Ahteck, overcomes his scruples, and, with the snug sum which Peter has left her, makes a comfortable home. for Ahteck and the two children. With the coming of winter, Ahteck and Paul Barrotte start on their hunting trip to the North. Hither comes Jean Caron for help. His home has been burned, his wife and daughter, Mititesh, face starvation His feeble strength fails him within sight of the shack and, with one despairing cry, he falls unconscious. Ahteck and Paul hear his appeal and quickly bear him to the shack. Ahteck goes at once to Caron's camp, where he finds Mititesh, half starved, mourning over the body of her mother. Ahteck places the body in a tree to await burial in the spring, and returns with Mititesh to his own camp. Ahteck takes up her father's line of traps for Mititesh and finds a valuable black fox. Upon their return from the North this pelt is sold for enough to pay all of her father's debt at the Company's store and leave her more than a thousand dollars in the bank. Ahteck refuses to take Mititesh back to the North country the following years, but insists she attend school. Here she rapidly develops into a beautiful maiden but never loses the idea that she has promised to be Ahteck's woman.

evil may befall thee! I would bear my punishment alone!"

He went out of the house, running blindly away, he knew not whither, while the two women fell into each other's arms, weeping.

All night the man wandered, first on the silent road, then on the rock-strewn beach, looking into the glittering heavens for a portent, listening to the lapping of waves upon the shore, hearkening to the whispering leaves of aspens, as if some mysterious sound or the falling of a star might have told him which way to turn.

He looked at the shining path of the moonlight upon the vast waters, and at the stars overhead. Sitting upon a bowlder rounded by centuries of ice, he held his throbbing head in his hands, seeking in vain to solve the unknown. He was after all but a poor ignorant savage, wise indeed in the mysterious ways of the wilderness, innocent as to the ways of men, touched by civilization just enough to complicate the difficulties before him, while the manner of his thoughts was influenced by dim notions of heathen lore.

Most of the latter represented life as a fierce, unending struggle between rival powers whose unchained forces swept men and things aside, like dead leaves before a gale, helpless, irresponsible, with no ability to do aught but suffer and succumb. The man was blown about with them, and twisted into their eddies; uplifted at times to the tree-tops and then cast down again, ruthlessly, until the anger of the powers of evil should have exhausted itself upon him before turning on others. And he believed that such things would continue throughout the ages to come, the bodies of fallen leaves and men making soil whereupon others would grow in turn, to strive for a time and die at last in unequal combat.

All this was hardly shaped in his mind; it was but a dark instinctive inheritance acquired from generations that had gone before, like the force that draws the whelp to the dugs of its mother, like the turning of some flowers towards the light of the sun.

Finally came the hours of the early morning, and he still sat there weakened by the long struggle, with no will of his own, content to let himself drift away with any current that might seize him. He would contend no more, for he had become as a small child that seeks comfort. He would return to his house and allow the women to point out the way to him, for he could no longer find the trail alone.

They would take him by the hand and lead him and, perchance, they would be able to guide him out of the shaking bog into which he had sunk and bring him out into the open, upon hard ground that would no longer quake under him. He was like a man awakening from a prolonged fever, whose delirium has sapped his will and strength until nothing remains but a sense of weakness and a shaken spirit.

He rose, with limbs stiffened by inaction, his clothing wet and clinging with the dew. A great peace had come upon him, but it was not happiness. There was nothing in him of the groom hastening to his bride, of the man going forth to some place wherein he will find a great joy that may be his for the asking—nay, that others are eager to thrust upon him.

In his aimless wandering he had gone quite far. He found himself a long way west of the reservation, on the road towards St. Felicien, and would be compelled to pass through nearly the whole length of the Indian village before he could reach his home.

Cocks were beginning to crow, sending forth their challenges, and the few cattle in the small pastures dotted with stumps were heavily rising to their feet and beginning to seek the best herbage. A few lank dogs came from retreats beneath the houses, stretched out their limbs and, with noses to the ground, resumed their ever unavailing search for something that might be good to eat. Some of them barked at him. Further on a cat crossed the road hurriedly, sneaking back after an all-night hunt, with something in its mouth. Some sparrows began to chirp.

Ahteck walked on, slowly, seeing little that was before him, moving after the dull fashion of a man after a drunken sleep. He passed before a small house. Near the front door, which was wide open, stood a clumsy wooden bench, and upon this a bright tin basin. A man was in front of it, washing his face and scrubbing it with a coarse towel. It was his partner Paul.

The man upset the basin, dashed out nto the road, and caught Ahteck by the arm, dragging him, unresisting, into the house where an old woman was pottering over a stove.

"Tea, mother!" he cried. "Make it strong and black, and plenty of it. Here is that great fool Ahteck! God only knows where he has been. Look at thyself, man, with thy bedraggled clothes that were thy best. And thy face, with one eye closed and all swollen and black. Thou poor devil, but it makes my heart sore to look at thee! Sit down here, close to the fire. Thou hast surely been wandering all night like an old she-cat that is looking for her young that have been drowned, and the mosquitoes have bitten thee until I would not have known thee but for thy bigness, that is as great as thy folly. Pardon me, I do not mean to offend thee, but after all that has happened I am half crazy myself. Sit down, I tell thee, and drink hot tea. Nearer the stove, for thy teeth are chattering!"

Paul was bustling around him, excitedly, hardly knowing what he was saying, while the old mother hurried to serve his friend, whom she loved greatly because he was the man who had caused her son to prosper so that he had been able once more to put a roof over her head.

In this kindly atmosphere Ahteck felt again like a man who is recovering from a great sickness and to whom the world is beginning to look a little brighter. The affection and the care of these good people was like a balm that was being poured over his wounds. A pleasant sensation of languor came over him as, when a convalescent knows that eager hopes may at last be fulfilled.

"As soon as we shall have eaten," said Paul, "we will go over to thy house. I will hitch up the little mare, that is growing fat and lazy with too much idleness. Thou shalt not be allowed to walk and show that face of thine to all."

With the tact of instinctive kindness he forbore to speak of the happenings of the previous night. But he was still full of wonder. It seemed so amazing, so utterly unexplainable that Ahteck had not shown then, as he always had before, how mightier he was than all other men. Peshu! Why, the man would have been crushed by a single blow! It passed the good fellow's understanding, but his friendship and his devotion were as great as ever. He had not the slightest doubt that over Ahteck some strange spell had fallen, as happens when men go mad or young dogs suddenly froth at the mouth, in convulsions.

But Ahteck would not hear of Paul's offer. He had, apparently, quite recovered his habitual calm way of confronting difficulties.

"I will walk over there," he said. "I am the same man that I was. These people who cried out that I was a coward were all friends at one time. I care not if they are turned into enemies now, but I believe many will still be friends. My life is to be spent among them, they will see my face every day, I will not turn it away from them now. I have borne in my life much greater shame and sorrow, though it was all in my heart and hidden from others. They may laugh if they will."

Paul sought to make him alter his decision but, failing, rose after a time to go with him. The morning was advancing; upon the road stood men, idly, smoking their pipes and talking together. Women were beginning to come out of tents and houses, those fortunate enough to own a cow carrying milk-pails.

To be continued.

How the M. P.'s Earn Their Salt

By Tom King

Dean of the Ottawa Press Gallery

IF the laborer be worthy of his hire, the average member of the House of Commons is probably entitled to the more or less generous salary paid to him by a more or less grateful country. For a long time we cherished the tradition that our members of parliament should work for nothing. They voted themselves $1,000 a session which was supposed to about cover their hotel bill in Ottawa for the session. In 1903 it was raised to $1,500. Two years later it was increased to $2,500, and may now fairly be considered a "salary." If your M.P. found himself out of pocket when he got $1,000 for a session that lasted ten months he certainly found himself in clover when, in April, 1915, he received indemnity for a session that had lasted only ten weeks.

House chamber in old Parliament building, was frequently most as barren of M.P.s as in this view

Perhaps unavoidably all members must receive the same salary. The members from the far West claim, however, that they are really discriminated against. A British Columbia member, if he is at all attentive to his duties, must practically come to Ottawa when the session begins and remain interned there until the session is over. He cannot go home for the week-end as does your member from many districts in Ontario, or run back and forth between his business at home and his business at Ottawa as do some of the members from the province of Quebec. It is quite possible for Mayor Martin or some other Montreal M.P. to be at work in Montreal during the greater part of the day and yet register his attendance at the House of Commons every evening. The far western and for that matter the far eastern members see no reason why the House should not sit on Saturday, but the Saturday adjournment, following the British precedent, is eagerly adhered to by the members from Central Canada and comes as a welcome break in the week to the members of the government. There are Saturday sittings at the close of every session; but of these hereafter.

Perhaps the most preposterous thing about parliament is the fact that it does not meet for the transaction of business until three o'clock in the afternoon. Why two hundred sane men, presumably with some business to transact, should put off getting at it until nearly sundown on a winter's day, no one has yet been able to explain. Many of the members of the House are farmers, country merchants, country doctors and men accustomed to getting up when the sun rises and retiring shortly after the sun has gone to rest. Of course, they wake up at Ottawa about seven o'clock in the morning and are quite ready to go to work at nine. It is almost pathetic to see some of them overcome by drowsiness and fairly ready to go to bed before the work of the day begins. Even then, if the House met at three and remained continuously in session it might adjourn at some reasonable hour, but with the dinner recess from six to eight o'clock we have the heavy work of the parliamentary session transacted by tired and sleepy men at ten, eleven or twelve o'clock at night and sometimes at two, three or four o'clock in the morning!

But you may ask, what is this "heavy" work thus cast upon the ever-sleepy but apparently never-sleeping members of parliament?. Do they really have any particular work to do? How constantly do they remain on the job? Would it make any great difference if, let us say, half of the members never showed up at all, assuming that the absentees were so distributed between the two political parties as not to upset the government majority?

A GOOD many thoughtful observers believe that under our rigid twoparty system in Canada parliamentary government has ceased to exist. They say that the House of Commons, like the King, rules in theory but not in fact. Parliament is supposed to be supreme and the cabinet is in theory but a committee of the House. Governments we know may be voted out of office and are "responsible" to parliament. But no government in Canada has ever been hurled from power by an irate House of Commons, and the various "divisions" and want-of-confidence votes are the merest formalities. The House does not appoint the cabinet; it does not even choose its own speaker. The leader of a victorious party organizes a government and certain portfolios are given to fellow members of the House. Often, however, the most important positions go to men who have never seen Ottawa. Thus, in 1896, Sir Wilfrid Laurier called to his cabinet, party leaders who were not and never had been members of the Dominion parliament, notably Fielding, Blair, Mowat and Sifton. In 1911 Sir Robert Borden gave commanding positions to Hon. Frank Cochrane, Hon. J. D. Hazen, Sir Thomas White and

John Stanfield,
M. P. for Colchester, N. S., Chief Government Whip

Hon. Robert Rogers, and it is an open secret that portfolios were also offered to Sir James Whitney and Sir Richard McBride.

Thus it will be seen that a new government may start off with its leading members quite out of touch with the traditions of the House. True, seats are found for them and they must take part in the business of parliament, but they may never catch the tone of the House or feel any pride in maintaining its authority and traditions. Every year, ministers of the Crown become more and more like commissioned officers of high rank in the army, while their parliamentary supporters are merely "privates." Something like a social chasm, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say a social caste grows up. Thus on festal occasions it is considered *infra dig* for ministers of the Crown to ride in the same conveyance with the ordinary members of parliament.

This is important to bear in mind because when parliament assembles it has little to do but to register the decrees of the government.

When the tariff is revised, for example, it is the Cabinet, not the House that makes the revision. The resolutions that raise and lower duties become effective the moment they are laid on the table of the House at the close of the budget speech. All parliament can do is to register the ukase of the government. True, the House might reject the budget, but that would mean a change in government or a general election.

It is so in the case of nearly all other legislation; the average member of parliament has not the slightest idea what the government he supports intends to do until the thing is already done. It is even said that some of the less important cabinet ministers are not always well posted on the government's policy. This is true no matter what government is in power, no matter what party is in opposition.

A notable case was the Quebec and Saguenay legislation. Sir Rodolphe Forget, M.P. for Charlevoix and Montmorency, knew what the government was going to do and so perhaps did certain members of the opposition; but the rank and file of the members on either side of the House did not know what was going on until the government's proposals were submitted in the dying day of the session. I pick out this case advisedly because it is one of those deals for which the party leaders on both sides were responsible.

VERY little legislation affecting the railways, the banks, or other big corporations goes through parliament except by something like a by-partisan agreement. There is a great show of fighting, but it is largely a sham battle. The party whips really arrange the length of the debate, the time of the voting, and the details of the comedy. The chief government whip is the confidential agent of the prime minister as the chief opposition whip is the right hand man of the leader of the opposition. They take no part as a rule in the debates of the House, but they are powerful cogs in the parliamentary machine.

We are apt to picture members of parliament all assembled in one chamber studiously reading the B. N. A. Act, drafting legislation, and taking part in more or less fiery debates. In a general way we imagine that all the members get together, including the ministers of the Crown, and decide upon the laws that should be passed for the benefit of the country; agree upon the expenditures needed for the public service, and in a general way discuss and decide the fate of the nation. The tradition that the average member of parliament can directly influence legislation still lingers among the people.

As a matter of fact, very few laws are passed at any session and no bill can possibly become a law unless it is brought down or taken over by the government. Of the one hundred or two hundred bills which parliament passes every session, ninety per cent. relate to company charters, divorces or something of that kind. No bill appropriating a single dollar of public money, no bill relating to the revenue, and no bill affecting trade or commerce can be introduced except by the government or by the express direction of the House.

This leaves the ambitious young member, anxious to have a law labelled with his name, confined to a pent-up

J. G. Turiff,
M. P. for Assiniboia, a hard fighter for the opposition

Utica. He may propose some amendment to the criminal code or to the elections act, but his bills never really get before the House. The rules are so cunningly devised that all such measures promptly find their way to the parliamentary bone-yard. Upon the "Orders of the Day" you will find them embalmed under the caption of "Public Bills and Orders."

The average member soon learns that the government of the day and not the House of Commons does the legislating for the country. He is not asked to devise policies, frame tariffs, or bother his head about legislation. If he is a government supporter he will stay around the parliament building, ready to vote when summoned by the division bell, but he will spend mighty

Sir Rodolphe Forget,
M. P. for Charlevoix and Montmorency, who engineered Quebec and Saguenay Railway purchase

A five story replica of the above building now being constructed for Parliament. In the meantime the Hansard reports will originate from the old museum building

little time in the chamber of the House. Indeed, but few members are in the chamber the greater part of the time. All governments have a fashion of bringing down their most important legislation in the closing hours of the session when the House is sitting morning, noon and night, and al day Saturday up to midnight. Some big financial grants to railway corporations have slipped through at ten o'clock of a Saturday night with less than a quorum present.

The long drawn out "debates" which sometimes go on for weeks at a time consist mainly of set speeches intended for the Hansard reporters, listened to only by them. In committee of supply, however, opposition members do a good deal of talking and make up a good deal of campaign material. In the old days Hon. Dr. Sproule, Hon. Haughton Lennox, Richard Blain of Peel and others of the Conservative old guard were always on hand when the government tried to get supply. Now it is the Liberals who stay in the chamber while supply is under discussion. The Nova Scotia Liberals are always in evidence, and there are many other faithful attendants like Duncan Ross of Middlesex, and J. G. Turriff of Assiniboia. There are times when the minister trying to get through his estimates resembles somewhat a stag at bay with members of the opposition assailing him and his department in every way. But those who know have no anxiety as to the fate of the minister. All estimates are finally voted precisely as they are presented to the House by the government.

When the Hon. William Pugsley made his initial bow as Minister of Public Works to the Committee of Supply, the opposition of that day began to bait him furiously. The first item in his estimates happened to be an appropriation of $200, for laying a granolithic sidewalk in front of the postoffice at Antigonish, N.S. Nobody cared a copper about the particular item, but many members wanted to take a fall out of the new minister and they were ably led by the vitriolic Major Fowler of King's, N.B. The discussion lasted some three days. Of course, in the end the item passed, but a month or two later, in the dying hours of the session, an item appropriating $30,000,000 for the construction of the national transcontinental railway went through after a debate that lasted less than two hours!

Dull as the proceedings often are in committee of supply, they have to be carefully watched by the men in the press gallery. Indeed, from a newspaper standpoint it is safer to miss hours or days of some formal debate than to miss an hour when things are apparently at their dullest in committee of the whole, for you never can tell what may happen. The discussions in committee stage are informal and often quite irrelevant, for any member can speak as often as he chooses, and he often wanders far afield from the subject under discussion. This applies equally to the House in committee of ways and means and to the House in committee of supply.

Sometimes a snarl will arise in committee of the whole which leads to an all-night session. On one occasion, over a somewhat trifling dispute, the House sat continuously for fifty-seven hours, and the committee only rose and reported to the House when the time reached the fateful hour of Saturday midnight. No politician cares to take the responsibility of keeping the house sitting on Sunday. It was rumored that the Borden government would keep the House in continuous session over Sunday during the long blockade of the naval aid bill. The subject was undoubtedly before the cabinet, and many people would have justified the government in going ahead, but wiser counsels prevailed and the Lord's Day Act was not violated.

The fifty-seven hour sitting arose over a dispute respecting what it should cost a good accountant for board in the city of Ottawa. Bills had been put in by two New York accountants for subsistence at the rate of $15.00 per day. This seemed pretty high to the ordinary member and there was a demand for vouchers. An Ontario member, who has since retired into private life, arose and said there was no need of any vouchers because the two gentlemen in question boarded at the same place he did.

"Do you pay $15.00 a day?" someone called out ironically.

"No," responded the sturdy economist from western Ontario, "I pay $5.00 a week."

Then, of course, there was more than ever a strong demand that the vouchers should be produced, and the minister in charge refused for the time to produce them, but said he would go on with some other item.

Indeed, we incline rather to underrate the House of Commons than to do it full justice. The House may have its failings, but it can rise superbly to a great occasion. No one could but be impressed with its courage and patriotism at the special war session of August, 1914. All differences were forgotten in that solemn hour, and for that time at least

"None were for the party,
"And all were for the State."

Eluding an Earl

By Herbert D. Ward

Illustrated by P. J. Monahan.

"DARNELL, by all that's holy !" "Bobby Litchfield ! How ripping !"

Two men, young in the hope of life, stood in the swaying aisle of the Pullman and clasped each other's hands.

"Where are you going ?" asked Litchfield. He had a certain air of proprietorship peculiar to young Americans of renowned family or great wealth. "When did you get in ? Why didn't you let me know ?"

The Englishman looked down upon his friend with a boyish joy that made his angular face almost handsome. He was tall, with the promise of that stateliness which had distinguished the earls of Portchester for eight generations.

"This morning ! You Americans are so extraordinarily rapid—don't yer know. I put up at the Union League, Sumner, don't yer know. Ripping old chap. Insisted that I should catch the limited for White Heather—wired you at the University——"

"By Jove, Darnell, it's great to have you at the Hunt Ball. What a card for the patronesses—let alone the heiresses. Did you bring your clubs ?"

The young Earl of Portchester smiled.

"I say," he began, "it's doocid queer, but I was thinking of you when I packed the bally things. Do you remember that one-club match of ours when we only used a putter, and you got me one down ? I practiced with a putter all summer——"

"That's fine"—Bobby's eyes glistened with the prospect of battle—"but I won't take advantage of you. Let's make it a one-club mashie match—hole play—the loser——"

"Oh, I say," interrupted Lord Darnell, "I never thought of changing the club. How ripping ! The same old stakes, I suppose. I'll go you a guinea a hole on the side."

"Done !" The American and the Englishman clasped hands over the match, and then raised their eyes for the first time from each other, but not quickly enough to surprise the lightning change of direction taken by four other eyes.

For some minutes the two young ladies in the seats opposite had been very much interested in the masculine meeting and the sporty challenge. Although it was not yet cold fall, the girls wore their fluffy boas and all the extravagant wraps of their class. A single glance could tell the experienced that every item of their clothes, from their delicate chiffon veils to their dainty shoes, was absolutely perfect. But, furthermore, their dress was no mere frame—it inclosed in each case a beautiful and piquant portrait that was sufficient to ensnare the unwary or enchant the connoisseur.

The girl opposite the Englishman was one of those ravishing brunettes who, since the beginning of the world, have been the cause of wars and famine. She was of middle height, of a thrilling figure, with jacqueminot lips, and the surge of color through an olive cheek that makes the heart leap to touch such velvet petals. She was a vivid contrast to the angular, blonde earl, who gazed upon the picture as if stricken with a fixed idea.

"By Jove, !" he muttered, turning at last to his companion. "How extraordinary !"

"Yes," replied Bobby, whose own color had heightened a trifle, "the blonde type is said to be the most persistent—"

"Damn !" interrupted Darnell, "I meant the other. Didn't you see her?"

But Bobby Litchfield turned unblushingly again to the girl opposite him and once more feasted his eyes on the stately blonde who gave the perfect impression of a woman unconscious of scrutiny. Her profile contrasted powerfully with his own swarthy, impetuous countenance.

"Whew !" he ejaculated under his breath. "Isn't she wonderful ! I wonder—I wonder"—he put a hand on the Englishman's knee—"who she is, and where she's going ? Seems to me I've seen her before."

For about fifty miles the four young people alternately eyed each other in a well-bred and furtive way which could not have annoyed the most exacting chaperone. At last Lord Darnell could stand it no longer.

"I've got to have a smoke, old man. Where do you do it in this bally train ?"

Both got up. But whether still uncertain from the five days at sea, or whether because he was more used to the rigidity of an English express, as soon as the Englishman arose to his feet he lurched. At that instant the train took a curve at the rate of a mile a minute. Before the Earl of Portchester could recover himself, he was shot as from an aeroplane and found himself floundering on the arm of the chair occupied by the girl opposite, his own hands entangled indiscriminately with her neck and boa in his struggle to regain his balance.

The accident was so unexpected and the lank Englishman's efforts toward equilibrium were so ludicrous that Bobby roared. The tide of joy struck the blonde girl and then spread up and down the whole car.

"Oh, I say," gasped Darnell, "I beg your pardon— Really—" He made a dive for his cap between the two chairs, and finally raised himself to his full height with a very red and disheveled face. The brunette regarded him haughtily.

"It's customary, Darnell, in this country"—Bobby glared at his friend with quick severity—"to offer a lady your card when you sit in her lap. You see, ladies," with a mock bow, "he's only an Englishman. You must excuse him."

"Oh, I say, really"—the Earl of Portchester looked from one to the other in honest bewilderment—"it was so doocid sudden, don't yer know." He took out a silver card case upon which a coat of arms was modestly cut, and with a guardsman's bow presented to the ruffled brunette a pasteboard extensively engraved. It was thus that the Lieutenant of the Royal Lancers lurched into fate. The girl instinctively put out her gloved hand and took the card.

"And this"—the Englishman put his arm within his friend's as if he were doing the most natural thing in the world—"is my sponsor in the States, Mr. Robert Litchfield of New York and London."

This was going further than any of the other three had bargained for. The

whole car craned toward the quartet. For a few seconds the waiting was tense, while the girls flicked wireless messages from blue to black and black to blue. Then they preened themselves, accepted the adventure, and capitulated. The brunette fluttered.

"I", she said, "am Miss Brown, and my companion is Miss Smith."

Of course they dined together. After the men had smoked and talked about everything else but their present adventure—as men will—and had returned, the lights were glaring, and the window panes had become Claude Lorraine mirrors. Almost before they knew it, the little private station of the White Heather Country Club was reached. Here the express deferentially stopped. The young people did not say much. Their casual friendship had just gone far enough to promise intimacy if the chance offered, and regret if they never saw one another again.

Great automobiles chafed at the station platform. A huge and perfectly appointed limousine vibrated with expectation. A liveried chauffeur looked eagerly at the disgorging Pullman. A footman stood at the open door.

"There !" said the brunette, hurrying ahead of the tall Englishman. "They've sent for us. You needn't bother any more. Thank you very much. Come on, Edith. Here, Johnson ! Take our bags. The trunks can be sent up later." The chauffeur and footman tipped their caps.

"Oh, I say !" urged the Englishman.

"But, Miss Smith !" pleaded the American. A touch of the lever, a notch in the spark, and the gas, and the great car leaped into the darkness.

"Club, sir ?" The cry recalled them.

"Whom does that limousine belong to?" Litchfield asked the driver tersely

"That's the Bradley - Townsends', sir."

The two took their seats. After they had gone a mile or so, Bobby put his hand on Lord Darnell's knee.

"Cheer up, old man," he said. "I know the Townsends. Philadelphia people. They've a place right on the eighteenth hole. We'll see them tomorrow !"

The morning of the next day was mild and golden. It was late September, and the hunter's moon was full. The decorators were busy making the White Heather clubhouse beautiful for the most exclusive function of fashionable country life. To-night was the great Hunt Ball. Hither had been bidden the most beautiful women picked from the four hundred of a score of Eastern cities. Hither scurried touring cars and "specials," carrying the mighty and the military who would give to the dance that touch of scarlet and of gold which civilians envy and women admire.

The "one-club" match which was to start at ten o'clock had been generally discussed, and had been made the subject of heavy wagers. Bobby Litchfield was a "crack-a-jack" golfer, while the Englishman was only handicapped five on the other side.

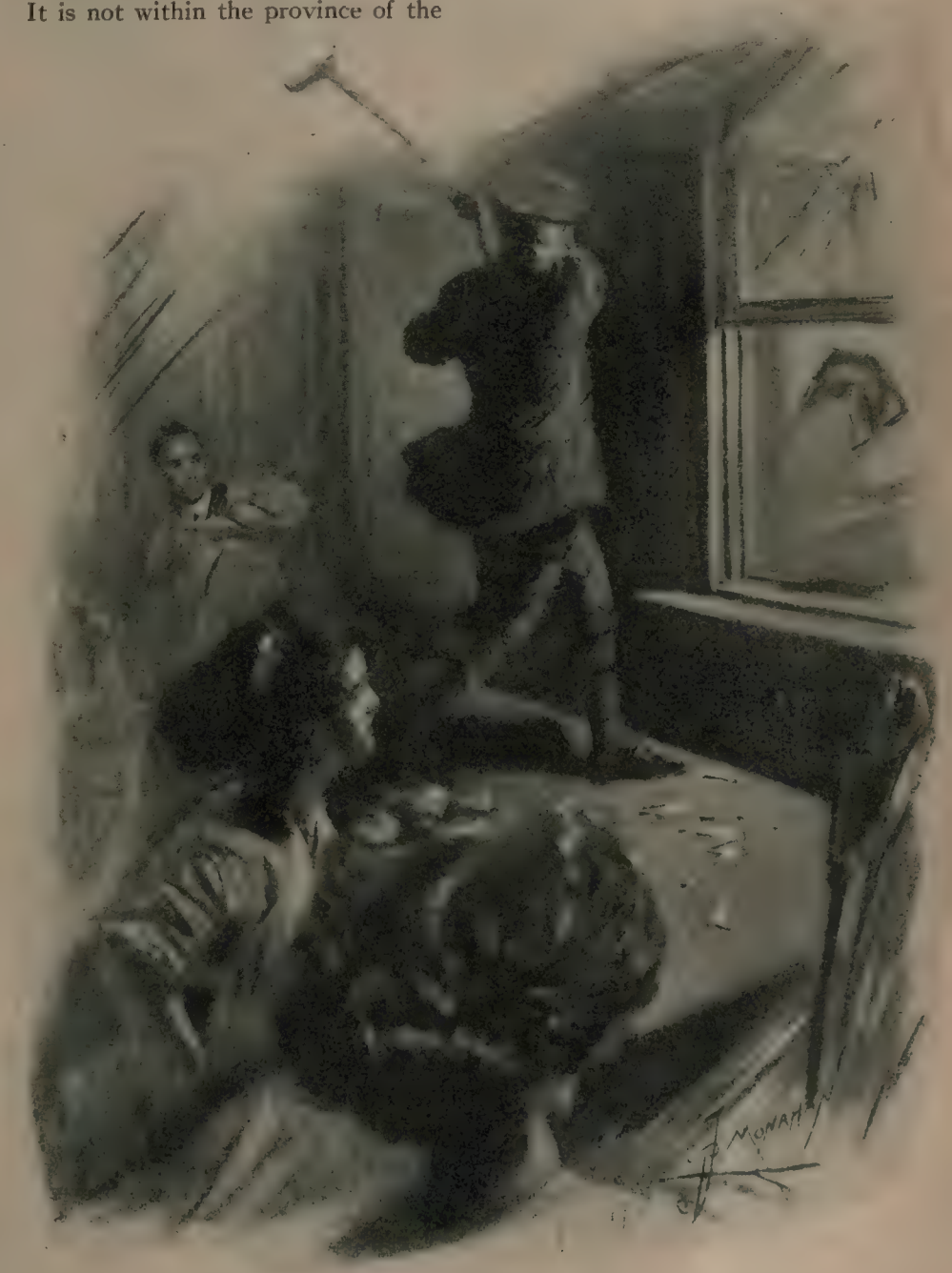
"Oh, I say," said Darnell, as they strode to the first tee in the morning, "why not go an extra guinea a hole ?"

Bobby nodded, addressed the ball, and yelled "Fore !" into the empty field before him. For only answer came the caws of a dozen crows encircling a group of pine trees which divided the fair green of the first and eighteenth hole. Bobby's mashie came down upon the ball with a dull percussion, and the international match was on.

It is not within the province of the historian to discuss the ups and downs of this celebrated contest. The small and select gallery was breathless, and the fore caddie grinned. In vain Lord Darnell and Bobby shot glances of inquiry at the few ladies who enthusiastically trailed. Alas! Where were the loveliest ? They of the Pullman episode ? Why might not fate have decreed that they should witness marvelous recoveries and applaud the stymied put ?

Let it be enough to say that at the sixteneth hole Bobby was one up, which the earl immediately made even on the seventeenth by dropping the ball dead to the hole, and putting it down in two —par golf.

Continued on page 370.



He raised his club on high and brought it down with a resounding clash upon the unexpected bread pan.

I loved my wife and daughter and the thought of them in want was as distasteful to me as it is to any normal man

Psychology in Salesmanship

By Rex White

"IT'S bunk! Pure bunk! What in the world do these college professors know about selling, anyway, I'd like to ask? I've been a Class A. man for the last five years, and I do not pretend to know a thing about this psychology bunk. I just convince 'em of the value of life insurance and then get their names on the dotted line and get 'em to the doctor quick as I can before they change their minds. I'll bet my record for five hundred thousand written an' paid for will stand against any of these college professors' bunk."

It was Tom Barton talking. Big Tom—as he was known most everywhere in York county—was self-made and successful. Forced to leave school in the fifth form to help support his mother, he had pushed up from a foundry boy, master moulder, then district secretary of the Iron Moulders' Union, and had finally struck out for himself as a salesman for the XYZ Life Insurance Company of Canada. He had been successful from the start and, at the time of the above conversation, was on his way with a party of four other representatives of the XYZ Life to a convention at Winnipeg.

"You are one of the best exponents of the psychology of selling that I know," answered Mr. Lawrence, the vice president of the company, "You've been selling life insurance on a basis of psychology all these years, even if you do not recognize the fact."

"Bosh" replied Big Tom, trying his best to show something of respect for his superior's opinions.

"Well now don't go too fast, Tom, just stop a moment and figure out how you do make your sales. Take that $10,000 policy you wrote last week for Banker Fletcher—what was it that clinched the sale in that case?"

"Nothing more than plain, every day, common sense and a little thinking about Mr. Fletcher's needs. I knew he took a keen interest in the public schools, now that three of his boys are old enough to attend, and I just figured out that any proposition dealing with the education of those kiddies would be of interest to Fletcher. So I went to him with a plan for one of our income policies all worked out to show how our company would pay over a certain sum every year for four years to each of his boys as they reached the age of 18, when they would be about ready to go to the university. I had his signed application within a half hour after I entered his office."

"There you have it! The best de-

monstration of the psychology of selling one could find," responded Mr. Lawrence, while the other salesmen, all of the younger school, nodded their heads in consent. "Every sale is swung on some such turn. I'll warrant that every man who signs an application for life insurance is influenced by some special appeal."

THE train conductor, poking his head through the curtained doorway of the smoking compartment, brought a sudden halt in the discussion.

"'Xcuse me, gen'men, it looks as if our train would have to stop out here among the rocks for the next few hours. No. 26 fast freight has sprung a rail just ahead of us, and we'll have to wait until the crews can topple a car or two over into the ditch and fix the rail for us. Sorry for the delay, but you know accidents will happen."

The genial conductor continued on his way through the train, and the little party in the smoking compartment broke up as the salesmen went out by two's and three's to view the wreckage on ahead. The XYZ Life party drifted together in the crowd of passengers from the transcontinental train. The onlookers soon tired of viewing the wreck, however. After the first excitement, the comfortable seats in the train proved more inviting than the mid-day glare of the August sun. The call of the dining car porter finished the viewing party and brought all the passengers on board.

"TO prove the point I made back there in the smoking compartment," said Mr. Lawrence, as the XYZ Life party had reached the finger bowl stage at luncheon, "let's all go back to the Library car and have a test. First, we'll find out how many men in that car carry life insurance, and then we will try to land applications from the others."

The boys were enthusiastic over the vice-president's plan. Mr. Lawrence announced the proposition to the crowd of men in the Library car, but to everyone's surprise all the men in the car carried a certain amount of life insurance—every man but the very last to be asked, a farmer from Saskatchewan who was returning from a visit at his old home in Guelph.

"No, I haven't any insurance and I have yet to hear the argument that would make me take any," said the farmer with a smile that was really a challenge to the life insurance agents.

"Here's game at last," replied Mr. Lawrence, "we have more than three hours to kill before the wreck can be cleared away. Suppose we—our boys here—try to convince you of the value of life insurance and obtain your application for one of our policies ?"

"Go ahead," said the farmer," and I'll tell you right now that the man who convinces me will get my check for a good sized policy."

The first year of my married life I was called upon by half a dozen men representing as many kinds of life insurance

In a few cautious questions, Mr. Lawrence obtained from the farmer some facts about his life, business experience and present circumstances. The farmer said his name was George Pierce, age 35, a graduate from the Ontario College of Agriculture, had been farming for three years and was now manager and a large shareholder in a 2,000 acre farm owned by a syndicate. No, he was not married, and did not think he ever would be; his fiance died just a week before the date set for their wedding.

"You see, gentlemen, I have absolutely no one dependent upon me. If I should die the affairs of my family, one of the oldest in Ontario, would go on just the same Now why should I have life insurance ?"

It was agreed that each of the five salesmen should have ten minutes in which to present their arguments to the farmer. But Mr. Pierce met each argument with a statement of fact that could not be surmounted. At the close of the hour he was still unconvinced.

"I have been solicited by insurance companies a number of times," the farmer told the crowd, "but have never had a reason presented to me that convinced me I should have a policy. Now I have been the center of the show for the past hour—I would like to hear some of the gentlemen here tell why they carry policies."

THE men pulled their chairs into as near a circle as the narrow limits of the library car would allow. The first man to tell his story was a middle aged jewelery merchant from Winnipeg.

"Insurance men and book agents," the merchant began, "were at one time held by me as one and the same thing. Frankly I looked upon you boys as a nuisance. The first year of my married life I was called on by half a dozen men representing, it seemed to me, as many kinds of insurance. Every stock argument known to the science of insurance selling was trotted out and passed before my mental horizon for inspection. I admitted, both to myself and to the agents, that the arguments were good ones and unanswerable, but—

"Like thousands of others I followed the line of least resistance in my financial affairs. That line taught that immediate returns on capital invested was the only proceeding for a man with small capital who desired to keep up appearances and get some small share of pleasure from a work-a-day, humdrum existence. Death seemed vague and far away as far as I was concerned. I was healthy, hearty and engaged in an occupation where risk was a minor factor. Life was very near and very certain. Death was very distant and uncertain. I thought I had a better place for my money than in an investment in a gilt edged paper that bore only a promise of a reward that I could not reap myself, or if I did, not for twenty years, when, I told myself I would not need insurance to guarantee my family's safety.

"I loved my wife and daughter and the

Continued on page 366.

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

The Juggernaut Tanks

ONE of the most dramatic incidents of the British offensive along the Somme was the appearance of the huge motor-driven vehicles, clad in armor and mounting numerous machine guns, and perhaps weapons of heavier calibre. The construction of these huge monsters which wrought panic in the German lines was a carefully guarded secret, and even now few details as to their construction have been permitted to appear. Nevertheless the *Mail and Empire* of Toronto indulges in some interesting speculations upon these "tanks" as the soldiers call them. It says:

The accounts of the operation of the new British juggernaut "tanks" from the sane, reliable war correspondents on the Somme battlefield might well have come from the pages of a scientific romance by H. G. Wells or Jules Verne. Nothing more dramatic or more startling in the evolution of war methods has ever appeared. The huge siege howitzers by which the Germans broke down the Belgian steel forts and the enemy gas machines are mild terrors beside these uncanny engines of war. The new moving forts will mean an immense acceleration of pressure on the German lines. The "contemptible" army and Kitchener's raw staff have beaten the Germans at their own much-advertised specialty.

Never before did motor-engine, or set of engines, develop anything like the power required for the new land battleships. Twelve-cylinder automobiles, the biggest yet made, can develop up to 100 horse-power, in moving a car of about two tons. Geared low, the power would be sufficient to climb at an angle of 45 degrees provided the wheel grip were sufficient. The weight of the "tanks" is said to be about 400 tons, and to move in depressions something like 20,000 horse-power would be required. Turbine and even reciprocal engines in big ships can deliver, from steam propulsion, 70,000 and 80,000 horse-power but their size and weight would make them impossible for land-car purposes, even if oil were used for fuel. The ships driven by Diesel engines are motor-propelled, and can develop 4,000 horse-power. The Selandia, the first of the kind to go into practical service, had a tonnage of about 5,000, and traveled at 12 to 14 knots an hour. But nothing in the motor industry was ever before put together to possess enough power to move 400 tons on wheels up and down craters, gulleys, through brick walls, over fences and trees, and even through buildings. The building of these mechanical monsters was organized during Lord Kitchener's administration of the War Department. It is representative of the real Britain Germany has to fear. The British were slow in coming, as the French said, but when they came they came with force and skill no other country could evolve.

It is too early to appraise the "tanks" at their proper worth as a military arm. Manifestly, they bring about a new stage of warfare. They put trenches, emplacements, and other field works such as barbed-wire entanglements, far down in the scale of values. Future wars will find them as much a part of army equipment as cavalry or field artillery. Instead of mainly machine guns, they will have mechanical bomb-throwers, if, indeed, the present machines do not carry them. They will probably carry heavy guns, too. Traps for the steel monsters, all mined and set, will be a counter-measure. But the Germans cannot begin imitative construction for months, and even if they got plans into their hands they could not produce finished machines in less than a year. By that time the Allied troops will probably be fighting in German territory, and the war will have been won, if not finished. There will doubtless be a rapid development of the manufacture of these moving forts for use on the Eastern front also. Combined with the Allies' superiority in men, srtillery, aeroplanes, and ammunition, they will bring the end much closer. They have solved, in part, anyway, the most difficult problem of the Allies' offensive.

More Peace Talk in Berlin

To the War-Lord

"HOW beautiful upon the mountain tops
Their feet would sound, the messengers of Peace!"
So into neutral ears your unction drops,
Hinting a pious hope that War may cease—
War, with its dreadful waste,
Which never suited your pacific taste.

Strange you should turn so suddenly humane,
So sick of ravage and the reek of gore!
Dare we assume that Verdun's long-drawn strain
Makes you perspire at each Imperial pore?
Or that your nerve's mislaid
Through cardiac trouble caused by our blockade?

You thought to finish on the high wave's crest;
To say, "These lands that 'neath our sceptre lie—
Such as we want we'll keep, and chuck the rest,
And to the vanquished, having drained 'em dry,
We will consent to give,
Out of our elemency, the right to live."

Then you came down a long, long way, and said,
"For pure desire of Peace, and that alone,
We'll deem the dead past buried with its dead,
Taking, in triumph's hour, a generous tone;
Uplift the fallen foe
And affably restore the status quo."

Fool's talk and idle. In this Dance of Death
The man who called the piper's tune must pay,
Nor can he stop at will for want of breath.
Though War you chose, and chose its opening day,
It lies not in your power
To stay its course or fix its final hour.

—*Punch.*

Worth Remembering

ANNOUNCEMENT that the 12th British Lancers have just expiated their penance of 104 years of looting 104 bottles of wine when encamped in Spain serves to recall a curious fact—fortunately not quite analogous — concerning a French regiment, the 46th of the line. In this regiment the name of a soldier who died in 1800 is still called on parade. At Tour d'Anvergne during the days of the Revolution a captain, feeling that he was doing good service in that rank, persistently refused promotion. At the age of fifty he retired to civil life, but later he volunteered to act as substitute for a conscript who was the only son of a friend, and he served as a simple grenadier in the Black Forest campaign which culminated in the battle of Hohenlinden. Again he refused promotion, and the war secretary of the day, Carnot, wishing to make known his action, promoted him First Grenadier of France. He fell at Hohenlinden, and Bonaparte, as First consul, decreed that henceforth at each regimental call the oldest sergeant of the 1st Company should answer at his name "Died on the field of glory." The practice has been observed ever since, and it was especially marked on August 3, 1914, when the regiment was paraded before going to the front.—*The Boston Transcript.*

Carter, in New York Evening Sun.

"Considering myself the instrument of Heaven, and without regard to the opinion of men, I go my way"

The Grace of France

THE *London Telegraph* recently paid a noble, glowing tribute to the touching act of the French government in regard to the graves of the soldiers who fell on her soil. It says:

"Without display and without sentimentality the government of the republic has simply consecrated and set apart for ever in special honor the cemeteries where the dead rest. Truly the grace of France fails never. They could have done nothing to give deeper or more serious pleasure to England; nothing that was more truly in accord with her own national tradition; nothing that better went hand-in-hand with our own ingrained habit of respect for the acres of God wherever they may be found. We have in our minds a fairly good idea of where those graves lie and what they look like. Here the cross that means so much to one may be clustered among a group within and beneath the shadow of a church of which the pierced spire and battered interior tell their own tale; or it may be set up there, within a peaceful enclosure under the poplars of the Yser or the Canal. Here it may be inside a tidy and orderly court, surrounded by walls not so high as to prevent the sea wind playing with the ribands of a few wreaths; or there, by itself, in rear of a wrecked cottage, with a crudely made fence around it. But wherever the grave may lie, there will be comfort in the thought that long after our own day it will still be spared and kindly thought upon. Yet this is not all that the French proposal will effect. Each of these countless little enclosures will be working in silence for the continued goodwill of two nations. From the little patch of ex-territorialized ground the dead will speak for generations. For we have given the best of England to France, volunteers every one, and the French will not fail to understand the meaning of Rupert Brooke's lines:

> If I should die, think only this of me;
> That there's some corner of a foreign field
> That is for ever England.

It is a gift of English earth that we are making, the best earth we have, earth that France has shown her anxiety to honor; and in the belief that in some way the loyalty of each man to a common cause will still be speaking to ears that understand, we may leave our dead in all gratitude and in full understanding to the loving care of France."

Lacrosse

LACROSSE is no longer the Canadian national sport. It has been declining for years, ever since, in the opinion of some experts, since the game became professionalized. Nevertheless it is played by hundreds if not by thousands of young Canadians, and among the French Canadians is more popular than any other game. In speaking of a recent match in Montreal in which a brutal assault was made on the referee by a player, the *Montreal Star* makes the following remarks:—

Once again a lacrosse match has been the scene of rowdyism and bloodshed. Because he was penalized for smashing an opponent over the head with his stick, a player in the National-Shamrock game on Saturday attacked a one-armed judge of play, with the result that the unfortunate official, who was only doing his best to enforce the rules of clean sport, and who, owing to his infirmity, was of course seriously handicapped, needed five stitches put in his scalp.

Can any one explain why one of the finest sports on earth, distinctly Canadian, and which it should, therefore,

Harding, in Brooklyn Eagle
To the Rescue

be our pride to keep "clean," a game, besides, which furnishes one of the finest tests on earth for pure sportsmanship, should have been allowed to degenerate gradually into what is often little better than organized thuggery? It is not because lacrosse has become "professionalized," for baseball, perhaps the most purely professional of all games, is, at the same time, one of the freest from the disgraceful exhibitions that mar so many lacrosse matches. Nor can the excuse be made that the crowd likes to see the rowdies in sweaters hammer each other with sticks or assault defenceless officials on the field. Again and again the men at the head of organized lacrosse have lamented ever the dwindling attendance at matches, at the same time permitting—by not adequately punishing—tactics that disgust and offend the very great majority of the public, which still has some regard for decency in sport.

There are two ways of stopping this sort of thing, both simple and both effective. Let the men who control lacrosse refuse to allow recognized rowdies to wear their colors, and let the police see to it that a hooligan on the lacrosse field gets exactly the same treatment as a hooligan on the public streets. Lack of employment and a few days in jail will give men with "uncontrollable" tempers a remarkable degree of self-control and, incidentally, it will lift the present day "sport" of lacrosse from the ranks of bull-fighting or bear-baiting.

Canada and New Zealand

THERE has been a tendency in some quarters to disparage what Canada has done in the way of recruiting as compared with the records established in New Zealand; but the *Toronto Telegram* believes that Canadians need not fear to compare their efforts with those made elsewhere, and gives the following figures:—

New Zealand has raised 60,000 soldiers from 1,000,000 population.

Canada has raised 250,000 soldiers from 8,000,000 population.

New Zealand's 1,000,000 population is all recruitable in the sense that the New Zealand people are of exclusively British origin. Canada's population is non-recruitable to the extent that 3,000,000 out of Canada's 8,000,000 are Quebec French or of Austro-German origin.

Canada's 250,000 soldiers represents a higher percentage of recruits per million of recruitable population than New Zealand's 60,000 soldiers. Canada's recruiting record will not stand comparison with the ideal of Canada's duty. Canada's recruiting record will stand comparison with the records achieved by Australia, New Zealand or the British nations outside of England and Scotland.

Sacrifice

IT is very easy in the abstract to say how the war is going to refine the world and "burn out the dross" and "bring the fine gold out of the furnace" and all that sort of thing, and no doubt a great deal of it is true, observes the *Toronto News*. We all say it and write it, most of us in our comfortable homes or offices, a long way from the scene of the terrible slaughter which brings sorrow and heart-rending to many here, and many, many more in England and Scotland and Ireland.

The slaughter is so terrible and has been so prolonged that there is the danger we may get callous and take it all for granted, until one day comes the fateful, official telegram telling us of a death which wrings the very blood out of our hearts, either for our own dead, or for the son, or brother perhaps, of a very near and dear friend. At such a time what can one say that can express our feelings but must sound threadbare, even to ourselves, in the face of the great loss? What, for instance, can one say to a father who has lost the elder of two sons, just turned eighteen, who writes as follows?

Dear old Dick! it is so splendid for him, we ought not to grudge him the splendour; and honestly would not call him back if we could. We quite knew when we sanctioned his going that we were giving him to more than the possibility of death, and there is nothing left to feel now except just that the sacrifice has been accepted.

Could any sacrifice be more sublime? And what expression of sympathy on our part to such parents could sound anything but banal? Souls like these will come out of the furnace shining like God, whose face they have seen, but what of some of us who are still dull, and even drab, in appearance? Will the opportunity come to us, and if so, how shall we use it?

Seven Modern Wonders

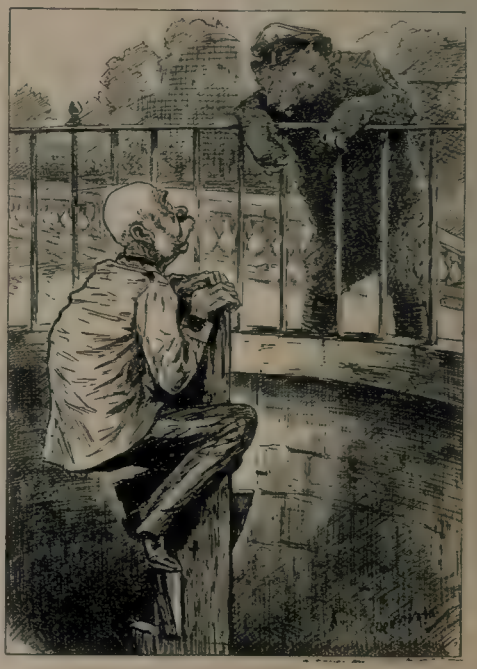
THE *Guelph Mercury* begs leave to amend the generally accepted Seven Wonders of the World, in view of changed conditions. The seven wonders of the Ancient World, as most readers will remember, were the Pharos or Lighthouse at Alexandria; The Colossus of Rhodes; The Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the Hanging Gardens of Babylon; the Pyramids of Egypt; the Tomb of Mausolus at Halicarnassus; and the Statue of Jupiter at Olympia. A few years ago a consensus of European and American scientists decided that the following were the Seven Modern Wonders of the World: Wireless Telegraphy; the Telephone; the Aeroplane; Radium; Antiseptics and Antitoxins; Spectrum Analysis; and the X Ray. According to the *Mercury* the following have been overlooked:

The chap who makes $7 a week, but wears $30 suits and spends his holidays at a $20 a week summer hotel.

The westerner who doesn't feel the cold when he is out in his shirt sleeves doing the chores at 35 below zero.

The man who told the milkman, when he had raised the price of milk, that he was pleased and that the milk was cheap even at the new price.

The baggageman who takes a trunk



L. Raven-Hill, in Punch, London
The Tables Turned

carefully and deposits it on the station platform, refusing to give it a shot and let it land where it strikes.

The young man who doesn't offer an excuse at all for not enlisting, but says boldly that he is afraid to go.

The woman who says that her last year's coat is just splendid and who persists in retrimming and wearing her last winter's hat.

The newspaper publisher who sells a daily paper at $3 a year and manages to keep clear of the bailiff.

A Coming Problem

THE *Winnipeg Telegram* publishes the following thoughtful article upon a problem which is being pondered in many quarters of Canada, namely that which will be presented by the returned soldiers when the war is over:—

Nothing is more to the fore at present than the problem of finding civil occupation for our army after the war. There is a type of mind which is cowering in the face of this problem. It is the type of mind which rests in the individualistic dictum "root, hog, or die" as the sole law of settlement and development in production and industry. Even the individualists see that the formula "root, hog or die" will not work in this instance. That confuses them, because all their lives they have been accustomed to regard as the only alternative the burden of alms laid upon the community. To them there is no economic solution possible except "root hog, or die" and, as in this case that would mean starvation, their mind dwells in spite of themselves on soup kitchens.

This country has got to get out of any such spurious way of thinking. The idea of 400,000 ablebodied men well disciplined and in the pink of condition being a burden to a country like Canada is sufficiently ridiculous when it is expressed. Nevertheless, that is the idea that is at the back of a lot of people's minds, the idea that "we'll have to do something for them." What rubbish! The problem rests in finding them an opportunity to do something for themselves and for the country.

Let us imagine that a few years ago some potentate who controlled the lives and persons of his subjects had offered Canada 400,000 men physically fit, trained to the roughest kind of work, most of them well educated in English, and all good British patriots. Would Canada have refused such an offer, and in what directions would Canada have made use of such an army? That is the position in which we will find ourselves without the possibility of a refusal. Canada's answer to such an offer, if it was accepted, would undoubtedly be that some productive work must be organized to absorb the labor of this army, as an army, permitting individual members to leave the ranks as they found their way into the actual fabric of our corporate communal existence. On general principles there could not very well be any other answer to this obliging potentate.

AND HE KEEPS HIS WORD.

John Bull—After the war diplomatic relations will not be renewed until justice is administered for the murder of Captain Fryatt

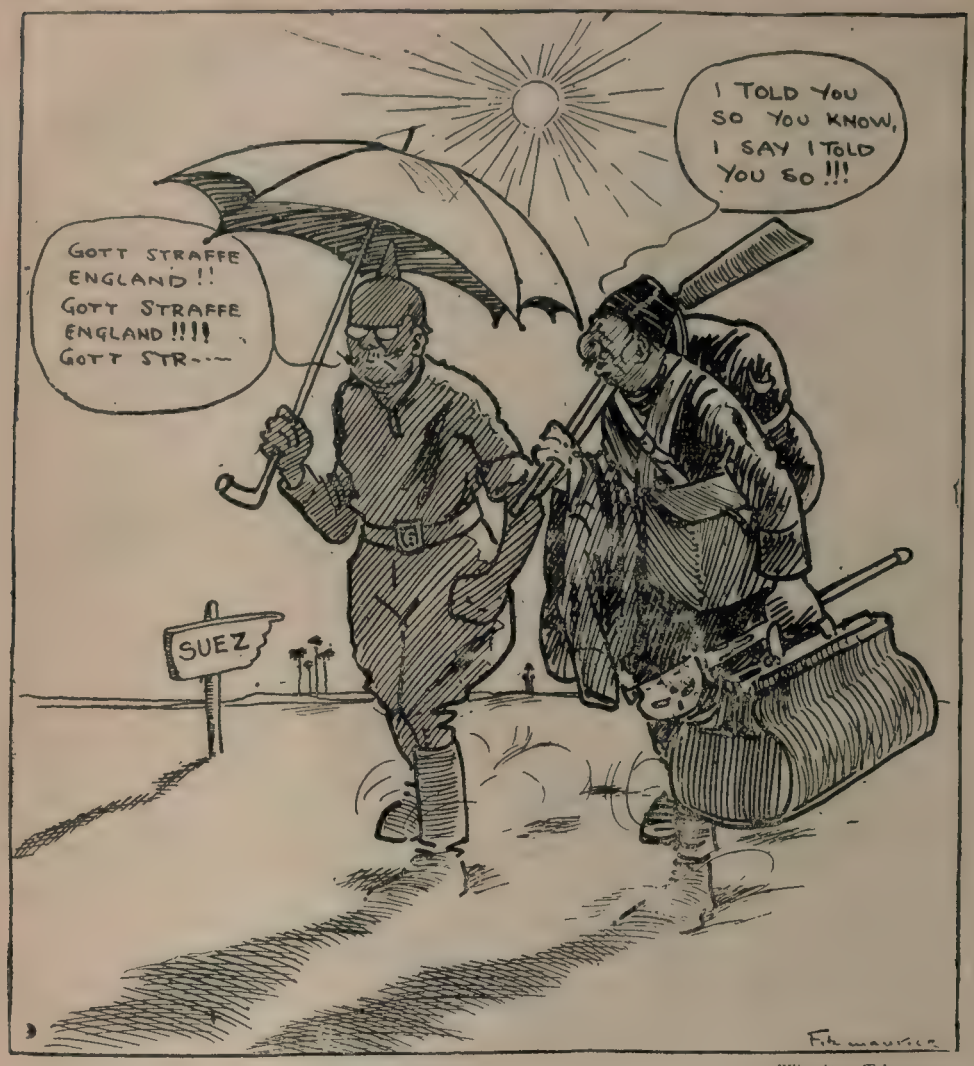
The problem hardly presents itself to Canada in so crude a form as this, but insofar as it is a problem, the bald supposition made describes it exactly. The answer seems reasonable. That is just the point whether it is or not. The mind which accepts that answer as reasonable in the circumstances proposed, must now be led gently but forcibly to realize that the whole force of the answer lies in three words "as an army." This has become clear to some of the really leading minds in Great Britain as the answer to a similar problem there. That phrase implies the right to remuneration at a standard wage on the one hand, and the obligation to work and submit to discipline on the other hand. In the case of an industrial army the tie would be severable at any moment by the volunteer soldier but upon that severance, all obligation on the part of the state to that soldier, except pension and rewards for having fought would be at once at an end. Could Canada get value out of the labor of her returned soldiers under those conditions? Most assuredly. They themselves and the country would reap a hundredfold as long as there are vacant lands to be tilled and roads to be constructed. Could Canada get full value under any other conditions? It is more doubtful. There can be no harm done, however, in thinking out the matter clearly. If it is admitted that the idea has socialist and tyrannical features, the question still remains how a satisfactory economic solution is to be reached which does not have socialistic and tyrannical features.

Thunder versus Guns

DURING the great battle of Verdun the roar of artillery was said to be audible in Holland, over a hundred miles away, and the guns of Flanders have often been heard in Kent, England.

But it is a most remarkable fact that, although any great roar is always likened to thunder, yet thunder has never been heard fourteen miles from the flash, and some of the severest thunderstorms of late years were inaudible seven miles away!

It is interesting and often comforting during thunder to be able to ascertain the distance of the focus of the storm, which, as far as personal danger is concerned, is all that matters. This can be done by remembering that sound



Winnipeg Telegram

Back Again

travels at the rate of about 1,125 feet a second, whereas a flash is seen almost instantaneously.

If, therefore, the interval between the sight of the flash and the sound of the thunder be one second, the distance of the flash is 1,125 feet; if two seconds, 2,250 feet; if five seconds, about a mile; if ten seconds, two miles; and if a minute, thirteen miles—a distance at which thunder is very seldom heard.

It may be safely concluded that if any appreciable time elapses between flash and sound the danger is not imminent. The long rumble of thunder is caused by the long track the lightning takes from cloud to earth or from one cloud to the other

A thunderclap is practically as short lived as a lightning-flash, but it will be readily seen that if the flash traverses a mile there will be a period about five seconds between the first sounds that strike your ears and the last.

—*Scientific American.*

Yankee Rural Credit Law

THE *Review of Reviews* gives the following summary of the essential features of the Rural Credit system recently passed by the Congress of the United States:

First the co-operative system with units to be formed by farmers who desire to borrow, organizing local co-operative "National Farm Loan Associations" comprising any ten or more farmers whose mortgages must aggregate $20,000 or more. These units are to operate through a "Federal Land Bank" and there are to be twelve such banks, the country to be divided into twelve districts, as in the case of the Reserve Bank System, although these districts will not necessarily be coterminate with the Reserve Bank Districts.

Second, the joint-stock bank system, not at all co-operative, but capitalistic and for profit to its stockholders. These joint-stock banks will have no connection with the twelve Federal Land Banks, nor with the local "National Farm Loan Associations," but will be in direct competition with that co-operative system; their interest will be to discourage co-operation.

The two systems will be under one general control of the Farm Loan Board, consisting of the Secretary of the Treasury, ex officio, and four members appointed by the President of the United States—two from each political party. This board has power to appoint appraisers, examiners, and registrars, who will be public officials. At first it will also appoint the directors and officers of the twelve Federal Land Banks, but in course of time the stock of the Land Banks will pass to the ownership of the National Farm Loan Associations, and the directors and officers of the banks will then be chosen by the representatives of the co-operative Farm Loan Associations. In the meanwhile all appointees will be selected by the Farm Loan Board regardless of the civil service, and since every farm to be mortgaged, throughout the nation, must be inspected by one or more of these appraisers, it is clear that a considerable army of appointees is to be built up, outside of civil-service rules. After it is organized, it will be taken into the shelter of civil service, by executive order.

How capitalized: Each Federal Land Bank will have a capital of $750,000 at the start. After the capital stock subscription books have been open to the public for thirty days, to give investors the form of an opportunity to buy the stock (although they are never to have any voice in the management) then the Government will take all the stock, not privately subscribed, so the Government will invest $9,000,000 in the stock of the twelve banks, since no one expects any private investments. The Government is not to receive any dividend on this stock, but it is provided that the stock will be purchased automatically by the local National Farm Loan Associations, with funds to be furnished by the borrowers. Dividends may be paid on stock held by others than the Government if there are any net profits.

How loans are to be made: A loan can be made only to farmers or prospective farmers, upon first mortgage on farms, to the amount of 50 per cent. of the appraised value of the land irrespective of improvements, and 20 per cent of the value of improvements. Appraisal is first made by a committee of fellow farmers, members of the Farm Loan Association, who must agree unanimously; then it must be approved by an appraiser sent out by the district Federal Land Bank. Before a loan is made, the borrower must invest 5 per cent. of the amount of the loan in stock in the Farm Loan Association, which holds the stock in trust as security to cover its risk in endorsing the loan. And the Association must invest an equal amount in the stock of the Federal Land Bank, which holds the stock as security, with the first mortgage. Originally it was planned that the mortgage should be made to the Farm

Loan Association and by it sold, with the Association endorsement, to the Federal Land Bank, but this was changed in conference, and now the mortgage is made payable directly to the Federal Land Bank, but it bears the endorsement of the Farm Loan Association, through which it is negotiated.

The stock carries "double liability," *i. e.*, borrowers are all liable for an extra 5 per cent., besides the 5 per cent. they invest in the stock, to cover any losses. When they pay their loans in full, the stock will be redeemed at par.

While each Federal Land Bank has a capitalization of $750,000 at the outset, this is only its minimum capital, and as soon as it begins to make loans, as each loan carries with it a stock investment of 5 per cent. the bank's stock begins at once to inrcease, until the new stock belonging to the Farm Loan Associations equals that held by the Government, making a total of $1,500,000, after which 25 per cent. of all additional proceeds from the sale of stock to the borrowers (the Farm Loan Associations) will be applied to retiring the Government stock. By the time all Government stock is retired, the total capitalization of a Federal Land Bank will be $4,500,000, less the redeemed Government stock ($750,000) or $3,750,000 net. The bank is authorized to sell debenture bonds based on farm mortgages to the amount of twenty times its stock, so that at the time all Government stock is retired, it will have outstanding $75,000,000 of such bonds, based on an equal amount of farm mortgages, giving the twelve banks an ultimate capacity for handling mortgages to an amount $9,000,000,000—more than double the total present farm mortagges in existence. In fact even this might be somewhat exceeded, since additional mortgages would continue to add 5 per cent. to the stock . Each of the twelve banks will operate independent of the others in adding to its volume of business, and some will therefore retire their Government stock before others do. But the twelve banks are mutual endorsers on all bonds or obligations put out by any of them.

The first loans will be made out of the bank's capital, until $50,000 or more of first mortgages are accumulated; these will be deposited with the Registrar of the Federal Land Board, and upon approval of the Board, bonds will be issued to the same amount, and offered to investors, by the Federal Land Bank so that funds will be replenished for additional loans.

The maximum interest on mortgages is 6 per cent., but 5 1-2 is predicted.

The interest rate on mortgages must be not to exceed 1 per cent. above the rate on the last issue of bonds sold, hence the market for the bonds will control the rate to the farmers. The 1 per cent margin is to cover overhead expenses of the system, aside from what the Government advances as a subsidy. The Government pays the expenses of the Farm Loan Board, including salaries of the four commissioners ($10,000 each) and of the registrars and examiners (of titles). The appraisers are to be paid by the Land Banks out of the 1 per cent. margin on the mortgages. The Farm Loan Board is authorized to employ such attorneys, experts, assistants, clerks, laborers, and other epmloyees as it may deem necessary and all expenses of the same will be paid out of the public treasury. All such will be appointed outside the civil service rules, but "nothing herein shall prevent the President from placing said employees in the classified service."

The joint-stock banks will be under the general control of the Federal Land Board, but will have no connection with the twelve Land Banks. They are restricted to 6 per cent. interest on mortgages, and the interest must not exceed 1 per cent. more than the interest they pay on their bonds; no commission or other extra charges are to be allowed. Their minimum capital stock is $250,000, and they may issue bonds based on farm mortgages to the amount of fifteen times their stock.

In addition to Secretary McAdoo, who is an ex-officio member, the Farm Loan Board, as constituted by President Wilson and confirmed by the Senate, consists of Mr. George W. Norris, of Pennsylvania, designated as Commissioner, or active executive head of the farm-loan system; Judge Charles Lobdell, of Kansas, a lawyer of long experience in the farm-mortgage business; Capt. W. S. A. Smith, of Iowa, and Mr. Herbert Quick, the writer on agricultural topics, formerly editor of *Farm and Fireside* and now a resident of West Virginia.

The Vision of Defeat *Carter, in New York Evening Sun*

Our forefathers crushed their corn between two stones

The Scientific Side of Bread

By Helen McMurchie

University of Toronto

Cartoons by H. F. Colson

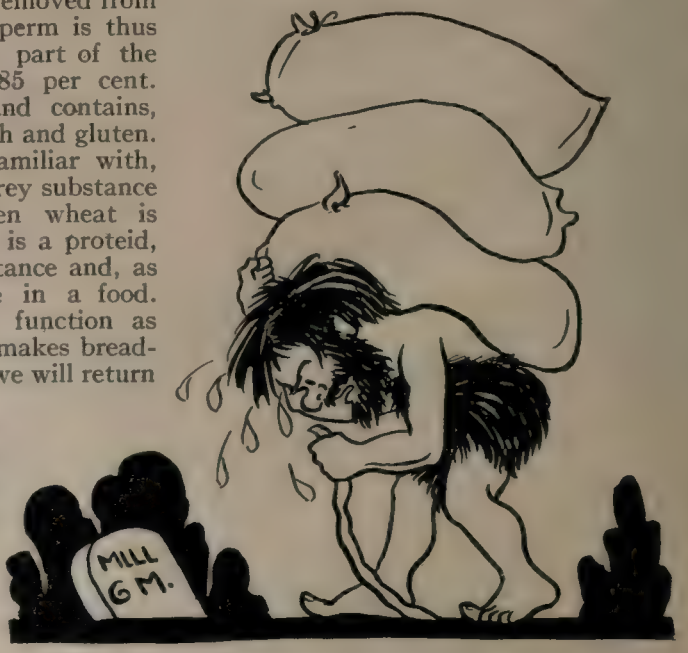
IT SEEMS a far cry from the primitive days when our forefathers crushed their corn between two stones, to the present, with its great roller mills and intricate methods of flour making. Yet the gap is not so great as it appears, for the steam milling process has but lately superseded that of the old water mill, which in its turn had been a late improvement on primitive hand makeshifts. The sturdy men who opened up this Province made their first flour by pounding grain in a hollowed stump; later they walked incredible distances carrying their sacks of corn to be ground at the new mill. These mills are still be to seen throughout the country wherever a watercourse offers sufficient power for their operation, though nowadays they seldom grind flour, but are used instead to chop feed for the farmer's stock. The more important work of flour milling has become a highly specialized industry centralized in a few great establishments which possess the machinery adequate to such a complicated undertaking. Thus in three successive stages of the home, the local, and lastly the national industry we may behold the economic evolution of flour making complete.

This development of the milling process may be better understood with reference to the composition and structure of the wheat grain. The accompanying illustration may serve to make this clear. There is first of all the tough, dark, outer covering, of a substance called cellulose, which protects the inside of the grain. This cellulose lies in several layers, and is commonly known as bran. Inside the bran layers is the endosperm; this is the really valuable part of the grain, being composed largely of starch and of gluten, the characteristic substance of wheat. Down in one corner of the kernel is the germ, which contains some proteid, or tissue building material, as well as practically all the fat which is in the wheat. If one remembers that the wheat grain is a ripened seed, its structure becomes obvious. The germ is the cell from which the young plant will grow, the endosperm is the stored up nourihsment on which it will feed in its earlier stages, while the bran is the protective covering which will break away as soon as the growing plant is strong enough to force its shoots up into the soil. When we use the wheat kernel for food we appropriate to ourselves what was nature's provision of nourishment for the new plant.

NOW, in making use of this seed for food, the qualities of its parts must be considered. First, the outer bran covering is tough, and will not digest readily; for that reason it is often rejected as food. Then the germ, while high in food value has poor keeping qualities; owing to the fat which it contains, it is apt to become rancid, and for that reason it is often removed from the flour. The endosperm is thus the most sought after part of the wheat. It is about 85 per cent. of the whole grain, and contains, as we have said, starch and gluten. Starch everyone is familiar with, gluten is the sticky, grey substance which one has when wheat is chewed into gum. It is a proteid, or body-building substance and, as such, is of high value in a food. But it has a special function as well, for its elasticity makes bread-making possible. But we will return to this point later.

In milling by hand *all* the grain is ground into flour; in the old stone milling process only the outer layer of bran, at most, was removed. In the small mills that operate today there is no grading of flour, but after the bran has been removed the rest is ground together into what is known as a "straight" grade. But with the introduction of the processes of rolling and bolting it became possible to sift the grain into grades of varying fineness. Thus in the large mills where the finest quality of flour is made, both the bran and the germ are removed and only the endosperm made into flour. And even the endosperm is divided into different classes, so that there may be as many as six grades of varying fineness.

Complicated as are the different operations the principles are simple—first, the grain is cracked open by being passed between rollers, this being repeated in varying fashion as the process advances. Secondly, the flour is sifted through bolting cloths, so that by alternate rollings and siftings it is divided into the different grades. The rejected parts of the wheat are not wasted; the bran being sold for feed, while the germ is manufactured into breakfast foods. The flours vary in quality and composition, the best being rich in starch and gluten, while the poorest are relatively high in proteid



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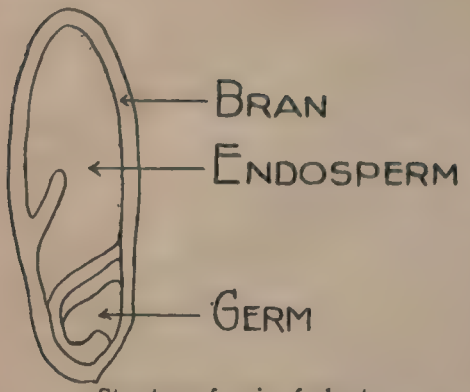


Structure of grain of wheat

(other than gluten) but poor in that substance and in starch. To their use for household purposes we shall come back later.

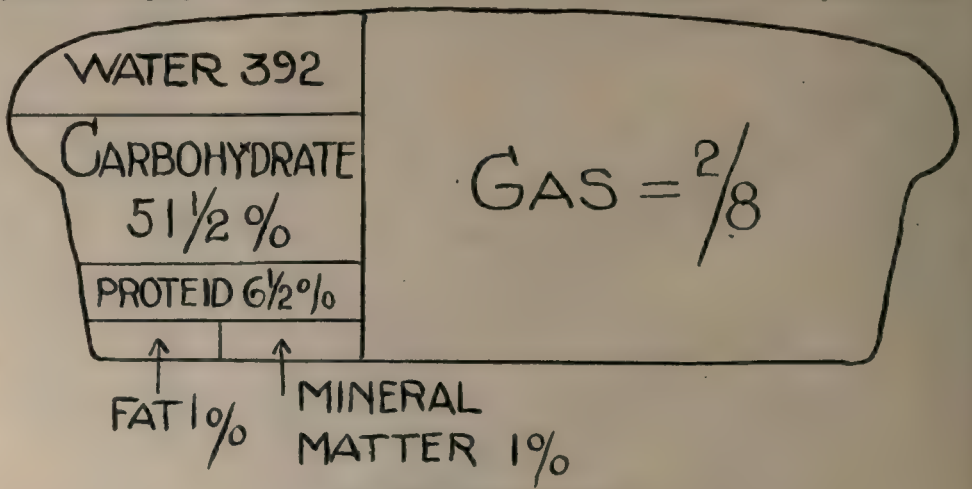
THUS it will be seen that a variety of flours can be made from one kind of wheat, but as a rule different kinds of wheat are blended in the making of flour. Few cereals vary so greatly in composition as does wheat. It is peculiarly susceptible to climatic and seasonal influences. Thus we have spring and fall wheat, the former yielding a "harder" flour than the latter. Then there is the still more important difference between eastern and western wheats. Wheat grown in a dry, sunshiny climate ripens slowly and contains more starch and gluten than that grown in a moister atmosphere. This explains the unparalleled excellence of our western wheats. As Professor Harcourt has put it: "A comparatively high temperature, long bright days, an absence of an excess of moisture, are the conditions which prevail throughout our western provinces, and these are, doubtless, some of the conditions that account for the high quality of wheat produced there." The terms "hard" and "soft" may be taken respectively to denote the difference in quality between western and Ontario flours, although it must be remembered that even in Ontario wheats vary in hardness, and that good bread flour can undoubtedly be produced here.

The "hard" flours make the best bread flours, because, as we have pointed out, they are richest in starch and gluten. Starch gives whiteness to the loaf, and on the gluten depends its rising power and consequently its lightness and elasticity. Such standard flours as Purity, Royal Household and Five Roses are made entirely from "hard" wheat; and are, accordingly, most used for home bread-making. The Ontario millers generally mix their wheat with western wheat, and breadmakers almost always combine "hard" with "soft" flours. Apart from the guarantee of a well-known name, bread flour may be known by its feel and color. It is of a rich, creamy tint, and when squeezed in the hand falls apart readily. A pastry, or soft flour when tested in this way will stick together, keeping the shape into which it has been pressed. It is smoother to the touch, less gritty in consistency than the bread flour and is greyer in color. In contains as a rule, less starch and gluten and more proteid, is made of a lower grade wheat, and is, therefore, less expensive than bread flour. But as its name implies it is to be perferred for the making of pastry, and not only does it make tenderer pie crusts, but tea cakes and biscuits are more successfully made from it than from the bread flours, as it makes a more flexible and finer dough.

The relative merits of white as compared with whole wheat or graham flour have been hotly contested, but the concensus of opinion now seems to be in favor of the white flour. The whole wheat flour is richer in proteid, and particularly in mineral matter, but much of these materials are in the bran, and the gain is therefore only apparent since the bran is only slightly digestible. There is therefore much more waste with graham than with white bread. Of the latter as high as 94 per cent. is assimilated, of the former only 86 per cent. But although white flour is preferable for a steady diet, the whole meal is not to be despised. People who suffer from constipation should eat whole wheat bread, for the sharp particles of bran help to scour out the intestinal tract. But it must not be thought that whole wheat bread is more nourishing than white, since the exact reverse is the case.

Heretofore we have written as if flour were the sole ingredient of bread, and it is now time to take more strict account of the bread-making process. First, we must consider the part which yeast has to play. When flour is mixed to a dough by the addition of liquid, and when this dough is kneaded, gluten is formed, but this gluten would do little to lighten the bread were it not for the addition of a specific lightening agent. Set to itself it is like a balloon before it is inflated with gas. The dough must be "blown up" and this is done by the addition of yeast. Yeast is made up of microscopic plants which multiply very rapidly under favorable conditions of heat and moisture. As they multiply they give off alcohol and carbonic acid gas, and the latter expanding, stretches the gluten, the mass of dough becomes light and spongy and is finally said to have "risen". After several manipulations it is put in the oven and baked, the alcohol being driven off in the process of cooking. The heat of the oven cooks the starch, turning part of it, in the browned outside crust, to sugar. Thus is completed a process which involves complicated chemical action as well as skill and experience in handling in all its stages.

METHODS of breadmaking have undergone an evolution almost as complicated and quite as interesting as those of flour. Occasionally someone is heard to sigh for the old "salt rising" bread of our grandmothers' days—although one may suspect that in this case distance has lent the superlative merits attributed to the product. Contrary to popular belief, the salt had nothing to do with it, as salt, while necessary for flavor, helps rather than hinders the action of yeast. Another common error is that hops have anything to do with the growth of yeast. Hop yeast gives a distinct, pleasant flavor to the bread and besides constitutes the principal ingredient added to the flour. The hops contain a bitter principle which constitutes a gentle, natural and harmless antiseptic which prevents the growth of undesirable bacteria and other microorganisms along with the yeast, but which is harmless to the yeast itself. Furthermore, this bitter principle has been found favorable to human secretion and digestion. Yeast used to be procured in liquid form from a brewery, for it is used in brewing ales



Composition of a loaf of bread

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and beers and in the making of vinegars as well as in bread-making. Now-a-days, however, the liquid yeast has given place to the dried yeast cake, of which Royal Yeast is the best known make. Still later the compressed yeast cakes, such as Fleischmann's, have made their way on to the market. They have the advantage of being quicker than the dried yeast, but they keep only for a limited time, and can be used only where fresh supplies are to be had regularly.

The composition of a loaf of bread may be seen from the accompanying illustration. It will be noticed that bread is relativelypoor in fat, and one cannot but admire that adaptation of taste to need which has taught us to eat butter with our bread. The quantity of proteid in bread is somewhat low, but here again the defect is remedied by eating bread with meat, eggs, cheese or some other proteid food. By using skim milk instead of water, in bread-making this lack can be largely remedied, and bread thus becomes almost a perfect food. As it is, the large percentage of solid matter in the loaf makes bread one of our most nutritious foods.

THE present tendency is for bread making to pass outside the home and to become, like flour milling, a specialized industry. Years ago all bread was home-made, afterwards the baker became a recognized figure in the circle of village tradesmen, and now the further stage is seen in the centralizing of the industry in great establishments in our cities, from which bread is shipped out each day to smaller places. Many local bake shops have given up the making of bread and content themselves with selling what is shipped in from outside. The relative merits of bakers' and home-made bread have often been disputed, obviously to no purpose, as it is a matter of special cases and not of general principles. Probably bakers' bread is on an average, as good as home-made, for it is a fantastic delusion to suppose that all home-made bread is clean and sweet. But most people would admit that the best home-made bread is superior to the best bakers'. This is easily understandable, for home bread-making allows a control over conditions which is impossible in any industry carried out on a large scale; in other words, one gets the advantage of individuality in the product. The very finest flour can be used, special ingredients added, and special care given to every detail of the process. A better flavored bread is thus produced. The labor of home bread-making is lightened, and cleanliness made more easy by the use of the really excellent bread mixers now on the market.

One may conclude that the housewife with whom appetizing and nourishing food counts for more than time will still prefer to make her own bread.

Bakers' bread is said to cost twice as much as home-made bread, but the economy of home baking is practised chiefly by those who need it least. The thrifty housewife who does not need to count her pennies makes bread more often than does her poorer, less provident neighbor. The very poor neither know how to make bread nor do they care to learn—the shop around the corner must supply their need. We may conclude that the making of bread at home is likely to remain a fine art, practised by the frugal and capable few who belong mostly to the better class. Because the great majority do and will continue to depend on the baker it is of the utmost importance that the making and distribution of bread should be subjected to the most careful inspection, if the health of the nation is to be secured.

Bread is one of our cheapest as well as one of our most nutritious foods, hence its universal use and its increasing importance as we descend in the scale of living. It is the mainstay of the poor and any marked rise in prices is of the gravest import. Bread plays a leading part in the economy of a nation, and political measures may be modified by the conditions of its supply. The Repeal of the Corn Laws in England in the last century was, in the last analysis, an effort to secure cheap bread for the people, and this question is germane to any proposals for tariff reform in Great Britain. Again, last year, when the Allied fleets attempted to break through the Dardanelles, speculation was rife as to the influence on the markets of the cargoes of Russian wheat held in the Black Sea, should the way be opened for their egress. The wheat exchange of Chicago is the centre of Western commercial activity, and to many districts wheat means riches or failure. The demand for bread is as far-reaching in its influence as it is fundamental in nature.

Thus it is seen that the housewife, kneading her loaf, or choosing it from the bakers' basket, is really touching a national, even an international problem. For her the fields ripen, for her the mills grind, for her men speculate on the exchange, for her the whole complicated system of distribution is set in motion. But the nexus between household and national economy is seldom made, and our housewife sets the loaf before her family without realizing that she is the last link in that long chain of causes by which the world is fed.

Even a straight-laced man has been known to go crooked.

When the Whistle Blows

The healthy toiler who is properly nourished is not trying to see how little he can do for his wages. He drops his work when the whistle blows with the satisfaction and pride of having put in a full day's work. Health for the toiler with hand or brain comes from an easily digested food that is rich in muscle-building, brain-making material.

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Two shredded wheat biscuits with milk or cream for breakfast will supply all the nutriment needed for a half day's work or play. Also deliciously nourishing for any meal when served with sliced bananas, baked apples or other fresh or preserved fruits.

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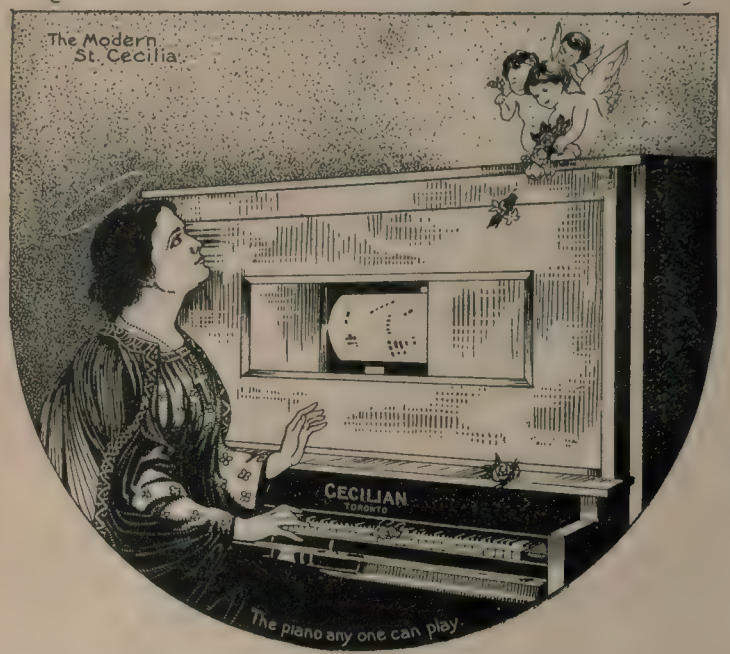

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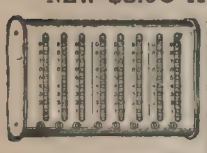

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Psychology in Salesmanship

Continued from page 353.

thought of them in want was as distasteful to me as it is to any normal man. The trouble was that this thought was never presented to me in a concrete way.

"One by one they gave me up until only one man was left who kept me on his books as a 'prospect'. He represented an old line company and had been in the business for 20 years.

"He played a good game of pool, of which I was very fond, and we soon got into the habit of playing a nightly game before going home to supper.

" 'How does it happen your interest has revived ?' I asked one night.

" 'Oh, I don't know.' he answered. 'Just a fancy, I guess.'

"I accepted his explanation without argument. After each game that I lost he would make a mark in a little black book. I asked him one evening the object of his bookkeeping.

" 'I'll tell you next week," he said.

"Well, Monday rolled around and that evening as we were playing our last game and but one ball remained to send home, he suddenly stopped me as I bent over to shoot.

" 'Son,' he said, 'that's the game ball, eh ?'

" 'Yes,' I answered, wondering why he had stopped me.

" 'I want you to notice that ball,' he continued. 'It is dead in line with the pocket. A child could make the shot. With your skill it is a sure thing, eh ?'

" 'I'd like a bet on it,' I grinned.

" 'You'd lose,' he said slowly. 'Son, before you shoot, can't I get you to come across for the wife and kiddies. You owe it to 'em, you know.'

" 'Jack,' I laughed, wondering at his choosing this moment to talk business; 'Jack, if I signed a policy now I'd lose my self-respect as it would show that I was weak, after all, in letting you put me over.'

" 'Shoot,' he said sharply.

"I shot, and because of his words I shot with care. The ball, the game ball and the last on the table, rolled straight for the pocket. Two inches away it swerved lightly, bumped gently against the side of the pocket and stood still. My friend with a grim smile drove the ball home.

" 'There goes your self-respect,' he drawled.

" 'What do you mean ?' I gasped.

"His cue went to the rack with a bang.

" 'Sit down,' he snapped. 'I'm going to show you something.' His little black book was jerked out. His pencil ran down the column of little marks.

" 'Every one of them means ten cents,' he said. 'Ten cents out of your pocket. Here is the total.'

"I stared in wondering disbelief that slowly changed to dismayed conviction. The total was over $50.60.

" 'Boy,' he said, 'for the past several months you have been pushing your self-respect about a pool table. You have let your wife and babies go unprotected while you poked little balls about a cloth. That last ball I sent home brought the total of your losses to exactly what it would cost you for $2,000 for one year. You lost the game by a trick. If you look you will find a bit of gum between the pocket and the location of the ball when you shot.

"He put on his hat and coat and started for the door. I stared at the pool table, at the total I had spent on the game. I touched the bit of gum. Boys, I signed an application that night."

Eluding an Earl

Continued from page 351.

The eighteenth hole was four hundred and twenty yards over two bunkers—the tee lying within an arch of trees—with pines to the left, and the grounds of a great country estate bordering the course to the right.

The earl advanced to take his honor with a deprecating smile of conquering superiority. Bobby was strong on the long game and felt sure of winning the decisive hole. At best the Englishman could only hope to halve, if he did not get into difficulty and lose.

"Yes," he said, "that *was* a doocid fine shot. Well, here's for another !" He swung the club mightily, pressing for distance to carry the first bunker, fully a hundred and fifty yards away. Whether it was the wind or a furious slice, or both, the ball sped high in the air, moving at a tremendous rate of speed. Suddenly it curved sharply to the right, left the course entirely and disappeared within the shadow of the Bradley-Townsend bungalow.

Litchfield rushed to the back door, and made his way in. "That's all right, Darnell," he beckoned. "Come right along. Townsend wouldn't miss it for a thousand plunks."

He pushed open the door. The Englishman followed in great excitement. The match was hole play, the rule being to play the ball whatever the lie, and a lost ball was a lost hole. The players burst into the huge white kitchen. Two maids, dressed in conventional black, with white collars and cuffs, hastily turned their backs. Bobby Litchfield hurried forward, while Darnell hung by the door.

"Excuse me," began Bobby, "we're playing a match. Did a ball come in here ?"

Without turning her shoulders a girl's soft voice answered, "Yes, sir.

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You've heard that patter of nimble feet—the clink of bottles in the wire tray—the rattle of boxes, of cans and ice—the giddap—the wheels—the merry tune—all unmindful of the world at sleep. You've wondered.

Try Big Ben *yourself* a little earlier. See how he'll bring *you* the cream of the day—rich morning hours that start you right and stretch out till night with minutes aplenty for every task. And you'll take up his tune and smile through the day.

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It's in the bread pan by the window !"

"By all that's holy, it's Miss Smith !" Bobby Litchfield took three steps and confronted a tall blonde maid.

"I was mixing bread, sir," she said, looking defiantly at the young man, "when it popped through the widow. As the dough is all full of glass, I didn't touch it. There it is !"

"Ha ! Ha ! Ha !" bellowed the Englishman, throwing back his head. "Ball hunt, and Hunt Ball ! Hoo ! Hoo ! Say, that's a ripping joke, old man !" Then he recovered himself with a suppressed gurgle. "I suppose I've got to play it out of there." He observed the surprise of the girl, but ignored the personal situation. "It's all right for me to raise the window; that's no hazard."

But Bobby was looking hard into evasive blue eyes. "I knew," he said, "I had seen you before, but not—I didn't think——"

"Can I get up on the table ?" asked the Earl of Portchester sturdily.

"Surely," answered the maid. "Edith"—she turned—"you clear off the table. My hands are all dough."

The Englishman, with his club to the floor, watched the second maid turn; when her profile came into view, he gasped:

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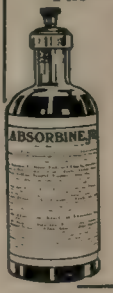

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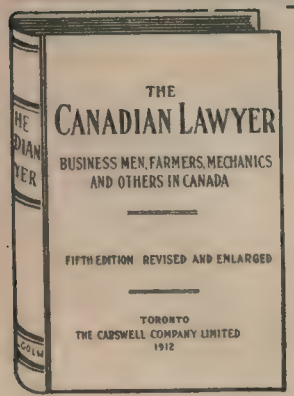

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THE CARSWELL COMPANY, Limited, 19 Duncan St., TORONTO, Canada.

"Miss Brown!" He took an involuntary step forward, and then recovered. "I say! This is jolly strange, you know."

"Not at all, sir." The brunette walked up to the table with head high. "I was assisting Polly." She clattered utensils and dishes, and then dropped a little courtesy. "There! You can get up and play it out."

The Englishman fumbled with the window to raise it. The modern catch was too much for his insular brains.

"Oh, I say, Miss Brown—I mean"—the instinct of the master toward the maid began to dominate him—"Brown, I cawn't move the blasted thing. Won't you?"

The brunette did not possess hauteur enough to withstand the piteous petition. Somehow a large hand and a small one got entangled in the process.

* * * * * *

At the end of the ballroom Mrs. Senator Sumner sat and reigned. At her bidding the Master of the Hounds himself was no more than a happy retriever of birds of paradise. Along the line a row of robust patronesses, resplendent in autumnal charms, languidly waved their fans and observed their daughters' triumphs. None of these was so conspicuous on account of her queenly carriage, her jewels, and her exposure to draught as Mrs. Bradley-Townsend.

Bobby Litchfield, by reason of his father's exalted diplomatic position, his wealth, not to mention his family, his wide continental acquaintance, and solid sportsmanship, was a deservedly popular partner at the Hunt Ball. Yet discerning ladies noticed a new aloofness in his manner, an impersonal look, that seemed to focus far beyond his vis-a-vis.

The same abstracted manner might have been observed glooming the countenance of the Earl of Portchester as he conscientiously piloted a little giggling, overdecorated, and underdressed butterfly. He stepped upon his partner's flimsy dress. It cracked. He bent to the tear with labored apologies. He found himself alone—staring at the palm-encircled doors. There, standing in the green frame, hesitant, like a shy rose about to open, trembled the parlor maid—while behind her, tall, stately, as if peering into paradise, loomed the lady of the dough.

The earl drew his breath in sharply as Japanese do who wish to show more than homage. Suddenly he felt a hand upon his shoulder. He turned and looked into the pale, swarthy face of his friend.

"My God!" said Bobby. "What are they doing here?"

The earl's face took on that hard, stern expression which his fellow-guardsmen had learned to fear and respect.

Continued on page 386.

The White Feather

Continued from page 333.

headmaster. Malette, in his complex boyish way, had tried to fascinate her (which sounds odd, but is true), but she could never stand him, and boxed his ears. That was what gave me pleasure in telling him I had married her, thinking he might remember. I propsered in my profession. I never had to begin in a small way, and so have never studied how a small man might have succeeded who worked on my plan; but I do know that a moderately wealthy man on change who plays the safe game of selling out when he sees a profit, however infinitesimal, will stay in the game longer than the speculator. I never took "long odds." I could have stood a number of bad reverses and still emerged pretty well fixed; but as a matter of fact the gambling instinct was quite absent from my make-up. I always took only what I thought "safe chances," and somehow I was lucky, and they *were* safe, and I made money hand over fist, and people began to point to me as a man of tremendous acumen—whereas really I had a big yellow streak!

It was probably this "safeness" that led to my being made an executor for an old friend's will. Boissevain, a pottery manufacturer in my native town, died leaving about two hundred thousand pounds to his wife in trust for their only child, a girl of fourteen. I was the only executor, and I acted in collaboration with the family lawyer.

Mrs. Boissevain is one of those women who have not the slightest business instinct, whose minds simply cannot comprehend a technicality, however elementary, and who will say, when you introduce a business topic, "Oh, Mr. Renshaw, I'm sure I know so little about these things, and you know so much, so why bother poor me with them?" She employed a lawyer merely because it was a formula to do so. That kind of woman, I have found out, is after all the most seldom cheated, because they cling to your wisdom and judgment so wistfully that you feel a cur to take advantage of them. Old Crandall, the family lawyer, was just such another. He trusted the investment of the two hundred thousand pounds—they gave up interest in the pottery business—to me implicitly, chiefly because of my reputation for "being safe," and as long as Mrs. Boissevain received her dividends regularly neither she nor he bothered. That is how I found it so easy to plunder the estate.

NOW this may sound incongruous, "plundering the estate." I hope I have made it clear that I lacked the courage to commit such a crime for the sake of merely having the money. It

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requires a man of initiative to do that, and though I am not irresolute, or unduly hesitant, I haven't myself much initiative. I could act on a bold piratical scheme when I heard of it, but as for originating it—! But perhaps you have noticed how many men and women commit evil, either to person or property, in a state of self-hypnotism? Half the cases of suicide originate like that. A man is waiting for a train; he thinks, What would it feel like to be on the track in front of a train—he is fascinated by it, and, presto, he jumps in front of it! Or he crosses the river, and looks at the dark swirling waters below him, and wonders how it feels to be drowned—and the next thing he jumps! A large percentage of the cases of clerks embezzling their employers' funds arise from the fascination to know how it feels to own so much money.

That is how I felt. The money was there—quite a lot of it—and it fascinated me. Although it totalled much more than I had personally, I did not need it, any more than the suicide needs to jump in front of that train. The vague feelings I experienced gradually crystallized into this thought: Why not take it? On the other hand, my sense of responsibility said, Why take it? I oscillated between these two questions a thousand times a day, and each time my resolve to take it became imperceptibly greater. Finally, I realized with a tremendous shock that it was harder to leave it than to take it; therefore, eventually, I took it. Cowardice, after all, is the choosing of the easier path. Men only show their "bravery" because there is someone there to jeer them out of their timidity: and it is harder to be jeered at than to attempt.

This happened some three years ago. I invested the two hundred thousand wisely, and received a return which was somewhat higher than Mrs. Boissevain had been accustomed to, so that when I paid her her usual dividends there was still a big slice left for me. Old Crandall was not the slightest bit suspicious. Then about a year ago I had a revulsion of feeling. I would restore it all. I got as far as selling out, and then, with this big sum in my hands—it had increased—I swung back again, and decided to keep it.

Looking round for another place to invest, I became interested, rather against my will, in Persian oils. "But," said my Dr. Jekyll-self, "that's a speculation." "True," said the Hyde part of me, "and you're a thief. Every executor who misappropriates trust funds always speculates—it's a kind of convention." The ghastly humor of it overcame me—a dishonest executor to use misappropriated moneys honestly and restore them with interest! I wish I could tell you my mental pro-

cesses: but it is perhaps sufficient that it seemed easier to me to take up Persian oil shares than not to. After all, I said, what's the difference ?

My first speculation went off very well. I bought in small blocks in different companies through various subterranean agencies, and no one knows to this day that I am the majority stock-holder in three companies, possibly four, because the stock is registered in a variety of names. That was nearly a year ago.

Persian oils took a sag in March, but recovered again. But unfortunately, they never went back to par, and I would have made a dead loss of over seven thousand pounds if I had sold out, which, together with the eight thousand I had paid Mrs. Boissevain out of my own pocket for her dividends, would have left me considerably in the hole. So I hung on. And then the unexpected happened, and old Crandall died suddenly !

I told Violet that night about meeting Malette, and she said, "I suppose we must accept his invitation ?"

"Must we ?"

"Why not ? It would seem a little odd, wouldn't it, an old friend like that ?"

"But I always thought you detested Malette !"

"How ridiculous ! Have you ever heard me mention him ?"

"No. But I remember you boxed his ears once. Have you forgotten ?"

"I must have done. In any case, we were only children, and childish likes and dislikes don't last."

"Sometimes they do, Violet. I detest him myself."

She shrugged her shoulders. "What a wry face ! But you'll accept, won't you ?"

It ended, of course, in our going. Malette really carried off the affair well. He was studiously courteous to Violet, and referred to their juvenile encounter in such a bantering way that they both laughed. This he did early in the evening, so that for the rest of the time they were on good terms; and he kept her constantly amused. Only once did he call me "Bunny."

"Bunny !" cried my wife. "Why, John, that's you ! I'd quite forgotten it."

"So had I," I said, "but Malette hasn't."

"He has been protesting he dislikes it, Mrs. Renshaw," Malette put in slyly. "Why is that, I wonder ?"

She laughed. "Well, perhaps he thinks it's hardly suitable now."

He did not repeat it—but he knew it had hurt. When we had reached the coffee stage, he said to me idly, "By the way, Renshaw, who are you trustee for ?"

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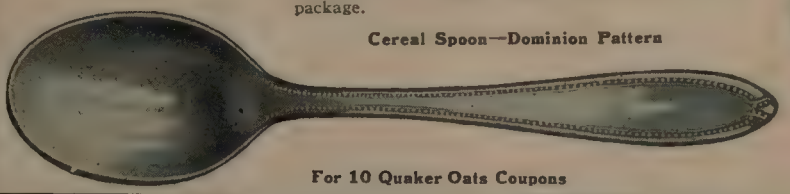

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So the oat dish to-day, as for ages, holds unique place among grain foods.

You know this. All folks know it.

And all folks value the effects.

But how often do housewives, to save a little time, start the day on a lesser food.

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Quaker Oats is oat-food of an extra grade. It is flaked from queen oats only—just the big, plump, luscious grains. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

The result is a matchless flavor. There are no insipid grains to affect it.

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Get the B&B products, because they are made to keep on hand, and because they are double-sure.

B&B Cotton and Gauze are twice sterilized, once after being sealed. They are made under hospital conditions to meet hospital requirements.

They are packed in protective packages. B&B Arro Cotton is packed in germ-proof envelopes. So is B&B Handy-Fold Gauze. None is unsealed till you use it.

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B&B Formaldehyde Fumigators are made twice the usual strength. This makes them double-sure. Simply light the wick and close the doors. Use after any contagious disease, or before occupying any strange house.

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Violet answered for me. "For Mrs. Boissevain, of all people. You must remember her." Malette would, of course—Boissevain had been a familiar figure in the town where we went to school.

"Then," he retorted, "you ought to be able to put in a good word for me, Renshaw. I saw in the *Law Times* that Mr. Crandall was dead, and they'll want a solicitor—and I want a job."

To say I was startled is putting it mildly: but I saw my feeling of predestination materializing. I made shift to say. "I believe they've got someone lined up already."

"But you will?"

"Ye—es, I will." Of course, I wouldn't, really.

Violet said, at parting, that she had enjoyed the evening very much, and asked him to pay us a return visit.

"Why did you say that?" I asked, going home.

"Well, I really did enjoy it. I think he's quite interesting, and I want to see more of him. You'll do what he asked, John?"

"To be quite frank, my dear, no."

"Why? You appear to dislike him so intensely."

"Did you ever stop to reason why—" and I paused. I was going to add, "the fly hates the spider, "but substituted, "Oh, nothing! We'll ask him back—with pleasure!"

For two weeks afterwards I heard nothing, till I met him on the street. He said, at once, "Well, I've got my client—my first!"

"Mrs. Boissevain?"

"Smarty to guess right off!"

With a dull pain I said, "You were quick."

"You bet! I went up and saw her. She remembered me, after a time, and gave me the job. Say, what made you say she had someone in view?"

"I understood she had."

"She hadn't. Renshaw," he said, leering at me, "I'm in luck—there's good pickings off that estate, isn't there?"

"I don't think the work Mrs. Boissevain will give you will keep you out of your bed nights."

"One can always make work, eh?"

"You'll be coming to see me, I suppose, pretty soon?"

"There's no hurry that I can see."

"But you want, as her lawyer, to see that everything is in order."

"Oh, she trusts you, Bun—Renshaw—we all trust you." He went on, assuring me he'd take his time. So the next week-end, I took Violet down to our old home, on the pretext of a holiday, and went round to see Mrs. Boissevain.

After a great deal of indifferent discussion, I asked her whether she liked Mr. Malette as a solicitor after Mr. Crandall.

She thought he was rather "nice," and said, "Has he been to see you yet ?"

"Not about business."

"He came up a week or two ago" "and asked me a lot of questions. But, bless you, I told him everything was in your hands, and it would sure to be all right, and he said he was sure it would."

"Has he seen your late husband's will ?"

"Yes—he asked to borrow it. He has it still."

He had then started; because I had once attached to that will a schedule of the investments made, with the certificate numbers, and Mrs. Boissevain, of course, did not know they had been changed. The investments had been good railways and industrials; and on my return to town I went in person to one of the head-offices of the companies, and asked whether Mrs. Boissevain were still a shareholder.

The clerk turned up the ledger, and replied in the negative. Then he added, mildly astonished, "Why, you're the second man to-day asking that !"—which was what I had wanted to find out.

Then came the sudden dramatic events of the last ten days of July; and for a time I forgot Malette, as he doubtless forgot me, in the excitement that seemed to indicate a general conflict. On the day war was declared, I met him again.

"Terrible, Bunny, isn't it ?" he cried.

"Yes. Er—by the way, you've never come up to run over—"

"Coming soon. But the fact is—" and he was off, like everyone, to get the special edition then latest.

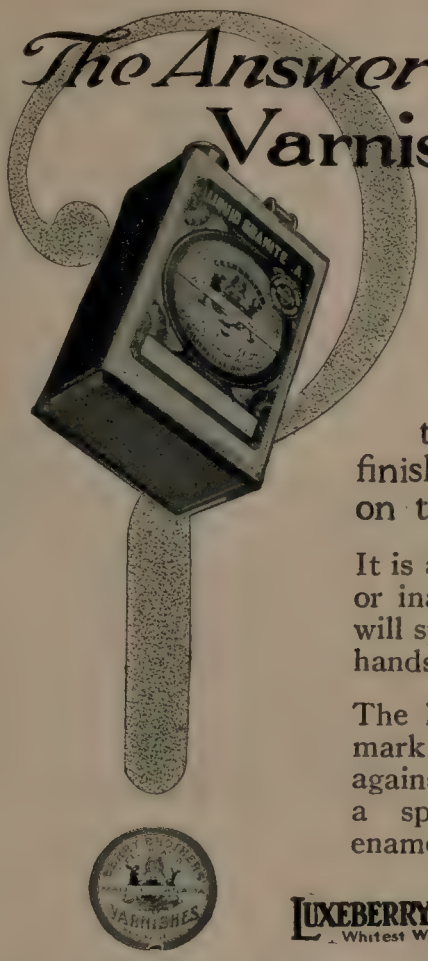
The stock exchange, as you know, closed down entirely. I was pretty hard hit, like the rest of them, and my "safe chances" were almost as bad as their hit-or-miss speculations. As for Persian oils, whatever value they had ever had was swallowed up in the universal cataclysm.

But presently things began to readjust themselves to an extent, and the social what-nots revived from the shock they had suffered. I did not see Malette for so long that I began to lull myself into a sense of security; but Violet got him to pay his promised return visit two nights ago. Nothing much happened—our talk was all of the war and of Kitchener's call for recruits—but as he was going, he said, quietly, "Well, I've delved into the old lady's affairs, Bunny."

"That so ? Very complicated ?"

"No. But I'd like to talk over one or two things—can you come round as you said ?" He gave me his business address. "To-morrow at eleven suit you ?"

I never moved a muscle as I said, "I'll come."



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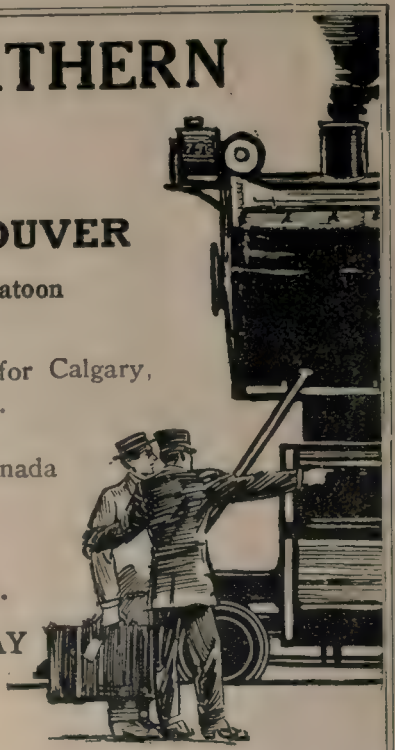

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The following morning found me outside the block wherein he rented an office. I pushed the swing door—then—I turned tail and ran! Ran up a side street, and jumped helter-skelter into a cab, and spent the whole day in the country, returning home at night at seven!

The telephone rang soon after I got in.

"Hello, Bunny!" said his voice. "You didn't come!"

"Come where?"

"You were coming to see me, you remember, about—"

"Oh, yes! But you said to-morrow!'

"Did I? I thought I said to-day. But can you make it to-morrow?"

"When?"

"Eleven o'clock? Don't forget, you—you—" and he rang off without saying "coward."

I *had* to go the next day. I managed it somehow, and found myself in the single room he rented. His was clearly no flourishing business,—all the room contained was a table, two chairs and a safe. "Hired," he said, noticing my glance.

"Well?" I demanded.

He put on his eyeglasses. "Mrs. Boissevain leaves the handling of her money entirely to you, Bunny, doesn't she?"

"I wish, Malette, you'd not call me Bunny."

"Funny how you hate it! But does she?"

"Yes—as she told you."

"Told me—Mrs. Boissevain told me?'

I bit my lip. "I mean, you probably asked her."

"Lawyers have to ask blunt questions. But, as it happens, I didn't ask her that." He spoke the lie glibly. "I discovered it myself."

"How?"

"From the will—or rather, from the list of investments attached to it, in your writing."

"Yes, of course."

He rose, went to the safe, and brought out a bundle of papers. "Here is the list. Very good investments, too, Bu—Renshaw,—quite an oldfashioned conservative investment, in fact—none of your modern wild-cat ventures, eh?"

"Safe chances, my dear fellow."

"Safe, even in war time. No change in the list since?"

"Why—er—no."

"And you settle, I believe, twice a year with her?"

"Yes. We adopted that method to make it easier. Dividend payments are coming in all the time, and instead of troubling her with frequent payments I pay them in a lump sum."

"She knows how much to expect, I gather?"

"Yes."

"No other check on the investments?"

"No."

"I really must congratulate you—you're a model trustee! No unsafe stock—remittances to client with the regularity of clockwork—Halves, Bunny!"

"What!" I almost jumped.

"Halves in what you make over and above what you pay her!"

"How dare you!"

He grinned. "Just a little joke, Renshaw. Now, as an expert, tell me what you think of—Persian oils?"

"Persian oils? Why?"

"I was offered some yesterday, at a low price. Everything's low now, naturally, but I want to know what value they have to hang on to for a considerable time."

"How much were you offered?" I stammered.

Malette had risen, and was replacing the will and the schedule in the safe. "Two hundred thousand pounds worth," he said purringly.

His back was towards me, and he was stooping. With a gentle push I could have knocked his head against the safe—could have perhaps killed him, though that was unnecessary—all I needed was to have smashed him unconscious (I'm a bigger man than he, anyway) and to have taken that list. It was the only thing that incriminated me—and it would never be missed. It was quite superflous, really.

I think something of the same idea occurred to him, because he looked at me over his shoulder. "Are Persian oils any good?" he repeated mockingly, and all my courage went out of me.

"No!" I snapped. "No!"

"Shan't touch them, then, if you say not. Won't detain you any more, old man. Stay!" He scribbled on a piece of paper. "No, on second thoughts I'll post it to you."

"Post what?"

"Never mind."

So I left him, grinning owlishly. . . .

It is only seven or eight hours since I saw him, and his message came by the last post. Violet has gone out. I told her at dinner I must probably run across to New York again, to close up a deal, and might have to leave immediately—intending, of course, to make it my disappearance. She made a little demur, but didn't ask many questions—It has happened before.

When the postman's knock sounded, I went downstairs and got the letter. It was a half-sheet of notepaper, with only these words: "Halves, you sneak."

So Malette really is a blackmailer! I ought to have expected it. . . .

Mrs. Boissevain will be expecting another dividend payment in a few days, and I cannot pay it. The panic of early August broke me. Thank God Violet has her own settlement!

That idea of America is too crude. I

A Twilight Story
About Puffed Wheat

When you serve a supper dish of Puffed Wheat in milk, make this your story sometime. It is like a fairy tale.

Each bubble of wheat is a kernel, puffed to eight times normal size. All its thin, airy flakiness is due to steam explosions. And each has been shot from guns.

100 Million Explosions

Each kernel of wheat contains, as it grows, more than 100 million food cells. Each food cell is hard and hollow. A trifle of moisture is in it. Each must be broken to digest.

Other cooking methods break part of those food cells, but never more than half. So Prof. Anderson, a famous food expert, sought a way to break them all.

Puffed Grains are made by his process. The grains are sealed in huge guns. The guns are revolved for sixty minutes in 550 degrees of heat. Thus the bit of moisture in each food cell is changed to steam.

Then the guns are shot. Each food cell explodes. And the grains come out puffed to bubbles, as you see.

This makes the whole grains wholly digestible. Every atom of every element is food. That's why countless mothers, every morn and night, serve these grains to children.

Puffed Wheat	Except in Far West	**12c**
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You find these fascinating dainties. You call them food confections. With sugar and cream or mixed with fruit they seem like breakfast bonbons. Boys eat them like peanuts when at play. Girls use them in candy-making.

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can still carry out the fiction, to keep Violet in ignorance—but as for going there—! The wireless ended all that kind of thing. I should be traced, and the extradition laws are so easily set in motion these days. There's an alternative—

But I can't—I can't! I tried, but the revolver slipped from my fingers. I haven't the courage—I'm too much of a coward to pull the trigger. The sight of it fills me with loathing—and I want to live, to live! Is there—there must be—some other way out?

There is—one. It stares at me from newspaper headlines, from the advertisements on the street. "YOUR KING AND COUNTRY NEED YOU!"

A good rally cry, they say, even in these days of scientific warfare, is half the battle. I am physically a very fit man—I am within the prescribed age. And yet—the modern battlefield—death, ghastlier than ever because invisible—the horrors of the hospital ward—the sight and stench of maimed and dying men. . . .

But it is the easy way—easier than putting a bullet into one's head, because that needs initiative, whereas an enemy's bullet is a force we are not responsible for and cannot argue with. I have been told more than once that no person can achieve a completer disappearance than by enlisting under an alias.

"*Dulce et decorum est propatria mori*"—and the irony of it is that he who is now preparing to make the supreme sacrifice for his country is the life-long coward.

JOHN RENSHAW.

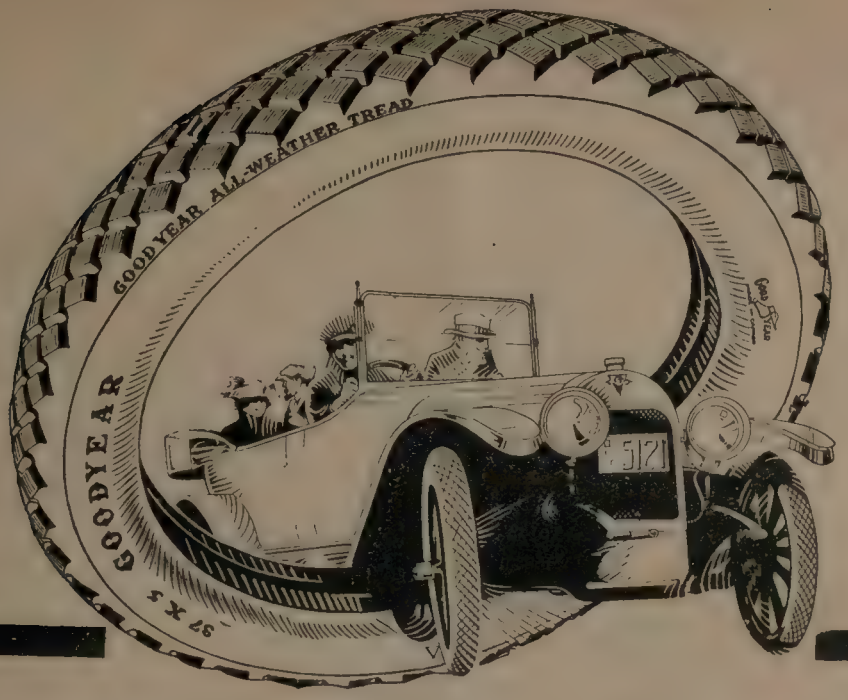
The lawyer's monotonous voice ceased. "That is all," he said; "now for the other." He picked up the dirty pencilled sheet. "It is dated December 12th—nearly three months later—and is quite short." He resumed:

" 'This is my P. S. I should have let the story stand as it was, but have kept it with me till now.

" 'They have licked us into passable shape in record time. As I thought, the army is complete oblivion. One is a number on the books, and a man less importantly; if anything happens, they look up his number first, and trace back to his name from that. Yet I am very much surprised that Malette has not apparently started a row. I have followed the newspapers very carefully, but the robbery of the Boissevain estate has never yet been recorded. It was sensational enough, surely?

" 'Yesterday one regiment went off—a Scotch regiment, and their band played 'Will ye no' come back again' as they went. They marched away, singing, care-free, they knew not where, nor for how long. Word has gone round that we leave to-morrow, so this

Continued on page 382.



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"Made in Canada" Lowers the Price of Goodyear Tires

Goodyear Tires cost you less because they are made in Canada—they are not imported. Therefore when you are offered *imported* tires at the same, or higher prices than Goodyears do not assume that they are of the same or higher quality.

For in the United States where these tires are manufactured, most of them sell for *less* than Goodyears. Now here is the most important point—*though these tires sell for less than Goodyears in the United States, Goodyears are the biggest selling tire in the States.*

If Goodyear Tires give greater value where they are higher in price, how much greater is the value here in Canada where they are lower in price ?

There is an actual cash saving of considerable import because Goodyears are made in Canada. Compare the prices given here.

Size	*Were Goodyears NOT made in Canada, they would cost you—* Plain	All-Weather	*But Goodyears ARE made in Canada, so they cost you only—* Plain	All-Weather
30 x 3½	$19.02	$22.23	$15.00	$18.00
32 x 3½	21.87	25.58	18.95	22.75
34 x 4	31.92	37.34	28.10	33.80
36 x 4½	44.96	52.65	39.35	47.20
37 x 5	52.44	65.55	45.45	54.50

Goodyear Quality Lowers the Cost per Mile

If all tires gave equal mileage and service, Goodyears would still have the advantage of most imported tires by being lower in price. But Goodyear value does not stop at price—rather it does not begin at price. Long mileage is the first aim of Goodyear factories. Excess mileage is the aim of Goodyear Service Stations. We believe that there is not another tire manufactured to-day that will give so low a cost-per-mile as Goodyear.

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The White Feather

Continued from page 378.

P. S. will probably be the last of me. My regimental number is 658, and my alias is Private Jones, of the City of London Light Infantry.' "

"The disappearance of Mr. Malette has complicated the case, I know," said Mrs. Renshaw."

"You knew, of course, that your husband did not go to New York ?"

"I suspected it. He went off very hurriedly—he never wrote me, and that was not like him."

"Do you know anything about Mrs. Boissevain's—er—"

"Except that she is ruined." She smiled wanly. The lawyer suddenly started.

"Jones—City of London Light Infantry ! My God !"

And he fetched a copy of that morning's paper, and laid it before her.

Night in the trenches. Comparative calm lay over the land; there were thousands of watchful eyes peering through the darkness, both in these trenches and in those others, scarcely half a mile distant; but the artillery was hushed. Two soldiers, leaning luxuriously against the wet walls after a soul-sickening weary day, were conversing in low voices. Cockneys, they were, both of them.

"An' so," said one, " 'e's to be recermended for the V. C.?" The other nodded. "Funny thing 'ow we got twisted up with the City of Londons."

"Somebody bungled," the other replied, unconsciously quoting history.

"Some blokes get all the luck ! *I* might stay 'ere for ever an' never get a charnce like that !"

" *'E* wouldn't 'ave done it, only—"

"Yes, I saw too. That Trench jes' lay there, shriekin' to 'im."

"An' 'e didn't want ter do it—not 'im !—jes' stood there shakin' with funk ! Awful sight, 'e was !"

"Did yer 'ear what that there Trench said ?"

"Did you ?"

"Yes. 'E said, 'Bunny—you—you—coward, Gawd blarst yer Bunny, an' send yer yeller soul to damnation if yer runs away now an' leaves me !' Then Jones 'esitated, an' then 'e went an' carried 'im away."

Another nod; and a silence fell. Then the first man said, "'E was jes'o as scared as Jones, or Bunny, or what—ever his name was. Green wi' fright 'isself—jes' sqwawked it out."

Another long silence; and the winter stars winked down at them, and a cold wind whistled over their heads. At length the second man remarked idly, as he clutched his collar closer: "'Ell of a gyme, war—'d give anyone the blarsted pip !"

The Reeve of Silver Island

Continued from page 339.

into a chair—"Yes," he cried, hysterically—"I am Frank Law, a common murderer and thief—Bill Wurst is innocent." Then frenzidly, "What are you going to do about it?"

Pandemonium broke out in the hall, during which ex-Reeve Simpson got to his feet. Bill Wurst, dazed, clutched nervously at a chair for support.

"What are you going to do about it?" It was the appeal of a man who had lost all hope; the appeal of a man who looked into the abyss and knew nothing could save him.

The tears flooded Bill Wurst's eyes. He wanted to take Frank Law's hand and lead him away—away from those who would punish him for his wrongdoing—

Then they all began to talk at once. They asked Bill Wurst to forgive them—they wrung his hands to which he quietly submitted.

Ex-Reeve Simpson, who had been trying to preserve order, finally succeeded.

"Boys," he said, apologetically. "Let us leave this matter with the Reeve of Silver Island. What he says or does in regard to Frank Law goes with us. What do you say?"

They answered with a cheer.

Then Bill Wurst, spoke—

"Friends—more than friends—I'm unequal to the occasion. You have made me a happy man to-night. In the days that were dark, I knew that you would have stood by me had you known that I was innocent. I forgive with all my heart any injury done to me or mine by Frank Law. Will you take him by the hand and tell him the same thing?"

There was an awkward pause, and then cheering they scrambled over the seats.

Canada's Immigration Policy After the War

Continued from page 336.

settlers who will make their permanent homes therein.

There is another phase to the immigration question, which has been revealed by this war. And that concerns, more especially, the manufacturing interests of Canada. To realize its significance, however, let us take a note from Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations"—

"The most opulent nations, indeed, generally excel all their neighbours in agriculture as well as in manufacture, but they are more commonly distinguished by their superiority in the latter than in the former."

As regards the manufacturing interests of Canada, the war has probably

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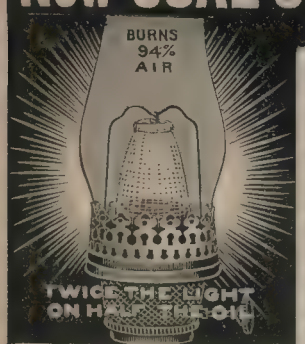

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revolutionized things to a great extent. Industries, which are at present turning out munitions of war and employing both the skilled and the unskilled, will have to utilize their machinery in supplying domestic wants and in creating a healthy international trade.

THERE will undoubtedly be some thousands of men emigrating to Canada at the end of the war, to whom the claims of agriculture will have little or no attraction, and who will naturally find their ways into the various industries. Therefore, the question of emigration, must, perforce, embody both the agricultural and industrial interests of Canada. And the conditions under which men will exist in both industries must be the first care of the Dominion.

We are all familiar with the agricultural emigrant, but even though no precedent has yet been established, the industrial—manufacturing—emigrant claims our attention, and a wise emigration policy will not ignore his well-being.

Canada, undoubtedly, is destined to become a great manufacturing country, for her vast natural resources could not indicate otherwise. Whether she will take a mighty bound forward in that line is a question yet to be solved by the enterprise of her people. However, where the sentiment in England is for greater co-operation with the other parts of the Empire, in supplying mutual needs, no effort should be too great to foster the international trade of Canada.

In fact, the economic policy of Germany, in the past, leaves Canada no choice but to use the same degree of organization in the matter of advertising and pushing their wares.

The following extract from an editorial in the London Daily Mirror of April 4th, last, best expresses the sentiment of the British people, where the colonies are concerned:

"These men bring a fresh breeze, a keener atmosphere. It is a relief to turn to them, to know that they are here, without recriminations, without broodings over the past, but eager to help us and make our world-scattered peoples one. Our public has enthusiastically responded to their call. *After this war, we shall need this new blood, this fresh thought, and this vigour in action.* Canada's life-blood and Australia's dead have bound their leaders to us. We take their hands gratefully and insist that they be called upon to counsel our work of reconstruction."

So that the trade expansion and fuller development of the component parts of the Empire rest, more especially, with their individual enterprise. And, as "immigration is the sheet-anchor of Canadian development and prosperity" it should receive the support of all those who are engaged in "the task of consolidating our Imperial resources."

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Eluding an Earl

Continued ffom page 370.

"I say, old man"—Portchester spoke with deliberation — "I don't care whether she's a parlor maid or a manicure, or a wife or a widow. She's the finest woman in this room, and they're fright- ened and alone. I'm going to speak to them."

"Miss Brown"— his lordship's heels came together with a military click— "I did not expect—I am delighted, don't you know. May I escort you to a seat ?"

Men who had started to the doorway stopped as the club's guest bent low before the most bewitching girl in the room. If it had been one of their own set, they would have crowded him out if they could. But Edith carmined, hesitated, and threw an appealing glance at her tall friend.

"Oh, Polly !" she whispered.

But when the Earl of Portchester stood high and looked her straight in the face with eyes in which recklessness, courage, and tenderness battled for the mastery, then she knew what he had done and what it meant to him. She put her hand upon the Englishman's arms, and with a look of command to her friend, bowed assent.

"Where shall I take you ?" Lord Darnell asked gently.

"Do you see Mr. Litchfield talking to that fat lady ? Take us to him." Edith could not help it. The earl paled, and strode on.

After his formal bow, Bobby sank into the seat beside Mrs. Bradley-Townsend and whispered to her.

"Edith," she purred in return, "is a perfect witch. I don't see how Polly Fairchild countenanced her. And the Earl of Portchester ?"

"Hush ! He thinks her a parlor maid."

"Edith Slagmore—a parlor maid ! The richest heiress in Pittsburg ? Delicious !" Mrs. Bradley-Townsend chuckled. "Why not keep it up a little longer ?"

"It would serve her right," laughed Bobby. "She almost fooled me."

The three stood before the two—the girls a little defiant, with heads high; the earl as stiff as a ramrod, and as uncompromising.

"Oh, Polly, I'm so glad you've come at last ! It was nice of you to bring your maid. Stand behind my chair, Brown."

Mrs. Bradley-Townsend threw into the command her iciest, haughtiest tone. Edith was stunned, and then the full purport of the joke struck her in the face. She had sown, and here was the reaping.

"Allow me to present my old friend, the Earl of Portchester, Mrs. Townsend." Bobby had slipped beside the

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stately blonde as he made his introduction.

"And may I stand behind your chair with Miss Brown?" asked the earl. Without waiting for reply, he took a step backward, ranging himself beside the girl, in whom humiliation and pride battled with her strong sense of humor. Mrs. Bradley-Townsend was momentarily disconcerted. To her an earl could commit no social faux pas. The solemn Englishman did not notice her twinkle as she bowed a cold assent. "You know Mr. Litchfield, Polly," was the way in which she masked the discomfiture that her joke on Edith Slagmore was not as successful as she had hoped.

But Bobby looked shamelessly into Polly's eyes. "How you have grown!" he said. "You used to be an awfully pretty girl." The goddess bit her lip. "And I was terribly fond of you when you were a kid. Don't you remember me?"

But within the cuirassed breast of the son of England's bravest a heart was beating madly. He could not stand forever like a statue of a footman beside a maid. He cast a furtive look at the face below him. It burned pink.

"Miss Brown," he whispered.

"I am not Miss Brown," she said distinctly,

"Eh? -I say"—exclaimed his lordship. "Is that a bally American joke? Not Miss Brown? I say, who are you?"

"Edith! Stand in front of me," Mrs. Bradley-Townsend commanded.

"This, my lord"—she pointed with her fan at the beautiful girl—"is a very naughty masquerader, who loves to fool and mystify and wear maids' caps and cook in the kitchen. She is a very dear friend of my daughter, and is visiting us with Polly Fairchild. Her name, my lord, is Edith Brown Slagmore, and I hope that you will never forgive her."

"Oh, I say, Miss Slagmore, if I am never to forgive you"—His eyes burned upon the belle of Pittsburg. "May I offer you an ice and a glass of champagne? It's doocid hot, don't yer know."

The hand upon his arm trembled a little, but did not lose its weight. There was a discreet cough from the darkness ahead.

"I say, Bobby, old man," called Portchester, "is that you?"

"Good night," answered Bobby; "run away. I'll see you in the morning."

"Oh, I say," expostulated the bewildered Englishman. Then a hand tightened upon his arm. A light illumined his mind. He quickly turned by the right flank, and with a sigh of happiness the couple were lost in the darkness somewhere near the eighteenth flag.

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